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DRYCHECK CHARLIE—By George Pattullo

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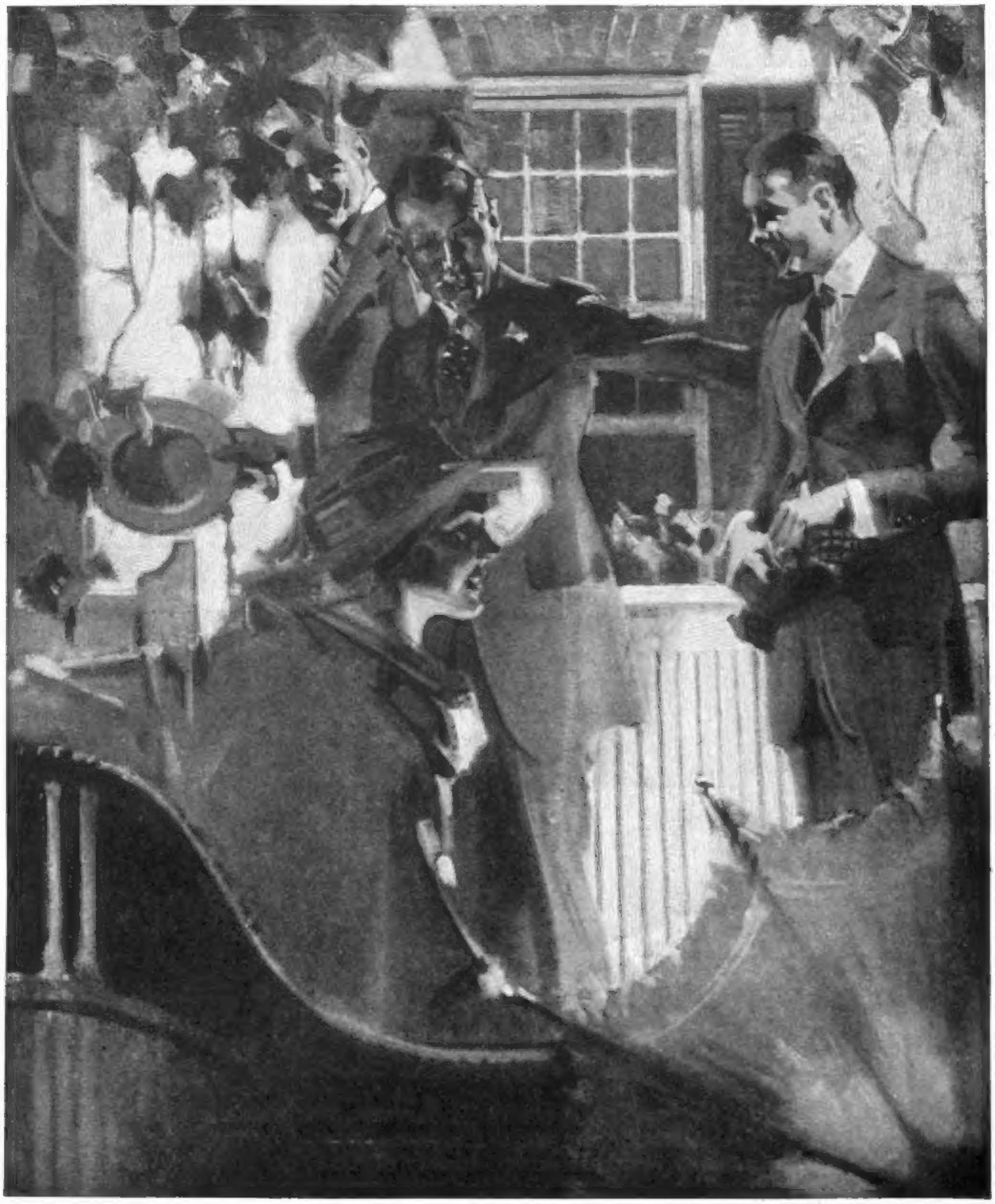

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THE SAME OLD GAME

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE obtuse person who couldn't see the forest for the trees had nothing on the politicians who assert themselves as party leaders at the present time. Those doubly obtuse persons cannot see the real politics of the situation for their own sort of politics. Let us imagine two rooms of commodious and equal size in some convenient place. Gather in one of these rooms all the men who assert themselves as leaders of the Republican Party and gather in the other room all the men who similarly operate for and on the Democratic Party. Round them all up: The national committeemen; the distinguished partisans who are a little too lofty to be national committeemen but who give aid and comfort and support to those leaders and attain publicity for themselves by taking membership of higher-toned and higher-sounding executive committees and such correlated campaign excess baggage; the senatorial politicians and the political senators; the headliners who do the keynoting; the prominent citizens who tag on in advisory capacities and do indorsing as required; the state bosses who deliver the goods; the political plutocrats who are working pretty far underground at present but are working none the less; and the managers of the rafts of candidates. Really it would not be necessary to be so comprehensive in herding them, because a dozen or so from each party would comprise the actual leadership; but let's make it representative. Get them all in and there would be about two hundred in each room—regular politicians—leaders, bosses and the customary fringe of subcalibered operators—the impedimenta. These would adequately comprise the men who pick presidential candidates for the suffrages of 110,000,000 people, for no other reason than this reason: The 110,000,000 people dumbly allow them to do it.

These men have no power that isn't usurped, no authority that isn't self-arrogated, no standing that isn't conferred on themselves by themselves, no tenure that cannot be destroyed overnight, no warrant that isn't easily and instantly revocable, no cachet that isn't the result of absolute lack of intelligent interest and assertion in their own political affairs—which are their most important affairs—by the people who have allowed themselves to be made followers instead of doing the leading and directing.

However, these men, as our politics is at present constituted, are the leaders; and we have them gathered in two rooms—the Republicans in their room and the Democrats in theirs. Then you, Mister Average American; you, Mister Common People; or you, Mister Patriotic Voter, walk into the Republican room, say, and make this little speech:

"Gentlemen, I represent and typify the thought, desire, governmental necessities and aspirations of more than twenty million voters of this Republic. I represent the men and women who pay the taxes, bear the burdens, do the business and make this country what it is. I stand for the great

THE BUSINESS MEN'S PARADE

bulk of our people whose future well-being is absolutely dependent on proper and patriotic government at Washington. Therefore, and because ours is a government by party, and the machinery of one of the two parties at present functioning is represented here, I come before you and ask you to nominate John Doe as the presidential candidate for your party at the forthcoming election."

Now what would happen? Would these leaders, presumably Americans and with the interests of America first at heart, ask: "Is John Doe a good American? Is he a capable citizen? Is he fitted for the office? Has he an understanding of national and international problems? Is he sound economically? Is he possessed of good American common sense? Is he an efficient administrator? Is he free from entangling alliances? Does he comprehend the necessities of the present complicated situation? Would he administer on the basis of advanced and real Americanism for America and all the people, or for a part of them? Does he think clearly, talk straight and is he noninfected with the various germs of utopianism, radicalism and other isms that are now burrowing in the minds of so many of our public men? Is he a big, two-fisted, clear-headed, far-sighted American citizen, not obligated to or affected by any class, racial or religious prejudice or pledge?"

They would not. They would ask: "Is John Doe a Republican? Has he always voted the straight Republican ticket? Has he ever had any political ideas other than those laid down in our party platforms? Does he subscribe unreservedly to all the policies of the Republican Party? Has he ever shown any signs of political independence? Is he a good party man?"

And if Mister Average American, Mister Common People, or Mister Patriotic Voter should go into the room containing the Democrats and make the same speech the questions that would be asked of him would be exactly the same questions that the Republicans would ask, except that they would clamor: "Is John Doe a Democrat? Has he always voted the straight Democratic ticket?"—and so on, identically.

In other words, the strict partisan, narrow party and unprotesting adherence to a certain set of party tenets, no matter whether those tenets are applicable to the present situation or not; an unquestioning loyalty to all policies and principles decreed by these men who are politicians for self and party aggrandizement purposes beyond all else, with popular and national needs and requirements subsidiary and incidental; a hidebound, restricted party view—these are the essentials for availability and indorsement for the presidency in the minds and practices of these leaders.

What's the Matter With Politics?

THAT, you hundred and ten millions of people and you twenty million and more men and women who are to do the voting this fall, you taxpayers and producers, is what is the matter with the politics of the United States of America. There is no consideration of a potential candidate as a man, as an American, as an administrator, as an executive—no assay of fitness that is not primarily based on his partisanship. That is what is going on in this preconvention campaign at this moment. That is what will continue, unless the average American stops it, until the nominations are made, and then there will be the poor choice between a roped, tied and branded partisan on one side, and a branded, tied and roped partisan on the other. The same old game is being played in the same old way.

As this is written, on the first of February, the newspapers have daily articles describing the various features of the preconvention campaign, and much editorial comment thereupon. The casual reader is likely to be impressed by these details of a free-for-all fight among numerous aspirants. Candidates are announcing their participation in primaries. Headquarters are being opened in the East and West. The struggle for delegates and indorsement appears to be in full swing. The various candidates are issuing appeals and setting forth epitomes of their convictions and principles. There is a considerable hullabaloo and a lot of fake excitement. The ballyhoo has begun.

The chairman of the Republican National Committee, a most engaging and facile young man, chases back and forth across the country and holds meetings and makes speeches and appoints large numbers of prominent persons to assist in formulating a set of party principles to be embodied in party platform, and otherwise engagingly disports himself. The chairman of the Democratic National Committee lets few days pass when he does not rise to impress on his fellow citizens the Democratic necessities of the times and the Democratic remedies—purely conventional—therefor. Brother Bryan is busily employed at his own transparent devices. Great excitement prevails—in the newspapers. This candidate, that candidate, the other candidate—appeal to the people. Superficially it would seem that for once the people are being taken in on it, which they are, but not in the sense of participation—in the sense of delusion rather.

Stripping the present political situation of all its embroideries, upholsteries, pretenses and fripperies, the basic situation on the first day of February comes down to this on the Republican side, so far as the leaders are concerned, and all their efforts and hopes: The sole desire and the sole endeavor and the entire manipulation of the Republican leaders is to comprise a situation whereby the nomination to be made at Chicago early next June shall not be decided before the convention meets. They are working tooth and nail, aboveground and underground, to throw the nomination into the convention. They are planning, contriving, playing desperately to maintain a balance of power for themselves, with uninstructed delegations and with distribution of delegates among the many candidates so that no candidate shall have anywhere near a majority when he gets to Chicago in June. They are encouraging candidacies, not candidates.

That is all there is to it. That is what this procession of favorite sons means. That is what this free-field-and-no-favor slogan amounts to. That is why—in print—the leaders are keeping hands off; and why smooth skillful operators are all about the country seeing to it that as many states as possible with no favorite sons shall not be tied down by instructed delegates for some other state's favorite son. That is why you will observe when the convention meets—unless the situation gets entirely away from the leaders—there will be numerous sets of uninstructed delegates, and why none of the present candidates will have enough delegates to nominate him. It is the same old game.

The entire machinery controlled by the Republican leaders is working to prevent any preconvention choice. If they can bring this about the rest is simple. The leaders will get together at Chicago, make their trades and dickers, pick out a man on whom they can unite enough controlled delegates to nominate, be mighty sure that the man they pick is safe and sure for them, a hack politician who will play the cards of the leaders, and nominate him with loud clamor about bowing to the will of the people and much congratulation to the people on their excellent choice. What is apparent, what is printed, what is mostly believed by the people is merely the ballyhoo. If the leaders can prevent any candidate and every candidate from winning before the Chicago convention the leaders fancy themselves slick enough to win at the Chicago convention.

And this platform idea—this plan of having a committee of more than one hundred representative Republicans—one hundred and seventy-one as the list came out—at least one from each state and territory and several from some states, because representative Republicans flock in greater numbers in some parts—study and plan and evolve and formulate planks for a platform during all these preconvention months—is a pretty little novelty, an intriguing thing.

These hundred and seventy-one best brains of the Republican Party no doubt will produce a lot of best-brain stuff, but what will happen to it? The platform committee for the Republican National Convention will be appointed as usual at Chicago, consisting of one representative from each state and territory entitled to delegates in the convention. This platform committee—or committee on resolutions, as it is called—will be selected by the bosses of the convention and it will consist of fifty-three hard-boiled partisans, who will put in the platform to be presented to and adopted by the convention exactly what the bosses want in that platform, couched in exactly the language the bosses dictate, and nothing more or less. Those fifty-three patriots will take all the suggestions that are evolved by the best brains and hammer those suggestions into the exact style and sense and straddle and party political shape the bosses decree. That is all there will be to that.

Will the White House Keep Hands Off?

THE basic Democratic situation differs merely in detail. The Republican leaders pant to throw the nomination into the convention; and so do the Democratic leaders earnestly desire to throw their nomination into the convention. But before they can do that the Democratic leaders must drag the nomination out of the White House. Possibly there may be some White House demonstration as to candidates and candidacies before this is printed. Even so, the fact will not be changed. If there is a White House demonstration the Democrats will have nothing much left to do but go through the motions, unless Brother Bryan can throw enough monkey wrenches into the machine to stop its functioning. If the White House keeps hands off, then the present feverish heirs expectant will all land in San Francisco in a bunch, and the dickering and trading will proceed along regular lines, and the outcome is more likely to be satisfactory to the good old gang.

There are now eight or ten—or it may be a dozen—Democrats making motions like regular preconvention candidates. They are out on parade and are speaking their little speeches and maneuvering their little maneuvers and planning their little plans, but each one of them says in his closet when he gets down to brass tacks with himself: "Of course I have to do all this to keep in the game, but I know it isn't on the level and won't amount to shucks if the President picks some other man or decides to run himself."

The Democratic leaders would be saved much worry and much apprehension if they knew what the White House is thinking. They do not know and they cannot find out. Until they do know they must goose-step along making a fine parade but not getting anywhere. The President is not without political acumen himself, and has a few crafty politicians to advice him. He knows, and his advisers know, that if he should announce definitely that he will not be a candidate to succeed himself he would become leader emeritus at that moment. His politics is to keep his subleaders guessing. Otherwise he loses his control, for with his retirement certain in March, 1921, his influence between now and March, 1921, would be greatly lessened. In the language of the leaders, he would be a dead one from the moment he made his announcement.

Guessing at what the President will do in such circumstances is like predicting the weather for a year from next Tuesday, but the politics of his situation is to say nothing until after the Republicans have made their nomination at Chicago early next June, unless by chance the nomination should be a certainty before that time. The Republicans begin work on June eighth. In the ordinary course they should be finished by the fifteenth. That gives them a week, which is more time than they have taken in many years. Also that would allow a fortnight between their nomination and the date of the first of the Democratic proceedings in San Francisco—ample time to pass the word to the brethren, who may or may not be willing receivers of the same, but who will be vastly influenced by the same.

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FINDING THE PROFITEERS

By Albert W. Atwood

DECORATION BY H. J. MOWAT

THIS is the first of two articles which are the result of an earnest and persistent hunt to locate profiteers. Frankly there is nothing novel in such a search. Everybody is doing it. I have merely joined the chase, stumbling after attorney-generals, district attorneys, food administrators, fair-price committees, councils of defense, federations of women's clubs and several million other people far too numerous to mention.

No, there is nothing startlingly new in the idea of going after and exposing to scorn and contumely the profiteer. But it may be worth while to get down to brass tacks and see whether the great mass of American business men and citizens in general have rather suddenly abandoned every rule and ideal of decency. In sober fact, leaving hysteria and ignorant prejudice aside, have the bulk of business men in this country thrown overboard all their old-fashioned standards of honor and become profiteers or, if you prefer stronger words, gougers, exploiters, extortioners and robbers?

If such be the very truth then we are in a bad way indeed; but before making this facile assumption of deplorable, indeed of repulsive changes in human nature it may be just as well to go after the facts. The words "profiteer" and "profiteering" are on everyone's tongue. They fill the air. They have taken the place of such old-fashioned expressions as "graft," "grafter" and "grafting." The profiteer seems to be the modern buccaneer. The word is fairly new, with vague and uncertain meanings, but it is bandied and hurled about with extreme ease.

More Loose Talk Than Facts

THE hardest thing which common sense has to contend with in this world is loose talk, vague charges, epithets rather than specifications—in short, too much lip. Millions of silly people jump at conclusions, express their minds in talk before they have any minds to express, and praise or condemn—chiefly the latter—out of hand. Talk is the universal curse.

To one person who has actually traced or even tried to trace the costs and prices of commodities through from producer to consumer to see whether too much is being charged, millions have shouted and accused and denounced. Every other person is suspected of being a profiteer, much as a few years ago a large part of the population were supposed to be white-slave dealers.

Having thus relieved myself in general and by way of preface, it is now the purpose of this article to get down to business. First of all it may be observed that locating the profiteer is rendered most difficult by the fact that he always seems to be the other fellow and particularly anyone we do not like.

We are at once confronted with the absurdity of what has been called "circular reasoning" before it is possible even to start the search for profiteers. There are those who say that prices have risen because wages have risen, and that wages have gone up because prices have gone up. Such explanations have been compared with the answer of the gardener who when asked "Where is the hoe?" replied, "It's with the rake"; and when asked "Where is the rake?" replied, "It's with the hoe."

Thomas Nast's most famous cartoon, The Tweed Ring, showed a dozen men standing in a circle, each pointing a finger at his neighbor on one side and remarking, "He did it." Nor have cartoonists of the present day failed to show shrewdly many persons standing in a circle, each accusing his neighbor of being the profiteer.

The consumer accuses retailer, middleman, speculator and manufacturer of being profiteers, and has a suspicion that the farmer is doing it too. The ordinary manufacturer distracts attention from his own large profits in most cases by pointing the finger of scorn at the retailer and at the wage earner. He says prices have risen because wages have reached to an absurd level, and he does not hesitate to call the laborer a profiteer.

But the wage earner has no trouble in getting back at the manufacturer and pointing to the fact that in many cases wages lag behind profits and prices by at least six months or a year. Hard pressed, the manufacturer accuses the public of being extravagant, but the public laughs when it sees the enormous dividends the manufacturer is paying. Pressed a little harder, the manufacturer says the producer of raw materials is to blame, and even accuses the largest manufacturers, or so-called trusts, of being the culprits. These largest manufacturers have very little trouble in proving that they sell goods more cheaply than the smaller ones.

Everyone, of course, takes a whack at the middleman, the jobber and speculator, and especially does the farmer go for them. But even these much-despised persons have their innings. They have no difficulty in showing that what they take out as toll is the merest fraction of the cost, and that the margin between wholesale and retail prices has if anything tended to fall instead of rise in a period of rising prices. Even the speculator is able to prove that in the long run he cannot artificially mark up prices unless other causes are about to produce a rise. Nor does the much-abused middleman—whether he be jobber or the greatest middleman of all, the retailer—have much trouble in showing that without him both the farmer and consumer would be utterly helpless or else would have to perform his functions with the added expense involved. The processes of distribution are often wasteful, but they have to be effected. Time and place are everything, and neither the producer nor the ultimate consumer shows any overwhelming desire to spend time and trouble of his own in performing these two functions of placing goods when and where the consumer wants them.

Not So Simple as It Seems

IT ALL seems very confusing and baffling. No wonder flippant people say that profiteering usually is what the other fellow charges. But is not this definition more than flippant? For it is a deeply seated trait in human nature to take for granted that we are entitled to an increase in wages, salary, rent or profits whenever conditions permit. Each of us wants more, no matter whether we render services or not. But we are very particular that the other fellow should give full value for the money which he receives. Everybody is eager to take advantage of rising prices, but feels aggrieved if anybody else snatches the advantage away.

If the editor chooses to pay me more for this article than for some previous one, am I going to consider myself a profiteer? Not much! It is not within the powers of human nature to recognize an increase in one's own income as profiteering. Everyone wants the other fellow to reduce. Everyone wants to keep up his or her income and by keeping down expenses to reduce perhaps unconsciously and unintentionally the other fellow's income.

If it were not so serious, if most people were not openly rebellious at what they consider extortion, this rapid passing of the buck would have its humorous aspect. The president of a great manufacturing company recently accused the retailers in one of his mill towns of being profiteers. He threatened to open a cost-price store backed by the enormous resources of his company to bring down the cost of living. In other words he issued an ultimatum to the merchants of the city, his object being to "stop this business of the industrial cat chasing its tail." All the increased wages which his workers get, he said, were at once absorbed by the merchants.

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DRYCHECK CHARLIE

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IN A DINGY squalid bedroom of a little run-down dirty hotel away out amid the short-leaf pine sticks were gathered seven men, three cuspidors and nineteen diamonds. Had a society reporter been recording the event she would have announced that stud poker was the *raison d'être*.

It was a variation of the classic down the river, known to the elect as Black Annie—two cards buried and five up, with the black cards in the hole wild. It makes a nice little game. Next to giving three cheers for Carranza at one of Pancho Villa's dinner parties, or arguing for fair play at a peace conference, I don't know any pastime from which you can derive so many thrills quickly.

Anybody could see with half an eye that the players were Nature's noblemen, for six of them wore flannel shirts ranging from brilliant red corduroy to army stuff, and every time a man moved or fingered his cards came an eight-hundred-dollar flash or a dazzling two-thousand-dollar blaze. The air was full of twinkles. In other respects the average citizen would have classed them as a hard-boiled bunch, for greed and tortuous modes of life were seared upon their faces. Indeed, you and I would have hesitated to enter a dark lane with any one of the group.

"Here They are Now!" Yelled the Crowd When Charlie and Abe Stepped Out of Their Flivver

Only Drycheck Charlie was devoid of ornament, having hocked his four-carat headlight that afternoon in order to participate in the session. However, he sported a silk shirt with yellow and green stripes, and a linen collar, and though both had passed through a punishing fortnight, they revealed a cultivated taste. If Charlie had a weakness it was a tendency to be modish.

They played silently, each player watching the dealer with the intentness of a terrier at a rat hole, while jealously holding one hand over his two buried cards.

"Say, you guys," said Drycheck suddenly after he had been dealt a card, "I'm playin' five hundred behind this stack, remember!" An embarrassing pause, while they studied his hand and countenance to ascertain the cause. Neither showed anything, or much possibility.

"Put the money up then," demanded Mitt Mimms, who had two black cards in the hole.

"I'll have to write a check. I ain't got any more on me."

This was good comedy, and everybody laughed.

"You'll cash my check, won't you, Abe?" Charlie continued.

The dealer didn't know whether to grin or get angry.

"What," he cried, "after me lettin' you have four hundred on a phony ring?" He remarked that he'd be damned if he ever seen such nerve. Perceiving that the subject was unpopular, Charlie dropped it.

They played out the hand and had just begun on another deal when the door opened stealthily and Old Man Tracy shoved his head inside.

"Mimms!" he said brusquely, with a significant movement of his head backward, and vanished.

Mitt hurriedly cashed in and followed him into the hall. The others glanced at one another uneasily. Old Man Tracy was a veteran oil scout who had worked every field opened in the last forty years; on the other hand he was also a diligent and successful bootlegger.

"Shucks," exclaimed Drycheck, "it ain't nothin'! He's just heard where he can git a bottle of hooch for thirty-five dollars."

"The last bottle I got from Tracy," declared Rosenfelt, "tested about forty-four degrees Baumé gravity, and he soaked me thirty dollars for it. Why, I feed my flivver that stuff at twenty-four and a half cents a gallon!"

But these attempts at levity fell flat. It was plain that Mimms' departure had everybody worried. An oil scout or a lease hound has only to see a couple of men whispering together in a corner of a hotel lobby to make sure a new wildcat has been brought in, and go scurrying madly over the countryside to buy leases. Old Man Tracy might be only plying his murderous side line—but again he might have brought some news!

Mr. Rosenfelt was first to quit the game. He yawned and stretched and announced that he had had enough and was going to bed. The uneasiness of the others grew acute. Hardly had the door closed on him than a third cashed in.

"Let's call it off and get some sleep," suggested Drycheck, and two minutes later they were trooping downstairs.

The lobby was deserted except for a negro boy snoring in a chair close to the gas stove. The floor was littered with old papers and cigar and cigarette butts, but the hour was three A. M. and the swarming lobby lice who usually made the place hum with their trading until long past midnight had vanished.

Outside they could hear a cold flivver sputtering and coughing. A moment and its lights gleamed past the windows and the car disappeared round a corner.

"Well, adios, fellers," said Drycheck hastily.

"Good night."

"Good night."

They surged through the door into the street and separated. To bed? Not a man of them all had the faintest intention of sleeping. They were heading for their cars or places where they thought a car could be obtained.

Drycheck Charlie did not own an automobile, so he started at a run through the buffeting wind and stinging sleet toward a garage.

"Hey, buddy," he shouted, pounding on the door of the tiny office, "I want to git a car!"

"Where to?"

"Jenkins Number 2."

"You're locoed. You couldn't make it in a thousand years. Some of them holes are full of mule teams right now."

"Fifty dollars!"

"Not for a million! What? On a night like this?"

"But I just got to git there. Seventy-five!" cried Charlie desperately.

Buddy lost patience. "You beat it and leave me sleep!"

Drycheck argued no further. Persistence would only provoke the garage man and he might shoot through the door. So he turned away and went slopping through the puddles and mud back toward the hotel. In front of it stood an empty flivver chugging industriously. Charlie could see the driver warming himself at the lobby stove while the fare counted out his money. Without a second's hesitation he hopped into the machine, and the roar of the engine drowned the frantic shouts raised behind him.

It took only two minutes to clear town. For a mile beyond the road was graveled and going was fast, then he dropped off into the blue mud and when he came up for air discovered that the flivver was still running and slowly but surely clawing her way forward.

"Just because a mule can't make it don't say this ol' mud hen can't," he remarked hopefully, and opened wide the throttle. The mud hen responded with a spurt that sent a pool of water cascading over the hood and wind shield.

A driver who has never tackled an oil-field road in the winter should maintain a modest silence when rough going is the topic. Talk about taking a tank across a shell-holed battlefield? Mere child's play! What would look like an impassable bog to the average motorist merely draws from an oil-field driver a cheerful "Say, this is a right good road, ain't it?" Sometimes when only the tip of his hood shows above the mud he will admit that recent rains have cut things up some, but we'll make it—sure we'll make it!

During the first six miles of his trip Drycheck was never out of low gear except to let the engine cool when the water boiled over. At such times he poured in fresh water from the rills running beside the road with a bucket he found in the tonneau.

"The guy who owns this ol' mud hen sure knows his business," he remarked approvingly. "A hatchet, a bucket and some balin' wire—shucks, I can go anywheres with this outfit!"

Sometimes the wheels were groping for bottom without the car moving an inch, because the rear axle was resting on the ground. Sometimes Charlie realized there was no

bottom to reach, and his mud hen simply swam out. He climbed a hill which the motor of a heavy car couldn't have pulled going down, so deep was the thick, clinging mud, and beyond it crossed a brawling stream on a temporary bridge of pine boughs. Off that he dropped sheer a hundred and ninety feet—the fact is indisputable, for Drycheck swore to it himself later, and crossed his heart on the statement. He said he kept falling and falling—down, down, down—and finally brung up on a stratum of Annona chalk, with the mud hen spittin' and r'arin' to go, so he just held his breath good and fed her gas and come bustin' out of the mud and clay in an hour or so like a hog out'n a wallow.

He slid off into ditches twice after that, but lifted her out and kept on. And once he wandered off the road into a shallow lake, because he couldn't tell which was road and which was lake, and come nigh to gittin' lost in the woods, windin' round and round among the trees thataway. And all the while the sleet pelted him, driving straight against his face, and his hands and feet grew numb with the bitter cold.

About twelve miles out he had to cross a bayou in flood over a narrow dam. The footing was slick and treacherous, for the dam was of dirt, and he hadn't more than an inch to spare on either side. The night was pitch black, his lamps covered with mud. About two-thirds of the way over the car started to slip and Charlie turned her head and made the motor roar in an effort to climb out, but the mud hen slid sideways down into the bayou, though fighting gamely to the last, and expired in three feet of water.

The hood being entirely submerged, Drycheck foresaw there might be difficulty in starting her again, so he waded out and continued on foot. The loss of the flivver neither daunted nor worried him. They would find her to-morrow or next day and snake her out; and as for the theft of the machine, hadn't he once hauled off all the tools and rig from a well on which work had been stopped owing to the cold, when the driller was on a spree in town?

Now up to his knees in mire, now making a detour through the flooded woods, he kept on. An hour before daybreak found him at Jenkins Number 2, in a small valley in the heart of the pine-wood hills, where a large rough person rose up to confront him with a double-barreled shotgun and a warning to keep off.

"I got to git a look!" cried Drycheck. "We heard in town to-night you'd brought her in."

"You stick your nose any closer," the guard warned him, "and I'll let you have it."

He meant it, but Charlie laughed wearily and sat down on a log.

"Listen here, ol'-timer," he said, biting off a slab of plug. "I've had a helluva time gittin' here and I don't much care if I never git back. So shoot! But I got to see that well."

After some further parley and a long inspection of Drycheck by the light of a lantern the guard assured him it was a false alarm and they weren't down more than eight hundred feet. To prove his statement he permitted Charlie to see for himself. The sluice pit revealed to the latter's experienced eye that the guard spoke the truth.

"All right, buddy," he said, "I reckon I took the wrong trail. But if those other birds've struck a gusher they're welcome to it. All I want now is some sleep."

"Go down to the bunk house," answered the guard. "Yonder it is—you'll have to jump that crick. Maybe you can horn in with the roughnecks."

"What's worryin' me now is how I'm goin' to git back to town. My car's stalled back in that ol' bayou."

The guard opined that this difficulty would be easy, for it was like there'd be a dozen scouts out in the morning. So they parted and Charlie went to sleep.

When the driller woke he cussed the guard for not keeping Drycheck away and was for throwing him out, but fearful of what an enemy might do to his well he let him sleep. And one of the roughnecks gave him some dinner when he finally crawled out.

Not a man in the poker party got anything out of the night's work but a cold, for the report Old Man Tracy brought to Mimms turned out to be nothing more than rumor. Yet it still persisted next afternoon, though the new well had not been located by any of the scouts; and when Charlie returned to town in a lease-hound's flivver he found brisk trading in acreage. More than forty thousand dollars' worth of leases changed hands in two hours at prices ranging from five dollars an acre to two hundred for close-in stuff. And all on the strength of a rumor whose source nobody knew and which had been exploded.

That's the way they do business in an oil-field boom. I've seen speculators turn loose hundreds of thousands of dollars in an evening with a blue print for guide and a fairy story for stimulus on information which a newspaper reporter would laugh at as a joke.

Drycheck bummed round a pool hall awhile, where they were working up a market for some condemned stuff by means of wash sales, and finally ran across Abe Rosenfelt. The sight of suckers biting always exercised a fascination for these anglers of human fish and they mingled with the crowd until the supper hour, bidding when there was no prospect of a purchase, or offering for sale a stock they did not own at a figure they knew would be prohibitive.

"Say, Abe, I got a scheme. You own any acreage?" said Charlie as they sat down to table in the Mecca.

"Uh-uh—and no money neither," answered Mr. Rosenfelt cautiously.

"How come? You had thirty-four thousand dollars last month."

"Sure I did! But I dropped it in Othello. When Number 3 come in a gusher I shot the whole roll, and you know what happened."

"It was aplenty," assented Drycheck with a nod. "I bet you've saw enough salt water to make you sore on the ocean, ain't you?"

"What I aim to buy in future," Abe continued, "is condemned acreage. What's the good of sinkin' money in a well? If you've got a real one I don't want that high-priced stuff. No, sir! But if she's a duster I'll buy all the leases you've got, Charlie. Look what I done up in New York with Happy Days! The minute they started pullin' the pipe from the second dry hole I jumped in and bought all the acreage they had at fifty cents an acre and then I hit for New York and sold it like hot cakes. Cleared thirty-four thousand—that's all!"

"I know. I reckon there's more suckers up East than in the whole Sabine River."

Abe had given him an idea, and he was mighty thoughtful during the rest of the evening, which they spent in hanging about the pool rooms.

"What ails you, anyhow?" inquired Rosenfelt.

"I'm just studyin'," replied Drycheck.

Early next morning he hied him to a garage and rented a car for the day. While waiting for it to be filled with oil and gasoline and water one of the drivers slouched up with a hard-luck story about a skunk who had snaked his flivver from right under his eye and later abandoned it in Wildcat Bayou.

"Say, if I ever meet up with the—— Dog-gone, they'd ought to hang a few of these automobile thieves!"

"You've said it!" Charlie agreed. "Looks like a feller with gold fillin's dassent go to sleep with his mouth open nowadays."

Drycheck drove ten miles out into the country.

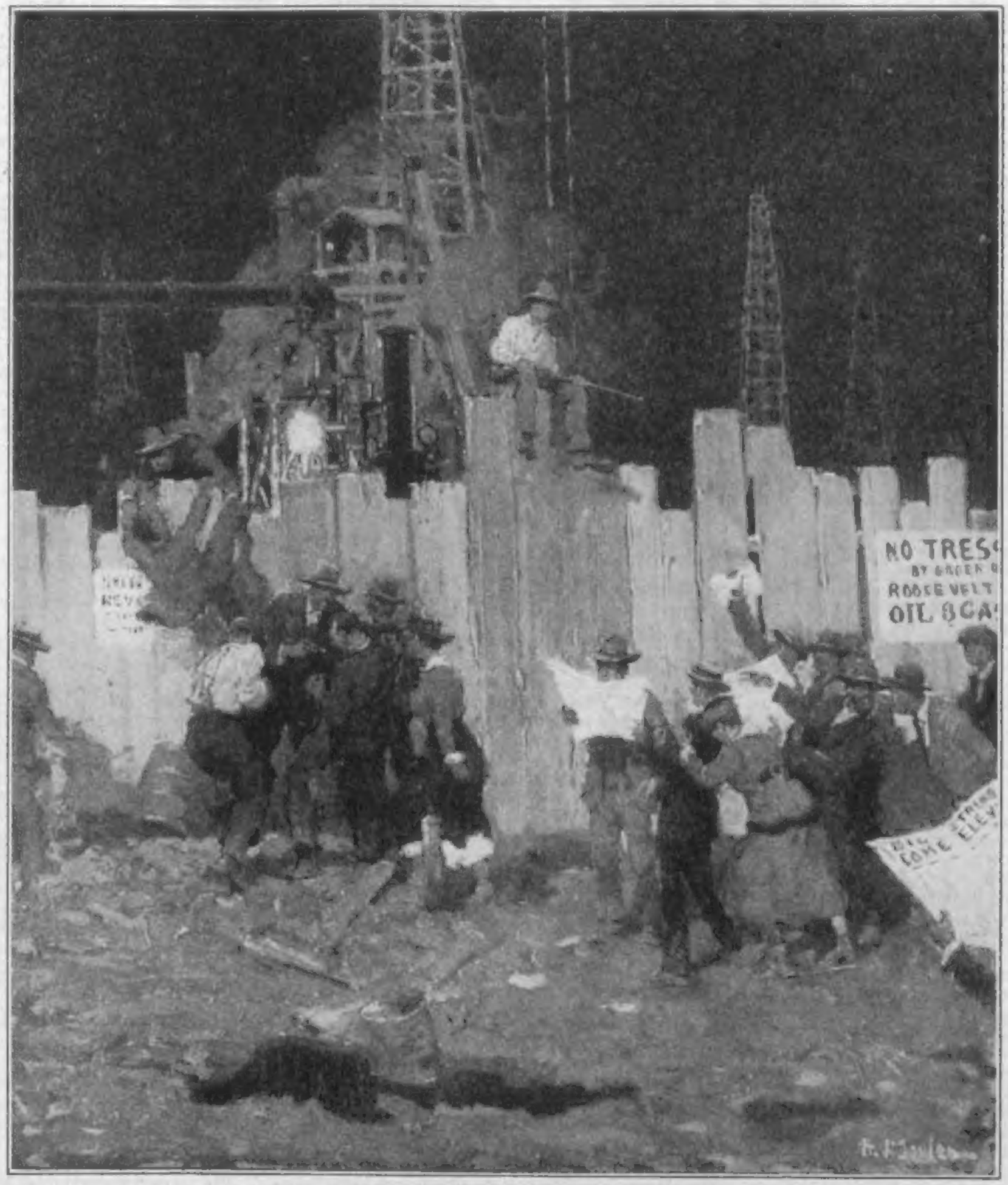
He had no special destination; one place would do as well as another for his purposes, provided it was sufficiently far from any drilling to make leases cheap. Deep amid the pine woods he stopped to fill the radiator, and a flathead belonging to a gang engaged in felling trees hailed him. He wanted a chew. From him Charlie learned that a thousand acres of this timberland belonged to a Frenchie by the name of Laferrière.

"They call him Cayuse."

"Why?"

"What do they call a mule a mule for?" retorted the flathead, and on reflection Drycheck perceived the sound sense of his repartee.

(Continued on Page 78)



Guards Were Hired to Keep Off Visitors; Day and Night They Watched the Well, Repelling With Automatics the Hardier Scouts

THE DIAMOND THAT SHRANK

By DAVID GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

CAPTAIN RICHARD VAN ELTYNGE, landed that morning from France, boarded the one o'clock for Newport, seated himself and began to study a telegram. He read it again as the train emerged from the tunnel; again at Stamford. He was reading it as they crossed the bridge at New London, where the woman in the next seat made sure that it was a wireless.

Toward six that evening in a horse-drawn victoria, pole chains clanking, two men—elderly ones—on the box, Van Eltynge swung into Fairlawn. As one passed the gates there came the impression of leaving time behind. It seemed always to be 1870. A cast-iron stag looked proudly across the lawn toward the square brick house and the half hidden greenhouses beyond. An iron Diana peered at him from a copse of syringa. Robins were singing in the elms, for it was May; long shadows lay across old turf. The place bespoke a peaceful and traditioned ease, and to young Van Eltynge it was home.

With the scent of lilacs a picture began to grow in his mind, the figure of a girl. Now she was on the lawn, a blossomy vision of sunshine and azure; now she was on the steps waving, welcoming him home. His heart beat fast. Very soon it would be no vision seen by the mind's eye, but the blessed reality that would be standing there. He wondered how she would like the place. She must love it of course, just as he loved it, just as it would love her; just as everyone on it would love her. He knew instinctively that his grandfather would adore her. She must come up and get her first glimpse of it as soon as she landed. He took the telegram from his pocket, read it hurriedly yet again and thrust it back, for the carriage was stopping. So it was that Captain Richard Van Eltynge returned to Fairlawn from the world war.

As dinner drew to an end Richard glanced thoughtfully about the gloomy old-fashioned dining room. Facing him was the portrait of his grandfather's grandfather. Over the sideboard was the still life, the platter of fruit that was one of his earliest memories. On his left sat his great-aunt, on his right his grandfather, as they had always sat. His grandfather had grown more like pictures of Francis Joseph since his whiskers had become white, but that was the only change.

Suddenly the blossomy vision came to him again, and the room grew radiant with sunshine and youth and laughter. What a miracle she would work in that old house and with those old people! Before his eyes they seemed to grow young again. He almost blurted out the secret, yet he was too much a Van Eltynge. The Van Eltynge idea of the way to do such things was opposed to emotional announcements. Then his aunt spoke and the vision vanished.

"Charles," she said, "he seems to be more grown up." She spoke across him as if he were a child, supposed not to understand.

"Stuff!" said his grandfather.

What she said was true, but he disagreed with Grace on principle. He was watching Sanderson fill a pipestem glass that stood by Richard's place.

"What is it?" he demanded.

The boy tasted. "I should say it was Madeira, sir."

"Madeira! Of course it's Madeira! Did you suppose it was a gin cocktail? But what Madeira?"

The boy shook his head.

"What is the country coming to!" cried the old man. "Not a gentleman's son in Newport knows good wine from bad."

"It's a good thing," said Aunt Grace.

"Good thing!" shouted the old man. "Good thing to guzzle highballs and gin and not to know Rapid '17! The country is going to hell. I knew it forty years ago."

"Your language will force me to leave the table," said Aunt Grace.

"The country is finished," he went on. "Newport is finished. Did I tell you De Peyster Cutting asked me why I didn't leave the harbor and move to Bellevue Avenue to rub elbows with these new people and their second-rate French cooks? The next thing Dick will be wanting to marry some Pittsburgh fellow's daughter."

Aunt Grace rose and stalked out.

"I've got a piece of news for you, sir," said Richard.

He was proud of the Van Eltynge way in which he said it. His voice was expressionless. His grandfather might expect an announcement such as that a second cousin had made the Harvard crew.

The old man looked at him sharply. "You're not thinking of getting married?"

The boy nodded. He was conscious of beaming in spite of himself. Heaven knew it was excusable when one considered what it meant.

"I think you'll rather like her, sir."

The old man settled back in the chair and his old fishy blue eyes contracted. His hands found his lap. They were trembling and he did not care that anyone should see it.

"I see," he said dryly.

His tone struck Richard like a whiplash.

"Is there going to be any question about her?" he thought.

He felt himself, all that new amazing self that had grown so miraculously during the past two months, begin to freeze. He was all Van Eltynge again.

The old man continued: "Somebody you knew before the war?"

"No, somebody I met on the other side."

"French?"

"No. From Alabama."

"Do you know her people?"

"No."

"What's her name?"

"Southwood, Elsie Mae Southwood."

"M-a-e?"

"Yes."

The old man brought his fist down upon the table. "No, sir! No one named M-a-e!"

Any man but his grandfather Richard would have choked till those words were eaten; perhaps longer. He was cold with anger. He was also amazed at the outburst. It was unbelievable.

"But, grandfather," he said softly, "if I'm not mistaken you have never seen her."

"And I don't intend to!" bawled the old man.

Richard looked away. He was ashamed to witness such an outbreak in a Van Eltynge. The old man felt it. The boy was beating him with the weapons he had taught him to use. He had become too much the petty tyrant in his own house. If he was to save this boy he must get hold of himself.

"Listen," he said in pleasantly modulated tones. "I am going to indulge myself in a little family history. I am going to tell you about your father. He was about your age, had just graduated, when one fine day he announced that he was going to get married. Her people kept a livery stable, but they were honest and decent, and she was the only woman in the world. I asked him her name and he said it was Emily Mae something or other, I forget what. 'She spells it M-a-e,' he said. 'It's a pretty name, isn't it?' Then of course I said to him, 'Dick, I'm no snob, but when a young woman spells her name M-a-e she's a fool, and I don't want you to marry her. You haven't enough brains for two.'

"Well, he wasn't convinced. He said he was of age, he was going to do as he pleased, and he'd go to work and support her. I said to him, 'Within two months you'll thank me for saving you.' In six weeks I got a letter from him telling me that Mae had married a trotting-horse trainer and thanking me in a very manly way. He also asked for money to come home."

Richard looked his grandfather in the eyes.

"Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"I have finished."

"Then I bid you good night, sir," said the boy.

He rose and left the room. That night he boarded the boat for New York. He had left Fairlawn forever.

The next morning at ten he was in the lobby of the hotel which the wireless had designated. Her ship had docked the afternoon before. Out from the elevator stepped a lithe, slim figure, his vision in the flesh. She saw him, made her way to him through the crowd and their hands clasped. For a moment each was speechless.

Then she said, "Let's get out of here! We can go over and sit in the park. I've been having an awful time. Have you seen your grandfather?"

He nodded. She looked at him and read the truth. Suddenly, right in the street as they were, she threw her arms about him and kissed him.

"The funny old dear," she said at the end of his story. Then she laughed and said she felt much better. It made it easier to tell what had happened to her. Like himself she was an orphan. Instead of a grandfather she had a bachelor uncle, twenty years older than her father.

"It isn't you he objects to," she explained. "It's everybody. He says the country has gone to the dogs and there are no more young men fit to marry me."

"He's right," said Van Eltynge.

"What makes it worse," she went on, "is that you made love to me without asking his permission."

"If it would make him feel better I'll ask it," said Dick.

She shook her head. "If he saw you now he'd shoot you."

"Imagination, Nothin'!" She Said Excitedly. "Every Word of That Story Was True"

"Well," said Richard, "what is it to be?"

She put her hand out and placed it in his. "We've talked about facing the world together; now we've got to make good and teach the old dears a lesson."

"Then," said he, "the first thing is to find a parson. There's the Little Church Around the Corner."

"The first thing," she said decidedly, "is to get jobs and make good. It isn't that I wouldn't marry you, Dick, on the street corner, but we're taking this thing into our own hands and we've got to make good first. I don't want your grandfather saying a no-'count po' white from Alabama pounced on you fo' you' wealth." When she was excited she relapsed into the soft drawl of her state. At other times it was a delightful flavor only. "Besides," she went on more calmly, "I want Colonel Southwood to apologize to you and I want you' grandfather to apologize to me for his foolishness."

He laughed.

"You'll see," she went on, "befo' I'm through I'll teach Jim Southwood a lesson."

"And my grandfather too, eh?"

"Yes, and you' grandfather."

"My child," he said, "forget it. They are through with us. I am through with them and I'm not worrying."

She made no answer.

Then he said, "We've got to do something to celebrate. If we can't get married, at least we can get an engagement ring."

"Perhaps we could do that," she assented.

Ten minutes later they were in a taxi threading their way down Fifth Avenue.

"Look heah," she said suddenly, "how are you goin' to get this ring?"

"I suppose we go to a shop where they sell rings," he replied.

All his life he had gone to the proper shops, selected what he wanted and had it charged to grandfather. There his interest in the transaction ended.

"Have you got any money?" she demanded.

The change in his economic status suddenly came home to him. He had something like a hundred dollars in his pocketbook, his entire fortune. He looked at her blankly. Then he began fumbling in a pocket.

"What is it?" she demanded.

He produced a much worn brown envelope and extracted therefrom a check. "Do you suppose we can get a ring for $274.31?" he asked with a grin.

"But this is your January pay check," she began.

"Well," he said, "you can't ask me to save now what was due to be spent last January. It's been following me round Europe and caught up with me yesterday; obviously for the ring. It's fate."

"All right," she laughed. "Only we don't buy rings with $274.31 on Fifth Avenue. We'll try Sixth first. Perhaps we'll end up on Third. Also," she added, "we're going to get out and walk."

He dismissed the taxi and they set off westward.

It was in their seventh pawnshop that Elsie Mae began to show signs of serious interest.

"Now there," said the proprietor, "is value. On Fifth Avenue they'll ask you fifteen hundred dollars for it."

The girl's eyes brightened. "It is a nice diamond," she assented.

"I'm losing money," he continued, "but you can put that ring on your finger and walk out with it for $675."

A shadow crossed her face but she said gayly, "Show us the best you can do for $274.31."

The philanthropist laughed and proceeded to offer a six-hundred-dollar stone for two hundred and seventy-five dollars. After inspection Elsie Mae nodded approval.

"It's better than anything we have seen for the price," she said.

Richard noticed her glance going back to the larger stone, but there was nothing to do. "Shall I indorse this check to you or shall I cash it?" he asked.

The philanthropist glanced at it. "It's good," he commented. "But for how much? What is French exchange to-day?"

"It's Uncle Sam's pay check," the girl broke in. "It must be worth the figures in the left-hand corner, $274.31."

"It's drawn in francs at 5.45. You see, Fr. 1494.99. It was worth $274.31 when exchange was 5.45. At present, exchange is six something."

"Give it to me," said Richard. "I'll get it cashed."

He put it in his pocket and they walked out.

"The swindler!" said Elsie Mae. "As if a United States Government pay check wasn't as good as gold anywhere."

At the bank where there had been a Van Eltynge account since the bank began, the paying teller smiled at Richard and extended a hand through the cage.

"Glad to see you back," he said. "I'll have to have the exchange on this figured. I think it's 6.70 this morning."

"Do you mean he loses on it?" Elsie Mae demanded.

"Something like fifty dollars," the paying teller answered. "He ought to have had it cashed before he came home. There have been a lot of cases like this."

"But he never got it till yesterday morning!" she cried.

"Sorry, but the bank can't do anything about it," said the teller.

"You give it back to him," Elsie Mae directed. "He'll send it to Washington and get the full amount."

The teller laughed and passed the slip of paper back.

As they moved out of the line Richard said in an undertone, "Isn't this rather foolish? We can make up the fifty dollars. If we don't we can't get the ring."

"Richard Van Eltynge," she retorted, "what sort of an American citizen are you? Now you look here. Until you get $274.31 for that check there's going to be no engagement ring; until those two old gentlemen apologize there's going to be no wedding."

"Isn't that pretty strong?" he said gloomily. "I don't know your uncle, but I know my grandfather, and I know something of the War Department."

"Leave it to me," said Elsie Mae.

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"I Have an Idea Too," He Said Dryly, "and It Is That We're Goats Not to Get Married"

The Long Wake of John Barleycorn

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

NOW that John Barleycorn, after lying in state for six months, has been officially declared dead and buried, we may perhaps celebrate the semiannniversary of his demise by a brief sketch and outline of the results of his taking off. If during his long state of suspended animation his spirit has been hovering near the body he must have been deeply gratified by the tremendous stir and storm of comment produced by his departure.

On the one hand rise the keenings and wailings of his sincere mourners who feel sure life will never be the same without him. No metaphorical spirits of the Sir Oliver Lodge type can possibly fill his place. On the other, the triumphant paeans of his victorious enemies, who though they may not attend his funeral want it distinctly understood that they strongly approve of it—both of these doing their best to illustrate the truth of the cynic saying that there can be little doubt that alcohol is a powerful stimulant, for it excites some of those who don't take it almost as much as those who do.

But as those more strident cries die down there rises the slow thunder of the voices of the people, the workers, the wives and mothers, the scientists, the great industrial and financial leaders. Their comments, the more restrained in tone, are generally uncomplimentary to the dear departed. The great railroads have had no use for him for years past. Friendliness with him meant dismissal from the operating force. The insurance companies do not care for his true mourners as policyholders. The great industrial leaders declare that alcohol and efficiency simply will not go together. The real head of the family knows with whom she has most to fight for the contents of the pay envelope. The scientists have been declaring for years past, with ever-increasing positiveness, that J. B. is a false alarm of the most champion variety, producing none of the helpful effects he claims to, lessening working power, blurring the judgment, lowering our resistance to disease

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," say these.

"The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," indignantly retort the mourners.

Which of these two has the best right to carve his epitaph? So far as the test of his departure has gone, which is best entitled to say "I told you so"?

Surprising Results of Prohibition

FROM a world point of view the keenest of interest attaches to our recent six months' American experiment, using the whole breadth of a continent for a laboratory and a hundred and ten million humans as its subjects. Though there are still a good many damp spots surviving amidst the general dryness on account of private stocks eagerly laid in and stored away in advance, and also by the sale of near-beers, yet it would be safe to say that the practical effect has been to cut down the amount of drink consumed by the average man at least one-half if not two-thirds. And this in spite of the fact that the ban falling in midsummer gave unusually favorable opportunities for the manufacture of home-brewed beers and home-made wines by individual families who wished to produce their own supply.

So that we are now in a position to pronounce with all due diffidence and caution judgment upon a few at least of the visible results of this marked cutting down of the nation's drink supply. First of all it may be frankly stated with little reservation, from the negative point of view, that few or none of the disastrous results so confidently prophesied by the spokesmen of the wets have come to pass. There has been no general revolt and insurrection against the law as an intolerable interference with

From Cocktails to Cocktails—of the Oyster Variety—in a Famous Old New York Bar

their liberties by the great body of workers; not even by those of foreign birth accustomed from their earliest childhood to habitual use of beer or wine. Nor do the records show any marked and striking increase in the amount of opium or other narcotics taken in desperation as a substitute for alcohol. The strict administration of the Harrison Law has given us a check on the number of drug addicts, which to the surprise of its sponsors turns out to be scarcely one-tenth as great as estimated in advance.

There has been widespread industrial unrest, and it has been publicly claimed, both by economists and by labor leaders like Mr. Gompers, that this was in part due to the workingman, in the critical period of readjustment after the war, being suddenly deprived of one of his chief comforts and sources of pleasure in a life which was not too abundantly supplied with enjoyments.

But this argument will hardly hold water, or even alcohol, when it is remembered that on the other side of the Atlantic the European nations were passing through an even more acute industrial unrest—as in France and in England, for instance, where there had been practically no interference whatever with the supply of beer or wine for the workingman. Both England and the United States have had railroad strikes, followed by miners' strikes; both lasted about the same length of time and both terminated in the same way—by pressure of public opinion. If anything, our American strikes—particularly the railroad one—were less complete and crippling and were over in shorter time.

One thing, however, was definitely noticed and universally acknowledged, and that was that our American strikes, including the steel workers, coal miners and the railway men, ran their course with distinctly less rioting, less personal violence and far less bloodshed and loss of life than ever before. Indeed, their freedom from these distressing features of every former strike was really remarkable, especially considering their widespread character and the profound disturbances of the readjustment period. For this improvement credit was widely and almost unanimously given by police officers, employers and labor leaders to the restricted supply of intoxicating liquor.

Nor did the financial injustices and practical confiscations of valuable farm products formerly used for the making of beer or wine, such as barley, wine grapes, cider apples, hops, and so on, materialize any more substantially. In fact, in the most curious manner—to the surprise of both friends and the enemies of the measure—the price of wine grapes last fall, instead of falling to a ruinous level, reached the highest pitch ever recorded—nearly double the average of previous years. Science has always declared that there was little danger of good food going a-begging.

This was due in part to the demand for grapes for the manufacture of nonalcoholic fruit drinks, both bottled and as flavoring at soda-water fountains; in part to a method invented for drying the grapes so that they could be shipped across the Atlantic to be used in making good the destruction and deterioration of European vineyards by four years of war.

But a considerable part of the rise in price which turned the predicted ruin of the wine grower into a prosperity such as he had never known before was due to the tremendous increase in the demand for fruit of all sorts for table use, for jams, jellies, preserves and for canning, which both heralded and accompanied the coming of prohibition, the general belief being that it was directly caused by it and that men cut off from their usual supply of wine and beer would take to fruit juices and sugars as substitutes, especially during hot weather, just as science foretold. Of course it must be remembered that it was at a time of a general rise in prices of all food products, but the rise in the price of fruit was distinctly above the average; so much so in fact that a general wail went up from those whose salaries or wages were not increasing at the same rate that they could hardly afford to buy anything but the cheaper grades of fruit for table use or for preserving. From grapes and oranges in California to cherries in Oregon and strawberries and apples in Maine the case was the same.

The Happy Hop Growers of the Coast

BUT the most surprising reversal of all the prophecies of confiscation and ruin was the case of hops. For several years past the hop growers of America, chiefly upon the Northern Pacific Coast in Oregon and Washington, had been pretty nearly letting their hop yards run wild; partly on account of the tremendous scarcity of labor due to the war; partly because the approaching shadow of certainly wartime and probably permanent prohibition made them regard the future of the crop as doomed. They picked such hops as grew of themselves, or even—in not a few cases—plowed up the vines and planted the land to other crops.

But early last spring when everyone began to feel sure that the war really was over, even though the treaty was not yet signed, there came a demand for hops. Buyers began to go about offering contracts for the entire crop at good prices, which many of the growers eagerly jumped at, thinking them the last they would ever get, since wartime prohibition had already been passed and the dust storm of constitutional drought was whirling high in the heavens.

Then prices began to rise and went steadily up all summer, until before picking time they had reached one of the highest peaks ever known in the history of the crop—nearly double that of the prewar period. A most singular situation developed: Growers who had refused to sign contracts in the spring because they did not think it worth the labor to bring their yards back into bearing condition made big profits even for scratch crops, while those who had sold in advance made less money on far larger yields

and were so furious with themselves for the trick that fortune had played them that in some cases they actually permitted the pickers to throw in quantities of leaves and stalks with the blossoms, or delivered the hops half roasted in the hope of disgusting the contractors and getting them to throw up their bargains.

But all to no avail. The price was so extraordinarily good that the contractors could afford to take hops in almost any condition of dilution or underdoneness, repick and redry them and still make a good profit. This was one of those rare, provoking instances where the careless and easily discouraged farmer made better profits than the careful and foresighted one. Fortunately the latter will come into his own next year, as prices still rule high, with prospects of stiffening rather than declining.

Sirup From Malt

THE cause of this unexpected hop, skip and jump is still a mystery. Part of the demand came from European buyers making good the war-caused shortages of their own crops; part from the manufacturers of near-beers trying to delude the palates of their customers and cover up the scarcity of malt by a surplus of hops—more bitter than beer, so to speak. Then there was a considerable demand for hops in the preparation of dry forms of yeast, while their resins were useful in industries, as well as in humans. In fine, whether we can explain it or not, hops seem to thrive under prohibition.

More fundamental yet, a great industry, which appeared sure to become a total wreck under prohibition, has been taken in tow and salvaged to an unexpected degree by the resourcefulness of science. This is no less than the brewing and malting business, whose huge breweries and elaborate plants form one of the heaviest single investments of the drink trade. To put it very briefly and roughly: In the process of making beer the grains used are first moistened and heated so as to start them to germinating or sprouting, a process known as malting. In the course of this the germ of the grain attacks the starch by means of an enzyme, or ferment, which it possesses, and turns it into malt sugar for use in further growth and development, just as occurs when it is sown in the ground. When the sugaring has reached a certain stage the germ is killed and the process stopped by heat or roasting, and then the sweetened grain, or malt, is put into vats of water and mixed with the yeast germs, which convert the sugar and starch into alcohol.

But by carrying the malting process farther instead of stopping it so soon by heat it has been found possible to change much larger amounts of the starch into this malt sugar; and then by mixing with water and evaporating in pans a malt sugar sirup can be produced of great sweetness and delicious flavor, which the experts of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture declare somewhat resembles that of honey, though in appearance it is like maple sirup.

This malt sirup can be made out of any of the grains from which beer is made, and also from potatoes and corn, or any plant substance containing starch. Breweries can be remodeled for its production at comparatively little additional expense, as the evaporating pans are the principal new equipment required. Being a sirup it is, of course, not so convenient for table use as cane or beet sugar, but is said to be equal to it in every respect for use in cooking and preserving and candy making. From the point of view of food value and digestibility this malt sugar is fully equal to ordinary or beet sugar, if not superior, as both these forms of ordinary sugar have to be changed into it or its twin glucose in the process of digestion before they can be utilized by the body.

A number of breweries are already turning to this new field, so that it will soon be possible to kill two birds with one stone—relieve markedly the sugar shortage and turn these brewing plants, with their large sums of capital invested, to making a wholesome food instead of a dangerous luxury, and prevent throwing out of employment the large numbers of men engaged in them; to say nothing of the fact that these hundreds of thousands of employees will benefit even more by the change than will the rest of the community, as it has been one of the commonplaces of vital statistics for twenty years past recording the healthfulness of various trades and occupations that men employed in brewing and handling and distributing of beer have one of the highest disease rates and lowest expectations of life of any of the great industries.

Another New York Hotel Bar, Converted Into a Circulating Library for Guests

From Beer to Yeast

INCIDENTALLY a touch of comic relief in the great drama of dryness was furnished by the application in one of our large seaport cities of a number of ex-saloon keepers and liquor dealers, including the president and secretary of the local retailers' association, for positions as deputies and inspectors for the enforcement of the new laws. Possibly they had been reading up on vital statistics and were moved by a sincere desire to get into a more salubrious occupation. But the wary commissioner of internal revenue was unkind enough to suspect other motives, and their applications were declined with thanks.

Science has also a resource for the utilization of a smaller but still important percentage of those breweries which have not been converted—in both the religious and the chemical sense of the term—to the manufacture of malt sugar. It was estimated by the government food experts in England, when a form of war-time prohibition was under consideration, that nearly a quarter of the existing breweries could be utilized and would be needed for the production of yeast for bread-making purposes. It would involve, of course, the production of a considerable amount of alcohol, but this instead of being left in the brew could be distilled off when the yeast crop had grown to its full limit and sold at a good profit for commercial, fuel and industrial purposes.

The working classes of England are estimated to take nearly sixty per cent of their nourishment in the form of bread, but our great masses of workers with their richer and more varied diet do not lean so heavily upon this single staff of life, so that the proportion of our breweries needed for the production of bread yeast would not be

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Disposing of 38,000 Gallons of Wines in Los Angeles Streets, at the Rate of 34 Per Second

The Café of the Five Sisters

By Henry Payson Dowst

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"To Think I've Let Myself Give You Up to That Flimflammin', Widow-Robbin', Chuckleheaded, Hog-Jowled Crook!"

"A CAPITALIST," observed my friend Napoleon J. Todd, "is like a golf course—he's only as weak as his strongest link."

We sat at ease in the lobby of the Hotel Giltenwood, biggest, newest and H. C. of L.-est of metropolitan caravansaries. About us surged tirelessly the published sons of Midas and lineal descendants of Crœsus, their opulence glittering from finger and scarf. These were plump men, ample of jowl and waistcoat, each escorting complacently his Lady of the Limousine. I sought among them to learn, if I might, what my companion's eye had encountered to spring the trigger of his philosophy.

From the throng emerged one man, unaccompanied, who flew in an anxious eye the distress signal of an apparent loneliness.

"Bluffing he's got a date," grumbled Napoleon. "Felix O'Shea, it is, a plaided sepul-cure, an' full of the dead bones of many a sucker. He looks like a million, but it's a ten-to-one shot he hasn't got a two-bit piece to his name; an' that hunted look in his eye is caused by doubt as to what will happen to him if the house detective sees him."

"You appear to be acquainted with him," I observed.

"Me? Not to acknowledge publicly. Though there was a time —— But say, this is an arid spot when you've filled your eye once or twice. S'pose we go and look for the shadow of a great rock and sit in the same. I'm reminded of a bit of personal history I might unbosom to you; and anything of a loquacious nature on my part you can't charge to undue stimulation, seeing I am possessed of no signal that'll get us anything more powerful than a shot of frosted chocolate or a seidel of orange phosphate."

I knew well enough to what a fine edge of interest Napoleon Todd could whet the dullest evening, and followed him meekly into an onyx-and-silver grotto, where he ordered a brace of elaborate but innocent drinks.

"It sure does give friend wife a feelin' of complete security," he said, having negotiated three large swallows through a pair of straws.

"I didn't know you were married."

"You didn't know I was ever in the restaurant business, either, did you? Well, did you ever hear of the Café of the Five Sisters, corner of ——"

"You don't mean to tell me ——"

"I do if you don't interrupt. I was the Café of the Five Sisters; at least, fifty-one per cent of me was. It happened like this:

"You have known me long enough to realize that I am a business man with an eye to the picturesque. To me the beaten channels of commerce have always seemed strewn with empty tin cans and beer bottles. Business to attract me has got to be all glamoured up with romance and complications and subpœnies and things. Huntin' tame dollars is too much like shootin' at a deer tied to a tree.

"And I never was one of the easy-money boys of Wall and Broad, plain sailin' on an untroubled sea of watered stock and two-color prospectuses. Money extracted from the suckers that forgather under the shadow of the subtreasury, where G. Washington overlooks a multitude of skins, doesn't allure me a mite. Coin that hath charms to soothe my savage chest don't want to be too common. I prefer to track it to its lair and subdue its angry snarls by means of my hypnotic eye and the stratagems of my trusty intellect.

"Of course I don't mean to say I haven't fallen for the stock-market game—I have; so hard that when I hit, it made the Milky Way look like one of these here sparklers that kids play with. But I was always one of the suckers. I have met men with imitation-linen collars and self-ventilating shoes that was conversant with all the wiles of Wall Street and ready to share their golden knowledge with me very cheap—say, for a small shot of the late-lamented demon or maybe a couple of see-gars. But as for workin' from the inside and sellin' those blue-and-red certificates guaranteed to make the purchaser independent for life, nothing doing. It always seemed kind of unimaginative and sordid. I'd rather drive a wagonload of tinware round the highways and byways of our rural districts, swapping ten-quart milk pails for braided rugs and them up-to-date group pictures of Presidents of the United States, beginnin' with Washington and endin' with John H. Buchanan. A good specimen will bring about nine-fifty from any wise collector, which shows a pretty fair profit on the bucket.

"Well, that hasn't anything to do with the restaurant business. What I'm tellin' you happened right after I got back from the Republic of Colombia, where I had sold a couple of snowplows to the Bogotá and West Coast Railway, on account of a rumor that as soon as the Democratic Administration of the U. S. got time it was goin' to divert the Japan current through the Panama Canal and so change the climate of Colombia from tropic to intemperate. I don't know who started the rumor, but I never found time to deny it. I made a good commission on the sale, anyhow, and it occurred to me I was entitled to a vacation somewheres back in the land of lowing kine, so when I landed in New York I kept right on traveling, via the Grand Central Station and a train bound for somewhere in the bucolic districts, I didn't care exactly where.

"Along the latter part of the day, when I could look out of the car window and see the plowmen homeward plodding their more or less weary way, I figured it was about time to do a little plodding on my own hook. So I got off the train at a small country station where I guessed it stopped through some oversight, and started following a winding road up and down some hills and through patches of woods and past small tilled fields and tiny farmhouses that reminded you of the lithographs you've seen, labeled 'Birthplace of Eleazer P. Killjoy, the Teething Ring Magnate.'

"It was just beginning autumn and the air was like cider that sits in the sun all day and then sort of congeals off to near the freezing point at night. When the prohibitionists find out about that air they will sure take steps to suppress it for exceeding the one-half of one per cent limit. I sauntered along very leisurely, past orchards containing some of the most stealable-looking fruit I ever saw, and feeling so good I actually spurned the dust beneath my feet. I was like a guy with six Bronx cocktails on an empty stomach.

"And then I came to an extra-special farmhouse that looked like nothing less than the birthplace of a President of the U. S. A., sitting back on a little knoll, with a barn so big I wondered why they didn't put the house into it nights and rainy days. The side yard was densely inhabited by chickens —— Now you be good! That's the average Broadway lizard's idea of humor. Don't go interruptin' me.

"There was the kine too—a pair of them, lowing according to rule, standing at the bar and waiting for the —— No, not the barkeep. And don't go pulling anything moldy about milk punches either. You lay off me or I'll take my bloomin' lyre and go smite it somewheres else.

"And right on the fence post was a sign nailed up, and I Conandoyled instantly that the nailing was done by the fair hand of a woman, because where one good wallop would have driven the nail up to the head it was all bent over and surrounded by dents where the hammer had struck. The sign stated the unadorned fact that boarders were wanted within.

"I give one more look at the chickens and the kine and the hammer marks, and I said to me, I said: 'Napoleon, something tells me that you have arrived in the promised land. It's a hunch. Here's where I lay off and invite my soul. Soul, do you get that? We'll stick round here and sport with Digitalis in the shade, and let the lion and the lizard keep the place where Broadway cheers a fake Bopeep. Maybe her name isn't Digitalis—more likely it's Hepsy. But if she can conglomerate a decent apple pie or a mess of flapjacks she will witness a correct imitation of Napoleon's return from Elbow—and the other joints—with an appetite no less than flattering.'

"So I climbed the knoll and rapped at the side door. They say Opportunity knocks only once, yet there was I, not waiting for her, but beating her to it. Something told me that such was the case, and so it turned out.

"Pretty soon I heard a brisk tap-tap-tap on the floor, and the door opened. There stood one of the most gorgeous and abundant young ladies I ever saw. She was probably twenty-five years old and her face started with a dimple and included a smile that not a bonbon maker that ever lived could reproduce in a million years. Then, besides the smile there was some sort of a nose, and two eyes that made you think of the Catskill Lakes on a clear morning in October. Her hair—well, if some goldsmith had taken a lot of oat straw and spun it as fine as a spider web and then arranged it kind of wavylike and snarled a lot of sunshine into it that couldn't get unscrambled, even on the cloudiest day ——

"I give up. Fix her in your mind's eye to suit yourself, because there's four good reasons why, even if I had a five-volume dictionary here, I would fall down as a describer.

"She looked at me, smiling and cool, and said, before I had a chance to open my head: 'No; it's very nice of you, but we've only had our sewing machine a year, and the phonograph's in good running order and we've just bought some new records. We don't want to buy any books, because we already have a book, and we haven't any old clothes to sell. That's all the kind we own and we wear 'em. We're all stocked up with tinware and we don't believe in lightning rods. We subscribe to four farm papers, the Ladies' Fancywork Era and the Higginsville Weekly Banner. The house is fully insured and the last bottle of Lathrop's Liniment is only half gone. It doesn't really seem as if there's any use of your wasting your time ——'

"I put my foot in between the door and the sill and held up one hand like Woodrow Wilson stilling a peace conference. 'Excuse me,' I interrupted, 'but I read your sign stating that you wanted boarders within. Would you mind specifying within what—doors, limits or call?'

"At this the young lady blushed, and—oh, man! I'm spoiled for those pictures of a sunset on a Scotch lake for the rest of my life.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said; 'I forgot. That sign was put there last year and you're the first applicant we've had. We'd almost given up faith in the value of advertising.'

"'Lady,' I said, 'it isn't the immediate results, it's the cumulative value that counts. Think of how much you'd have to give for the Rock of Gibraltar if you wanted to buy it!'

"'Come in, please,' said she, and I followed my foot into a sitting room that smelled like those sweet-grass baskets the Indians make, only better. I supposed Dactylis, or Hepsy, or whatever her name was, meant to call her mother and have me passed upon as a candidate, and I wondered if I could keep my cloven hoof and barbed tail out of sight.

"'Sit down,' says the young lady.

"I rested my traveling bag on a woven-rag rug that any qualified antiquarium would have paid real money for. The Scotch sunset—I should say Lou, which turned out to be her name—went and called through a door. It sounded like water flowin' over stones in a cool forest. Then, instead of an aged dame with a severe blue eye and a police inspector's chin, there entered those four reasons why I had to bog down when I tried to describe Lou a minute ago.

"Maybe you remember 'em. You ought to if you ever patronized the Five Sisters, corner of ——"

I assured Mr. Todd that my memory of the ladies was crystalline.

"Then I don't have to describe 'em," said he with relief. "But wasn't they humdingers? I'll say they were! All I need to do is to enumerate 'em according to the order in which I made their acquaintance. Lou said if I'd tell my name she'd do the honors, and Napoleon Jeremiah Todd never rolled off my tongue with more relish and bumptiousness.

"'Well, Mr. Todd,' says Lou, dimpling, 'my sisters' names are Billie, Mabel, Anna and Sylvia. Mine's Louise. We haven't any parents and we live here alone and get our living off this farm by the sunburn of our faces; and we have to scratch gravel so hard no manicure would know where to begin on us. We thought if we could pick up five or six dollars a week by letting our spare room to some quiet genteel person of either sex —— '

"'I'm exactly that!' says I hastily. 'How much do you charge for meals?'

"'Why, they're included, of course,' said Louise.

"'In what?' I asked.

"'The five or six dollars.'

"'And do I eat with the family?'

"'Certainly!' says this Lou, sort of resentfully. 'We consider ourselves quite as good as —— '

"'Oh, lady, lady!' I squawked, the goose pimples ripplin' up and down my spine. 'You get me wrong. I meant, did that six-dollar price include the privilege of minglin' round the more or less festive board with all this beauty, culture and refinement? Fetch me some sackcloth and ashes,' I says, 'and watch me eat humble pie.'

"The girls all laughed at that, and old John J. Harmony took charge of things once more. The deal seemed to be closed, and I was shown into a bedroom under the eaves containing an assortment of furniture that no true collector could have seen without felonious impulses. The bedstead had spirals enough to make old Jacob Bean dizzy. There was a mirror in a rectangular gilt frame with a panel in the top containing a picture of the Andes Mountains or Coogan's Bluff or some foreign scene all done in those sort of milky, opaque-looking colors—you know. The dresser was most as high as my chest, with a row of little drawers on the top, so that if you opened one of 'em you knocked whatever might be in front of it onto the floor. There were two fluted columns on the front corners carved to represent Boston Market celery, and the whole business stood on four stubby short legs of slightly different lengths, so that it wabbled a trifle under pressure.

"There was a rag carpet on the floor, and some more hooked rugs. The whole place was so clean I felt uncomfortable, as if I ought to be arrested or something for being there. I set my grip down and actually tiptoed over and stuck my thumb into the bed, which was covered with a quilt made from ten thousand remnants of silk dresses and neckties. Right away I knew I'd have to take soundings before I ever dared to trust myself in that bed without a life buoy. Once it closed over a guy's head he'd never see his friends again, no matter how good a swimmer he might be.

"I managed to remove the dust and stains of travel and slick down my cowlick without doing too much violence to the solemn purity of that chamber, and then I sat down and contemplated the scenery through the window. It was sure some scenery, and I was beginning to get right sentimental when I heard my name called from downstairs, and the word 'supper' was mentioned.

"Now I hate to tell you this, because I don't want you to think I'm spelling for sympathy, but we didn't have one single thing to eat that night but hot biscuits of the dirigible type—lighter than air—and a couple of two-pound broilers frizzling in butter, and green peas, and apple sauce with a touch of molasses in it, and cold sliced home-cured ham, and new baked potatoes so hot they would actually melt the butter, and popovers with honey—only if you didn't care much for honey you could have maple sirup—and coffee the color and clearness of those brown tiger-eye stones —— Yes; tourmalines. And cream so thick it wouldn't percolate through the tines of a fork ——

"I see you're sort of groggy, and I am a merciful man, hating to cause a fellow creature unnecessary pain. I sat back in my chair after they broke the sad news to me that there wasn't anything else to eat in the house unless I'd like a glass of new milk and some fresh-made molasses cookies, and wondered how I was going to sustain the tenuous thread of my existence for two whole weeks.

"I thought I might sport with Amaranthus in the hereinbefore mentioned shade for about four days, on a sliding scale, beginning with one hour and whittling down to one minute, after which I would be absolutely unable to sport anywhere but on the side piazza with a palm-leaf fan, and wait for the end with what fortitude I could summon, like a green goose in a box with a hole in the top bein' trained for Christmas—the goose, not the box.

"While doing my best to assuage the pangs of hunger I managed to give the five beautiful farmerettes the once-over. In point of architecture Lou was the most liberal of the lot. Billie was a little trick with brown eyes that gave your soul the fidgets unless it had had a recent bath—and you know me. I gathered she was responsible for the hot bread and molasses cookies and other forms of baked allurements. Then there was Mabel, grading about a hundred and twenty on the hoof and built with what the efficiency experts would call a very interesting curve. She was dark and had rich blue Irish eyes and black hair, so I guess any harp would have called her a colleen. If those girls had any of the blood of the old country in their ancestry it sure showed strong in Mabel; and she had a tongue in her head that could charm a bird off a bush. She was subtle, Mabel was, for when she looked at me with the big eyes of her as innocent as a New York schoolboy with a pair of crap dice up his sleeve I began to feel like a whole delegation of visitin' firemen and the mayor with his address of welcome folded into his breast pocket, all rolled into one.

"Next was Anna. She was so slender I suspected she wouldn't dare take a bath without puttin' a piece of cheesecloth over the waste pipe, but oh, friend of my bosom, wasn't she graceful! She was daintier than a humming bird and just as fastidious.

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"When I Headed the Procession That Invaded the Dining Room a New Chapter of the Great American Fraternity of Rubbernecks Was Opened"

The Anthology of Another Town

By E. W. HOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

Jim Searles

WHEN James Hadley Searles first came to town he stopped at the Pierce House and paid the regular rate, which was two dollars a day. We heard he was a college graduate and a lawyer and represented Eastern capital, but in two weeks he moved to Mrs. Hampton's boarding house and paid six dollars a week.

At first Mr. Searles wore his best clothes all the time, but at the end of a couple of months he put on an old suit and opened a law office of one room in Scully's Block. After that a good many called him Jim and everybody knew he didn't represent much Eastern capital.

A young fellow named Henry Longfellow Marsh came to visit Jim the following spring and it was said round the boarding house that they talked a good deal of their old college days and of the pranks they used to play. They also sang several songs nobody else knew.

"I suppose I ought to have a college education," Bill Hillman, one of the other boarders, said privately, "but a good many get along without it."

But How Do We Know He Throws the Razor Away?

That comforted others, for Jim made such a specialty of his college education that learning was rather more unpopular than it would otherwise have been. He brought the first news of Keats and Shelley to our town. Some of us had heard of Dante and tried to read the Divine Comedy, but in wondering why it was called a comedy gave it up.

Jim put in his letter at the Presbyterian church; he said that was the thing to do in getting acquainted in a little town, but a good many knew he was not strict. Indeed, he hinted that if he cared to he could controvert a good deal the minister said, and one time, when some of the young men sent to the city for a bottle of whisky, he gave them to understand it was no new thing to him. But otherwise he was guilty of no particular devilment and was well behaved, though his talk always had the sarcastic tinge common with highly educated men who do not succeed very well.

When rather old Jim married Amanda Wheeler, the school-teacher, who also had a college education, and they had three children, Matthew, Mark and John, who also felt their superiority. They kept two cows and, having a surplus of milk, the children peddled it round the neighborhood.

Bart Wherry, the other lawyer, who continued to have most of the law business, never liked Jim very well and once, when he found that his wife was taking milk of Searles, said: "If he ever makes me mad I'll quit taking milk of him and starve him to death."

Sandy McPherson

SANDY McPHERSON, the barber, says he charges five dollars for shaving a dead man because he is compelled to throw away the razor he uses. But how do we know he throws the razor away?

Joe Bush

JOE BUSH, who travels for a city house but lives in this town, had occasion to make a trip of eighteen miles on a Sunday night. For the purpose he hired an automobile and a driver.

Along the road the headlight of the machine displayed a number of Scriptural texts painted in large letters on a farmer's barn. The driver was not certain about the road at this point and Joe went in to inquire.

He found the farmer and members of his family engaged in a religious service and Joe was invited to take part, which he did. When they engaged in prayer, which the farmer led, he bluntly criticized Joe for traveling Sunday night. Then there was singing, and at the end of the second hymn the farmer invited Joe to lead in prayer.

Joe was brought up in a Christian family and, though he had never before led in prayer, he was a little mad because of the manner in which the farmer had talked about him and he accepted the invitation.

Joe approached the throne of grace so devoutly that the farmer frequently cried "Amen" to express approval. But as Joe warmed up he began criticizing the farmer for lack of charity. He asked the Lord to soften the hearts of hypocrites and others who thought too much of themselves and finally closed by expressing the hope that at the last great day the most unregenerate and impudent might be saved.

The prayer over, they sang another hymn, and then the farmer wanted to pray again to answer Joe, but Joe said he was in a hurry to make a train in the next town and departed after shaking hands all round.

Emanuel Strong

EMANUEL STRONG is sick and probably won't get well. The thing that worries him most is his poverty. He has always made enough, but lived up everything as he went along and at his death his family will have nothing. He has five children to school and dress, and Emanuel and his wife have been so much devoted to them that they have not had much themselves. Three years ago there was an excellent opportunity for Emanuel to buy a business of his own, but he had no ready money and a banker picked up the bargain.

When I called on Emanuel lately to see how he was getting along his wife surprised me by saying she had ruined her husband by living too well and too carelessly. Emanuel always wanted to save, she said, but she paid too much heed to the demands of the children and everything they earned slipped away. I never before heard a wife make a similar statement.

Sarah Brownell

SARAH BROWNELL lately procured a divorce from her husband and they had quite a time making charges against each other, indicating a rough-house continuing several years.

Yesterday I was on the streets and by accident fell in behind Mrs. Brownell and Milt Ward, a well-known old bachelor.

Mrs. Brownell was displaying all the womanly arts of fascination, and the exhibit was interesting to me, when I remembered some of the testimony in the divorce proceedings. Mr. Brownell swore among other things that his wife hit him with a skillet.

But how gentle she was to Milt Ward! How prettily she looked into his eyes! There was art in her smile—in every action.

And Milt Ward was as gallant and interested a gentleman as I have ever seen. Unless he wants to break his resolution not to marry so long as his mother lives he'd better quit going with that woman.

Tom Marsh

I SUGGEST that the old saying be changed to "Everything is fair in war," and leave love out of it. Cap Wilson, the warrior, says he killed a man at Gettysburg and maybe several others he doesn't know about. He is not only forgiven but there is talk of making him county treasurer.

But it is different with Tom Marsh, the lover. Everyone is picking on him so persistently because of a recent love affair that instead of talk of electing him to office there is talk of putting him where the dogs won't bite him.

Many of Us Were Compelled to Listen When We Didn't Care for It

Milt Sayer

PEOPLE used to say Milt Sayer was naturally mean and that his father was mean before him. The Sayers have lived here ever since the town was started and the very old men say Milt's grandfather never paid any attention to the city ordinances either. City ordinances are intended mainly to regulate strangers, anyway, and Milt Sayer took pleasure in violating them. In fact, that was about the only pleasure he did take, for he never went anywhere except to trade for something that would annoy his neighbors. He once traded for a mule, though he had no use for it except that it brayed all night and made the neighbors mad. The neighbors complained to the city marshal, but he couldn't do anything—at least he never did. Whenever a citizen had a grievance it was easy to induce the city council to pass an ordinance to suppress it, though it never did much good.

Most people kept chickens and let them run at large, which was against a city ordinance, but they mostly kept a mixture which was mainly inoffensive. Milt Sayer made a specialty of Langshans. The roosters of this breed almost shake the earth when they crow and have hoarse voices which are very disagreeable at midnight and just before day. Milt kept twice as many roosters as he needed in a barnyard cluttered up with old wagons and buggies he never used. In the barn he nearly always had a pup that cried all night, and the water bonds were defeated largely because Milt favored them.

There wasn't a man in town who hadn't threatened to go to Milt and ask him outright why he was so mean, but no one ever did. So he drifted along like other people, except that his wife and children talked meaner about him. Usually a man's wife and children suffer a good deal before they talk about him to the neighbors, but Milt was so notorious that nearly every time the school children came home they had something new to tell about Milt they had heard from the Sayer children. He choked their mother, they said, and though no marks were ever seen the people liked to repeat these stories. Milt was the favorite town bad man and every time people sat on their porches in the evening they began the gossip by inquiring if he had done anything new to rouse their indignation.

Ed Harris used to say Mrs. Sayer could hold up her end in a row with her husband, though it was the custom to say Milt was very rough with his wife. Ed said that early one morning just at daylight he went to the depot to catch Number 58, the flyer. It didn't stop regularly, but usually took water at a tank a hundred yards above the depot, and Ed ran the risk of catching it, as he was anxious to get up to the county seat early and return home on 38, the accommodation train. Ed says he heard Milt and his wife quarreling as he passed their house.

"And believe me," Ed used to say, "the madam wasn't getting the worst of it!"

Because of her trouble with her husband Mrs. Sayer was very bitter about women not being allowed to vote.

It was known Mrs. Sayer had been to see Lawyer Ege, who, the people used to say, took divorce cases free for the pleasure of hearing the particulars first and telling about them.

The particular meanness that caused Milt's wife finally to rebel was never known. He had been guilty of so much that maybe it was an accumulation, but anyway after Mrs. Sayer had told the women for years that she would not stand it another moment she actually went to Lawyer Ege and said she wanted a divorce.

Lawyer Ege acted very mysterious, as though he relied on some particular evidence he knew about that none of the rest of us did, but he never told anything we hadn't heard for years; and when the case actually came up, and a good many went to the county seat to hear the evidence, they didn't learn anything new. Mrs. Sayer took the stand and told the old stories, but Milt wasn't present—he had told his lawyer not to resist—and didn't seem to care what his wife told on him.

They hadn't much to divide; about everything Milt had was mortgaged to the bank,

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Commercial Entertainment

By J. R. SPRAGUE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

The Iowa Man Remembered Riding Round the Deserted Streets in an Old-Fashioned One-Horse Hack, Perched Up On the Driver's Seat Beside Gus

THE lowest known form of commercial entertaining is represented by the traveling salesman who walks into a store and lays his business card down in front of the merchant with a cigar on top of it. From that it goes upward to the class of work where country clubs and private yachts are part of the game. Not long ago I ran across a rather snappy piece of middle-class achievement.

When I first saw the man who had been commercially entertained he was sitting in the lobby of one of the great Chicago hotels, a picture of unhappiness. An orchestra was playing; good-looking girls were on every side. Through the revolving doors the snapping waters of the lake could be seen; countless automobiles dashed along Michigan Avenue, going faster than would be allowed on any other street in America.

But all this inspiring action had no effect on the boy who sat in the leather-upholstered chair next me with his face in his hands, looking gloomily down at his tan suitcase between his feet. After a while he gave a little groan and spoke to me out of the corner of his mouth.

"Will you please give me the right time?" he asked in a weak voice.

There seemed no reason why he should not have looked at his own watch, which was in his upper vest pocket at the end of a shiny waldemar chain extending sportily across his front.

"I haven't wound mine up in four days," he apologized.

He was, I should say, about twenty-eight years old, evidently from some Middle West town, and very, very unhappy about something. After a few more groans he apparently decided that he must tell his troubles to someone; I was the person handiest.

The Only Ladies He Had Ever Seen Smoking Were Past Seventy

"I have been stewed for more than a week," he said with terrible simplicity.

This was interesting information, because July first had been passed months before.

"Where did you get it?" I asked with a taint of self-interest in my words.

"Oh, I don't know where it came from," he responded dismally. "I only know that I've had it. And in an hour I'll be on the Rock Island train going back home. I don't know what in the world is going to happen to me."

The Victim's Own Story

I HAD seen men in that condition even in good old pre-bootlegging days, when the label on a bottle of liquor really meant something; he looked so unhappy that I should have been a brute not to have tried to help him out. Even if he was suffering from wood alcohol or hair tonic some fresh air would do no harm and so I suggested that we walk over toward his railroad station. The whole story came out while we plodded between Michigan Avenue and the La Salle Street Station.

He was from a small city in Iowa and a buyer for the Mammoth Department Store in his home town. He had almost grown up in the Mammoth; he had worked there on Saturdays and after school from the time he was in the grammar grades. With the exception of his year and a half in the Army he had drawn no man's pay save that of the Mammoth.

Up to the time he had gone away to be a soldier, wearing on his wrist a good fifteen-jeweled watch, the gift of the Old Man, he had been a utility salesman, working in the men's-clothing section most of the year and in the jewelry and silverware department during the holiday rush. His antebellum salary was twenty-five dollars a week, and he frequently made ten dollars more on p. m. sales.

A few months after he got out of the Army his big opportunity came; he was promoted to the management of a department at a salary of fifty dollars a week, and made buyer for his own and several other lines. This meant that he would get two trips a year to Chicago, all expenses being on the house.

Through his whole life he had envied the department heads who went to market to buy the Mammoth's merchandise. They brought back interesting stories of meals in swell restaurants, box seats at theaters and the gay life at big hotels where one pays eight dollars a day for room without board. But when he got on the train to make his first trip as buyer he was firmly resolved that none of these things should influence him in the least. He would take a little pleasure in the evening maybe, but during business hours he would be hard boiled; prices and styles would be his two watchwords.

But when he had got to Chicago things did not work out just as he had planned. The first morning in the city on his way out to the wholesale section he had run across a man named Gus, a former salesman on the Iowa territory, but now manager of his firm's Chicago office. Gus had frequently tried to land some of the Mammoth's business, but without much success. He was more than glad to see the new buyer.

From then on things moved rapidly. Gus would not hear to the new man's doing any serious work the first day. He argued that a man ought to circulate round a little before doing any buying so as to get an idea of what was being shown in the metropolitan stores. They walked along State Street looking at the window displays, occasionally going into one of the big establishments, and paying attention to the way people in expensive automobiles were dressed. Several times during the morning Gus found places where cheering drinks might be had.

Along about noon Gus said it was time to eat, and led the way to a restaurant where the lunch check was eleven dollars; the new buyer tried to pay his share of it, but Gus shoved the money back at him and laughingly said Iowa coin was counterfeit in Chicago. It took more than two hours to eat, and then Gus said it was too late to do any business that day; he would telephone to his office to say that he wouldn't be back, and they would take a ride out to Lincoln Park. They spent a pleasant afternoon, and the taxi driver knew where there were more places willing to take a chance on selling hard drinks. At night they went to a show, the treat being on Gus.

Next morning the Iowa man slept late, being awakened by the telephone in his room ringing insistently; he glanced at his watch as he passed the dresser, and the hands pointed to nine o'clock. Gus was on the other end of the line. He said he was coming right over and they could have a bite of breakfast together. The buyer had intended to slip out to a dairy lunch, but Gus insisted on breakfasting in the hotel dining room. The Iowa man never realized before how much a breakfast could cost. Gus was very business-like; he said he had enjoyed the little outing of the day before immensely, but business was business and it was his duty to his firm to try to sell some goods to the Mammoth Department Store of Iowa. As a special favor he wanted the buyer to come over to his office and look at his line; there would be no obligation to place an order.

A Hard Day Ahead

THEY rode over to Gus' office in a taxicab. There were some good cigars at the end of the trip, and even a little drink out of a bottle taken from the safe. The buyer looked at some of the samples; the prices seemed all right, but he had resolved on his way to Chicago not to buy a dollar's worth until he had compared values in several competing lines, and so he told Gus he was much obliged and would probably come back, but he believed he would shop round a little first.

Gus seemed a little put out over this, but his disappointment lasted only a moment. He said it certainly was business to look round before placing any orders and he even offered to go along and take the Iowa man to some of the other places. Then he went to the cashier and drew fifty dollars. The Iowa man distinctly heard Gus tell the cashier that he had a hard day ahead of him and he dreaded it.

Then they left the office together. Gus said he wanted to see a man in a certain building a moment. On arriving at the

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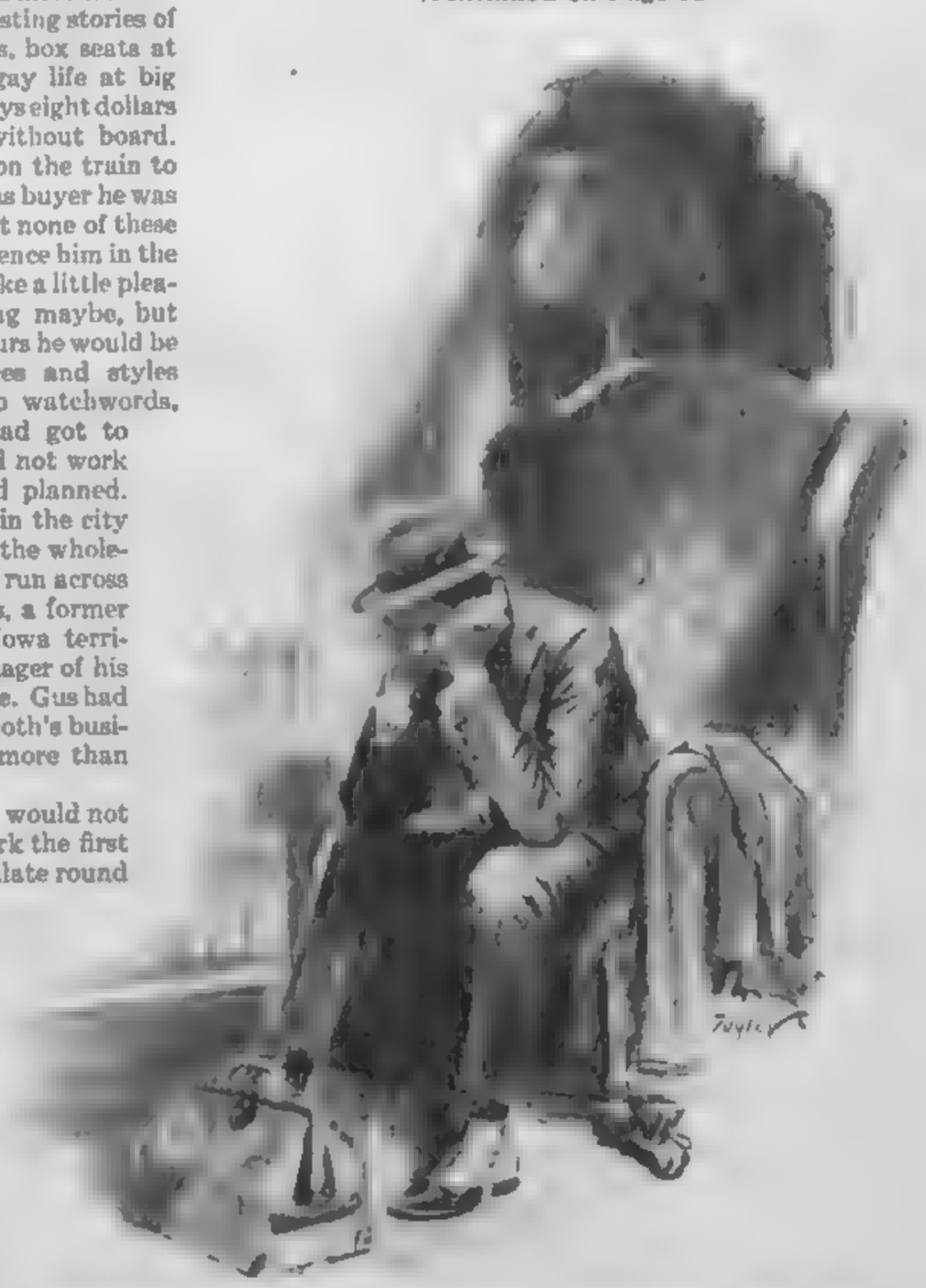

All This Inspiring Action Had No Effect on the Boy Who Sat in the Leather-Upholstered Chair Next Me With His Face in His Hands

OLD MOTHER NECESSITY

By Shirley L. Seifert

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

NELLIE McBRIDE had never been in a real harem, of course; but as well as if she had waved a peacock-feather fan over a wrist-leted, ankleted and otherwise bespangled queen all the nineteen years of her life, Nellie knew what a harem would be like. For the furnishings of beauty's court, such as marble-rimmed pools, leopard skins and palm bowers, she had only to recall some scenes by David Wark Griffith and the lesser lights of moviedom; for personnel she had only to consider the glittering throng in the large millinery salesroom on the second floor of the Avenue Ladies' Shoppe. At three o'clock in the afternoon the effect was most striking. Then every chair before every mirrored stand would be occupied by a prinking queen, and every table, rack and railing littered with bewildering masses of feminine gear. So the leader of a caravan might have spread his wares before queens of the Orient. Nellie wondered if queens of the Orient came in assorted sizes and brands like these modern queens, who were everything from lean ones who swathed their bones in furs to heavy ones who peeled their coats; from Fortune's spoiled favorites to whom money meant nothing and style—plus gilt labels—everything, to their slighted sisters whose limited purses made them the fussiest of the crowd.

In and out, back and forth among the chairs stepped the attendant slaves—bright-eyed, honey-toned, petted slaves, and weary, old, disillusioned slaves—whose commissions were small and whose hearts were heavy because capricious customers dodged them and their awkward ways. Nellie was a slave in the harem. Mornings and between seasons she worked in the trimming room at odd jobs, such as pasting linings and covering wires and pressing ribbon; during the rush hours she came outside into the salesroom, where she helped to sort out the litter on the tables and keep the cases in order.

It was one day while she sneaked a moment's rest for her aching feet that the harem idea came to her. She had closed her eyes; and because she was very tired the tinkling laughter, the light chatter, the occasional rise of some voice, sharp with exasperation, came to her as a far-away, impersonal sound. The delight of her conceit brought a whimsical smile to Nellie's young lips—a smile that faded a bit as a deeper note struck her fancy. This was the rush of feet and the subdued murmur that belonged to the attendant slaves—a hurried yet deadly weary note that smote Nellie's sensitive spirit.

"For all the world," marveled Nellie, without any idea of addressing another apprentice, who just then passed her corner. "Just give them a few beads and some snake bracelets and put them in pantaloons—and there you are. And give me a tray or a bunch of feathers—and there I am."

"What?" asked the other girl, stopping. "What are you raving about? Say, you'd better come out. Miss Cluney's looking for you. I heard her rowing just now about Cases Four, Five and Six all being empty of hats. Move!"

Nellie moved, but still the whimsical smile softened her lips as she reveled in her thought of the harem.

It develops, therefore, that Nellie McBride had an imagination. Now imagination is like a two-faced piece of goods, silky on one side but rough and scratchy on the other. The silky side fooled Nellie into dreams of a great career in hats. Nellie loved hats—the cunning, perky, feathery, foolish things! Hats were the snare that had drawn her into slavery. She might have been a stenographer, earning her twenty dollars a week, but she wanted to learn to make hats. Some day she was going to be a great designer. Oh, the day was far and away off; sometimes Nellie thought it would never come; but still she clung to that particular dream of emancipation. Some day fussy ladies would turn hats upside down to seek her name in gold letters on the lining—not Nellie McBride, of course—heavens to Betsy, no! She had not yet decided between a French appellation, like Madam Briand, and something neat and snappy and American, like Jane Glover. She rather fancied the American.

"Miss McBride, may I interrupt you by requesting that you put away a few hats?"

The irony was in the words of the question, for the voice hissing into Nellie's rapt ear made no attempt to conceal its bite.

"Really," Miss Cluney continued, "if you think you are any more tired than I am and can't take another step you'd better go back to the workroom and relieve Miss Jones for duty here."

"I'm all right, Miss Cluney," said Nellie in haste, attacking a pile of millinery as high as her head.

First the workroom and then Miss Cluney made the rough side to Nellie's imagination. How could an apprentice learn anything if she was kept forever wrapping interminable lengths of hat wire and doing all the other dirty jobs which real trimmers scorned to touch? The chief trimmer ruled the workroom and she had a spite against Nellie. Clumsy fingered, she reported the girl, because Nellie grew so sick of that drab, messy drudgery.

Nellie was honestly glad to be called out into the hustle of the salesroom. There at least she could handle the hats and see something and hear people's comments. But out in the salesroom was that everlasting Miss Cluney! How could a girl get anywhere when not only the chief trimmer but the all-powerful head of the department hated her like poison—and for no reason that Nellie could help? It was not Nellie's fault that her baggy two-year-old coat made her look like a sprite in contrast to Miss Cluney's one hundred and ninety pounds, which the strictest tailor-mades only emphasized. It was not Nellie's fault that her worn, rubbed, splitting number-three shoes were an eyesore to a woman hobbling about in sevens on a D. Nellie's black hair fluffed in alluring puffs about her brow and ears and Nellie's color came and went in her cheeks from pure excitement. Miss Cluney spent more dollars on massages, cosmetics and patent waves than Nellie earned. These things were surely not Nellie's fault any more than it was Miss Cluney's fault not to be able to overlook them. Even in business woman is traditional.

As Nellie put away her precious beauties of velvet, fur and feathers she sighed a bit, thinking over these things.

"Miss McBride!"

Miss Cluney was calling from the opposite side of the room.

"Goodness, what have I done now?" thought Nellie. "I only stopped a minute to look at that rhinestone buckle."

Reluctant feet dragged her over to Miss Cluney—a somewhat restrained Miss Cluney, in service just then to the two wealthiest patrons of the Shoppe—Mrs. Willette and her daughter, Jeanne. For the fiftieth time Nellie wondered how so skinny a daughter could belong to Mrs. Willette. The mother's proportions suggested an overstuffed couch and the expanse of her blouse front reminded Nellie of an embroidered sofa cushion. Was Jeanne adopted, maybe?

"Lady wants you to try on this turban, if you please, Miss McBride."

To Nellie Miss Cluney's eyes were even more disdainful than her fingers.

"Little snip!" her attitude seemed to say.

"It helps so to see a hat on a youthful model," further aggravated Miss Jeanne as Nellie drew the hat down over her puffs.

It was a small affair of henna velvet, with a band of ostrich feathers snuggling just inside the tightly reversed brim—just the sort of provoking hat that goes with a piquant Irish face and bright black eyes. Nellie had no idea she could look so charming. She could hardly tear herself away from the mirror to face the Willettes.

"H'm—well," hesitated Miss Jeanne.

"It is much more becoming to you, Miss Willette," remarked Miss Cluney, partly out of sales diplomacy but more to quench the insufferable gleam in the apprentice girl's eyes.

Mrs. Willette motioned imperiously to Nellie to remove the hat. She examined the hat inside and out, then passed it to her daughter.

"You might try it again, Jeanne," she suggested. "I don't see any reason ——"

Well, if she didn't see any reason why Jeanne Willette should not look as well in a Paris model as Nellie McBride she was the only one on the floor. The flaming velvet only emphasized the pasty dimness of Miss Jeanne's complexion and the faded tint of her blond hair. Miss Jeanne's eyes paled to green and her flat cheeks looked positively sunken. Nellie turned away in embarrassment, caught the challenge of Miss Cluney's glance and stood her ground.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Miss Jeanne. "I never saw anything more hideous!"

Apparently she meant the hat, for she snatched it from her hair and threw it at the edge of a table, where it teetered a moment before sliding to the floor.

"Oh!" cried Nellie, rushing to gather it up.

Of all the hats in the store this was her favorite. Time and again

"It is Not That the Hat is Inferior," Said Mrs. Willette. "I Simply Do Not Want to be Deceived. The Band About the Feathers on the Original Was Plain Grosgrain Ribbon"

she had stopped before the case to gloat upon its beauty. It was too expensive to be brought out often for customers, but whenever Nellie had held it in her hands she had gone carefully over every bit of its exquisite workmanship. She believed she knew where every stitch had been placed. Why, oh, why could she not make hats like that? She had tried at home with scraps of old material or cheap stuff bought on purpose, but she had never made a go of it. Sometimes she thought the chief trimmer was right. Her fingers must be clumsy, even though her eyes were appreciative. Or did all dreamers have to bear the ugly interminable drudgery of apprenticeship?

Where the hat had struck the floor a spot of dust clung to the velvet. Noticing this, Nellie went out to the workroom for a soft brush.

"Hateful thing!" she called Jeanne Willette as she brushed. "Hateful, ugly thing! Doesn't half appreciate what she's got! If I had half her chance, what wouldn't I make of myself? Oh, you beauty, you beauty!" This to the hat. "If she had really hurt you I'd have scratched her wishy-washy eyes out, I would! I'd like to buy you for myself to keep. I'd like to have you to wear just once—just to-night, for instance, at the Legion vaudeville show. Wouldn't Jim be a gone case then?"

Brush in air, Nellie paused. Haughty ladies in a harem, a hat of henna velvet, an amateur vaudeville show and Jim! That seems quite a stretch for even Nellie. But the truth of it is, Jim Souther and his affairs always filled the background of Nellie's thoughts. There were periods when Nellie believed she would rather have a Nelson hold on Jim than on a dozen careers. Still these were modern times and Nellie had modern ideas. Not for anything would she have hung her present inefficient self about the neck of a struggling young man just settled in a new job as bookkeeper in a bank and having his eye on an auditor's portfolio. Not now, but some day, maybe

Jim himself had never said anything definite about such an arrangement, but Nellie thought she knew how things stood with him. Still it wouldn't hurt if now and then she could dazzle him with some new bit of becoming finery—sort of make him sit up and take more particular notice, you know. But, heavens, Nellie hadn't had anything new for at least six weeks! With things costing so much and her salary so pitifully small she found it necessary to turn and twist and wear forever any garment not absolutely in shreds.

If she could have a hat like that one just for this one night, when all Jim's friends would be round with their best girls, showing them off as they always do, wouldn't Jim be proud of her? Wouldn't he forget that hideous baggy old gray coat? She'd say he would!

The passage from the workroom to the salesroom led past the girls' lockers.

That was the fall of honest Nellie. For she opened the door to hers, saw that reconstructed plush thing she called a hat and, before anything in the world could stop her, whisked the henna turban to the shelf and closed the door on her iniquity.

That evening she thanked her stars her old gray coat was baggy. In the home-going rush nobody noticed that she concealed a bundle under its fullness. A wise person with time to look might have suspected something from the sparkle in Nellie's eyes. For, having committed herself to this recklessness, Nellie carried off the affair with audacious sportsmanlike bravado. Truly she had never felt so exhilarated. Disagreeable consequences might be possible, but consequences were—consequences.

All the way home her joyousness gathered momentum. A snatch of song rippling from her lips, she burst into the little flat where she lived with her father and mother. Mrs. McBride was in the kitchen frying some sizzling stuff. In the hall, busily chewing the rug, crouched Punkins, a spaniel pup that Jim had given Nellie for her birthday. With a sweep of her free arm Nellie caught up the little dog and carried him to her tiny bedroom.

"Punkins! Some Punkins!" she rebuked him. "Precious pups, must it have a teething ring for Christmas? Tell you what, young man, I've got something here that you'd better not fasten your teeth to. No, sir-ee."

Punkins wriggled uneasily and put out his pink tongue as Nellie uncovered the purloined hat.

"I've Got to Do It! I've Just Got to Do It! It's That or Jail!"

"No, you don't!" said his mistress. "Not on your life! See? Up it goes on the tiptop shelf of the closet when it's not on my head. You hear me? Now, Punkins, we'll see how near ready supper is. I've got some collars and cuffs to fix. Yes, I have, for I'm going to look pretty to-night—oh, ever so beautiful, precious pups!"

To the letter she kept her word. The hat of henna velvet glorified her whole personality. It made even the old, much-pressed dark silk dress, with its simple collar and cuffs of organdie, look rich and distinguished. Nellie was a thousand times prettier that evening than Jeanne Willette would ever be for all her heaps and heaps of money. To her reflection in the sideboard mirror Nellie admitted this with honesty and pardonable self-appreciation.

"You didn't tell me you got a new hat, Nellie," commented her mother.

Nellie jumped.

"I just borrowed it for to-night," she explained.

"Borrowed it?" repeated the mother. "Well, it's real becoming, but I don't know about this borrowing business. Suppose something was to happen to it?"

"Pooh! Nothing can happen. It's as clear as anything outdoors—no danger of snow. I'll have the hat on my head or in my hands every minute and I'll take it back to-morrow morning. I just had to have something for to-night."

Then Jim came and he did not notice the hat. He hustled Nellie into her hateful coat and down the steps and over to the car. And all the way to the hall he kept looking at his watch and fuming.

"Gee, it's late!" he growled. "These dog-goned cars!"

Only that. The first chill of reaction sent its tremors through Nellie's buoyant heart.

They reached the hall just before the curtain rose. Down the dark aisle they stumbled to their seats, where Nellie with fumbling fingers removed the turban from her head. In that obscurity it might just as well have been her old tam-o'-shanter. However, when the lights went on at the end of the first act Nellie was glad she had entered in the dark. There in the first box on the right sat Miss Cluney, dressed to the nth power and beaming under the assiduous attention of a glorified salesman from Sloan's Wholesale House.

"Ouch!" cried Nellie, drawing the tail of her coat over the brilliancy in her lap.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim.

"Nothing—stuck my hand on a pin."

"Too bad! Why, hello, Art! You been sitting there right along? I didn't know it. Miss McBride, meet my old pal, Art Brennan. He was caisson corporal in my bunch. You know, I've told you about him, Nellie. I didn't know you had a seat next to us, Art."

"Pleased to meet you," murmured Nellie, her eyes on Miss Cluney.

"Who's your fat friend?" asked the young man on her left, following her fascinated stare. "I see you know the lady."

Nellie did not know what she answered. Her fat friend had recognized her. Miss Cluney bowed. She had never smiled more graciously. Miss Cluney said something to Sandersen, the salesman. Then they both looked at Nellie and smiled. Oh, Miss Cluney could afford to smile, thought Nellie bitterly. She had something now on Nellie, or she would have before the evening was over, that would send Nellie hiking after a new job, if not into jail. Did Nellie know the lady? Did she?

Two bright spots of color flamed in Nellie's cheeks. The rest of the evening passed in the confusion of delirium. Half the time Nellie did not know what she said to the young men on either side of her. She did not know what those idiots on the stage were screaming and performing. She could not get the point of a single joke. Choking, she laughed in the wake of Jim and Art. In between she chattered voluble, incoherent nonsense. Presently she sensed that Jim was developing a grouch, but for her life she couldn't change her tactics. Art Brennan on her other side was as evidently fascinated with her. The more cordial he grew the colder grew Jim, but Nellie raved on, with just one clear thought in the maze of her emotions. Would Miss Cluney stay for the canteen stunt afterward and if she did would Jim believe that Nellie had a sick headache and take her straight home?

Miss Cluney departed before the last act. With a sigh that was almost a sob Nellie relaxed. For the next fifteen minutes she kept her eyes shut to see if that would not stop the silly whirling of her head. When she opened them she was able to take a fairly clear view of surrounding conditions. Jim was blackly cross. Nellie, knowing this to be her unintended fault, felt sweetly penitent and subdued. She turned her back on Art Brennan and tried to tease her escort back into good humor. All she earned for her pains was a series of grunted monosyllables. At that Nellie's overstretched nerves and Irish temper upset her good resolutions. As she put on her hat deliberately she flashed her sweetest smile on the ex-caisson corporal.

"Gee, that's some lid!" remarked the young man.

"Do you think so?" asked Nellie. "Now Jim didn't even notice that I had a new one on."

"Did too!" grumbled Jim.

"Well, you never said it was pretty, crosspatch."

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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

The Twelve Little Husbands

Alas, the love of women! It is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.
—*Don Juan. Canto ii, 199.*

SEÑOR Don Antonio Jesu Maria Perarra y Castadandos daintily wiped his mustache upon the frayed napkin that went with Señor Amontillado's table d'hôte, leaned across the table behind the green curtain that separated the alcove from the public dining room and sadly implanted a kiss upon the cheek of the lady opposite him—the Señora Isabella Ramirez.

"*Adios!*" he whispered in a choking voice. "*Adios*, my beloved. I go—I go to face my accusers! But thou wilt visit me in my dungeon? Thou wilt strengthen me to defy the inquisitors?"

"How canst thou doubt it, dear one!" she answered, fondly clasping his head to her shoulder, thereby endangering the claret bottle, which, however, she dexterously rescued with her disengaged hand. "It will at best be but a few weeks before thou wilt be free! And then—then ——"

"Then we will fly!" he echoed. "*Adios!*" He tore himself away and with an eloquent gesture ducked behind the curtain. Señora Ramirez wiped her eyes and sighed deeply. Exertion and emotion were both difficult for her.

Señora Ramirez had mass. Though she was probably also fat, she gave an impression less of obesity than of bigness coupled with tremendous muscular strength backed by indomitable will. She was tall and broad-shouldered, with generous bosom and substantial hips, and her neck and arms were like the pillars of the temple. She was large, with the expansive masculine largeness of the female Latin, and the slight touch of masculinity was intensified by the tiny black mustache which adorned her upper lip. But for all her solidity she was a fine figurehead of a woman—one hundred and ninety-five pounds of Hispanic beauty—a lady of power and of passion, whom no one would approach carelessly and to whom no one would make love without encouragement. Señor Ramirez was attenuated, elderly and more or less of an invalid. Don Antonio was also small, but he was elegant, dashing, debonair—a *caballero*.

"Thou art Right, Dearest Heart," Don Antonio Had Answered. "A Great Love Justifies All Things"

There are certain philosophers who contend that just as pity is akin to love, so the tender passion is largely composed of the protective instinct. The emotion most women feel for their husbands, they say, is partly maternal, and hence big women do not hesitate to mate with little men and seem to feel no embarrassment about it. How far the converse of this theory is true remains to be seen. To what extent does the protective instinct enter into the feeling of men for women? Does it draw the males instinctively toward the weak and fragile, the clinging vines, the ultrafeminine, rather than toward the strong, vigorous and efficient specimens of womankind? Does it lead men naturally to select as the objects of their affections women smaller than themselves, about whose waists they can thrust the protective arm without too much reaching? Or whom they can embrace without standing on tiptoe?

On the other hand, may not the mysterious passion we call love originate in impulses so subtle that all such crass details as form and feature, height, weight, breadth, thickness and cubic contents play no part in it? Read on, and as you read ponder this question, for upon it the temperamental tragedy which we are about to relate may shed some light.

Don Antonio, jauntily swinging his Malacca stick, threaded his way among the tables, dodging past the cash register operated by Señora Amontillado. Whatever loose cash he had in his pockets he needed for other purposes. Isabella could—gladly would—pay for their luncheon, which had been a substantial one. Instead of paying he ostentatiously examined the pet turtle in the aquarium on the steam radiator, helped himself to a toothpick, stepped to the sidewalk and glanced about him.

Across the street three men stood under a gas lamp. They were evidently waiting for him, since the moment he made his exit the smallest of the three, whom he recognized as Señor Ramirez, said something to the others and all began to stroll toward him. Don Antonio calmly awaited their approach. As they reached the sidewalk the little man, who wore an immense gray muffler and yellow gloves, suddenly pointed to him with his cane and shouted in a high-pitched voice: "There he is! That is he—Antonio Perarra y Castadandos! I identify him to you! Arrest him!" And, becoming more excited, he began to dance furiously up and down. "Murderer!" he chattered. "Assassin! Traducer! Thou shalt pay! I will have thy body and thy purse! Thou shalt not escape! They will cast thee at once into the *calabozo!* Seducer! Betrayer of my home! Yah!" he screamed.

Don Antonio viewed him calmly, much as he would have regarded an overexcited fox terrier. Then, removing his toothpick, he placed his left thumb-nail beneath the edge of his right upper front tooth and snapped it at Señor Ramirez.

"Tck!" he said contemptuously. "Tck!"

Señor Don Antonio Perarra y Castadandos came of a very old and distinguished family which, unfortunately for him, no longer possessed any of the material concomitants usual to nobility. Indeed, he was so far reduced that only by resorting to the vulgarities of commerce could he keep the she-wolf from the door of his hall bedroom. With pain we are obliged to confess that Don Antonio was in the cork business. By cork alone did he manage to keep afloat. The corks did not even come from his own cork forests. The Castadandos no longer had any—if indeed they had ever had any. In moments of hilarity Señor Ramirez had sometimes jocosely remarked that the Castadandos had less use for corks than almost any people that he knew—had no use at all for them, in fact, except to pull them out and throw them away. At this witticism Don Antonio would laugh heartily and pour out another goblet of Señor Ramirez's red wine, while Señora Ramirez would glower at her husband as if he were a tarantula.

But even if Don Antonio would have had considerable difficulty in demonstrating his noble birth at the consular office or even in identifying himself sufficiently to secure an invitation to dinner at the Spanish Embassy in Washington, to say nothing of establishing a claim to any particular piece of real estate in Aragon or Cordova, nevertheless he was a *caballero* of the *caballeros*—and a noble specimen of the present generation of *hidalgos*. Gentility was exuded by his every movement. Bernardo del Carpio had nothing on him for distinction. He wore the straw hat, which in the course of numberless seasons had acquired a color rivaling that of his cigarette holder, with the haughty air of a Castilian and carried his threadbare overcoat across his arm as it were a velvet cloak concealing a rapier.

He had a mustache like the tenor in Il Trovatore, and a jowl resembling the chef in a prepared-soup advertisement, his hair was luxuriant, curly and glistening with oil, his immaculate little hands were adorned with rings, and his dapper little feet were incased in square-toed patent-leather boots with maroon suède uppers. His clothes, though, fitted him perfectly, and he always wore a rose—usually slightly faded—in his lapel. He spoke Spanish elegantly and with the most graceful gesticulations, and he spoke English most inelegantly and his accompanying anatomical gyrations suggested a Marathon in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. He hypnotized the ladies by the wit and knowledge displayed in his conversation, the ardor of his love-making and the polish of his address.

One would have thought that such a man would have married young; indeed, that he might have married, had he so chosen, again and again. Yet Don Antonio, charming though he undoubtedly was, remained single. The answer was on the tip of everyone's tongue in the neighborhood. Don Antonio was known to be desperately in love with the Señora Isabella Ramirez, the victim of a hopeless but none the less interesting passion. It is true that the cynics hinted that as Señor Ramirez, her husband, was a large importer of wines there might be method in Don Antonio's madness. But though the importer's friendship might indeed have been of some slight material value to Don Antonio—and always assuming further that Don Antonio was that kind of man—it is hard to see how falling in love with Isabella Ramirez would have helped the cork business. Indeed, one would think that he might have feared being shipwrecked upon the rock of romance and, corks or no corks, going down forever.

But apparently he had no fear. Perhaps he—at first at least—felt the strength of ten because his heart was pure. And—let the reader laugh as he will—perhaps his heart *was* pure. Who dares say at this point in our story that Don Antonio was in love with Señora Ramirez? Who has the temerity to assert anything about a narrative that is entirely controlled, understood and copyrighted by another, who, even if he has foreordained the conduct of all his characters, can change them if he so chooses by the twinkle of a pen in the very last paragraph? Pardon! Do not turn over to Page 179! Who, I repeat, can reasonably suppose that he has the remotest idea of what is going to happen to Don Antonio, the Señora Isabella and Señor Ramirez? Nobody!

Don Antonio, in spite of the gossip of wagging tongues, continued to dine every Thursday at Señor Ramirez's house and to lunch there every Sunday and, as his friend was habitually afflicted with rheumatism, he regularly took Isabella out for a walk—either to see the bird pictures at the American Museum of Natural History, the collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art or the animals in the Zoo at Bronx Park—and brought her safely back to Señor Ramirez by seven o'clock. The Señora Isabella liked best to go to the Natural History Museum because the cases holding the stuffed birds are in a wing rather far apart and

it is quite bosky in there, with seats where two people, if they want to, can sit close together and hold hands without much chance of being seen—for the visitors naturally are looking very hard at the birds. Señora Isabella and Don Antonio used to sit thus for hours gazing intently and with a far-away expression at thousands of scarlet flamingos having the time of their lives upon miles and miles of beach all covered with nests. They liked the flamingos because they were at the very end of the wing and hence many of the visitors never got that far. Señor Ramirez generally did, however, and used to watch them from behind the pelicans, and when they got back he would ask them innocently where they had been and smile in a pleased way when they told him that they had gone to four-o'clock mass in the cathedral or on a bus ride to Grant's Tomb. Then he would beg Don Antonio almost effusively to remain to supper, but Don Antonio never would. Yet always he came on Thursday evenings.

Don Antonio seemed to have a genuine affection for Señor Ramirez. He was younger in years, but his greater knowledge of the social world made him an entertaining and stimulating companion for his older friend, who found getting about difficult on account of his rheumatism. Had it not been for the suspicions of Señor Ramirez regarding Isabella the friendship would have been one of his greatest satisfactions. Even as it was, the two saw each other regularly and on Thursday evenings played an interminable game of chess, which seemed to Isabella to have begun at a time so distant in the past that they had all forgotten when it was. That it should not continue into eternity she was fully resolved. Both she and Antonio had agreed that the situation was impossible. Such situations always are. Señor Ramirez might live on indefinitely, and when he ultimately died, if indeed he ever died, they would both be old.

"Courage, *amigo!*" Señora Isabella whispered to Don Antonio in her deep contralto, seizing his hand in a powerful and passionate clutch as they sat before the nesting flamingos. "It is the only way. Better that both of us should be dead than eating our hearts out. Pah! Ramirez will last ten—twenty—who knows how many years!"

"Thou art right, dearest heart," Don Antonio had answered. "A great love justifies all things."

"On Thursday then?" she had murmured tragically, almost as if she were ordering an execution. "Thou knowest where the powder may be bought?"

"On Thursday, beloved," he had assented. "Leave all to me. I will slip it into his demi-tasse after dinner. He will have an apoplexy before morning."

Their hands sealed the pledge forbidden by the presence of several bird lovers near by. Señor Ramirez, hovering behind the pelicans, hobbled quietly away to his waiting taxicab. Though he had heard nothing, he had seen enough, he believed, to justify his suspicions. That evening he would tell Don Antonio in no uncertain terms what he thought of him and expel him from the *Casa Ramirez* forever. They were having an affair! They had lied to him! Philandering there in the dark! Four-o'clock mass! Grant's Tomb! He squirmed with humiliation and fury. But the next moment he became unutterably sad and depressed. He was really very fond of Don Antonio and would be lonely without him. Moreover, at times Isabella got distinctly on his nerves. He was in a terrible quandary. He could not afford to be made a fool of; but, after all, he did not wish to be unjust to his friend!

This had been a month before. Thrice—upon three consecutive Thursday evenings—had Don Antonio placed poison in the coffee of Señor Ramirez as the latter limped to the corner of the room to unlock the humidor containing his choicest cigars. And each time his host had innocently quaffed the beverage until only dregs remained in the bottom of his cup. Yet nothing particular had occurred. In fact, upon the first occasion nothing had occurred at all, and the guilty pair decided that the dose must be increased. Accordingly Don Antonio had doubled the amount and Señor Ramirez had swallowed it equally without suspicion. That night he had been slightly indisposed and the next morning suffered from a headache, but apart from that the poison had had no obviously injurious effects, though, as Don Antonio explained, it might still be working latently and at the proper time accomplish the intended victim's dissolution. The suspense, however, was almost too much for them, and Isabella, being a woman, began to exhibit symptoms of nervous strain. Upon the third Thursday they quadrupled the dose. As usual Ramirez rose after the dessert, reached for his cane and hobbled to the humidor, and Don Antonio, sitting beside Isabella at the table, emptied the entire contents of his phial into her husband's favorite blue coffee cup ornamented with yellow and gilt butterflies.

"Here, *amigo*," said Ramirez on his return, tendering Don Antonio an immense cigar wrapped in tin foil. "Here is the last of my private reservation of the crop of 1904."

Then he settled himself comfortably, while Isabella, bedewed with a chill sweat, in horror watched him stir his cup, lift it to his lips and drink half of it.

"*Nombre de Dios!*" he ejaculated, looking into the cup. "What has got into the coffee? You must really speak to Maria!"

Then he turned color and put his hand quickly to his stomach.

"Oh!" he groaned.

"What is it, my darling?" inquired Isabella in terror. "Do you feel unwell?"

For answer Señor Ramirez rolled up his eyes and suffered his head to loll upon his shoulder.

"Permit me to go for the doctor!" exclaimed Don Antonio sympathetically, springing to his feet.

"Yes—by all means!" echoed Isabella in deep solicitude.

Together they carried Señor Ramirez to the lounge. That night he was violently ill. The dawn found him weak, pale, helpless—with slight reminiscent pains in his abdominal region. By afternoon he had eaten a plate of onion soup, two chops and a *tortilla*, had drunk a pint of claret, and never had felt better in his life. In fact, he had been completely cured of the attack of rheumatism from which he had been suffering.

But the conspirators in their excitement had forgotten to dispose of the remainder of the cup of coffee, and the doctor when he left the house had taken it away with him. On Saturday Señor Ramirez learned definitely from chemical analysis that he was suffering from lead poisoning, and that only the fact that he possessed the constitution of an ox and the fiber of a boa constrictor had saved his life.

Then events had taken place with great rapidity, and in a sequence most disconcerting to Isabella and Don Antonio, for Señor Ramirez had not died as arranged, and hence the situation was one for which they were entirely unprepared. Flight would have been tantamount to confession. It was vital for them both to face whatever music there was going to be with as much equanimity as possible and to ape a nonchalance which should avert suspicion. Isabella found her husband curiously uncommunicative. He made no comment upon his illness and did not disclose the nature of the doctor's report. It was uncanny! Instinctively she recognized that trouble was brewing. Moreover, the only servant they kept had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, without being paid, and they had been obliged to get in a waiter from Señor Amontillado's restaurant.

Don Antonio still went cheerfully about his business, but both Isabella and he knew that it was only a question of hours or even minutes before the purchase of the poison would be traced and he would be charged with the attempted murder of Señor Ramirez; she, perhaps, as his accomplice. So each made ready for the ordeal to come, the man after his kind and the woman after hers. His was the manner of a grandee of Spain; he would fight to the death for a lady's honor or blithely suffer it for her sake.

Thus when he made his exit from Señor Amontillado's his course had already been determined. He had learned his part, and naught remained but for him to act it out like the *caballero* and patrician that he was.

So—"Tck!" said Don Antonio, snapping his tooth with the nail of his left thumb. "Tck!"

Yet under the corset that he wore beneath his yellow-and-brown-checked waistcoat his heart was pumping like a machine gun.

"I am ready!" he announced, bowing in the direction of Señor Ramirez's companions. "Do not agitate yourselves. I am entirely at your service!"

"Some case, chief—what?" remarked "Deacon Terry," the Tribune's star reporter, to the district attorney as he showed him the front-page feature of a rival daily. "This ought to put your office on the map! It's a real story! Nan Patterson and Harry Thaw left at the flag!"

The headlines read:

ATTEMPTED MURDER BY DEADLY POISON OF DISTINGUISHED SPANISH MILLIONAIRE MERCHANT

Arrest of Don Antonio J. M. P. Castadandos, Spanish Nobleman and Society Leader, Friend of Señora Ramirez.

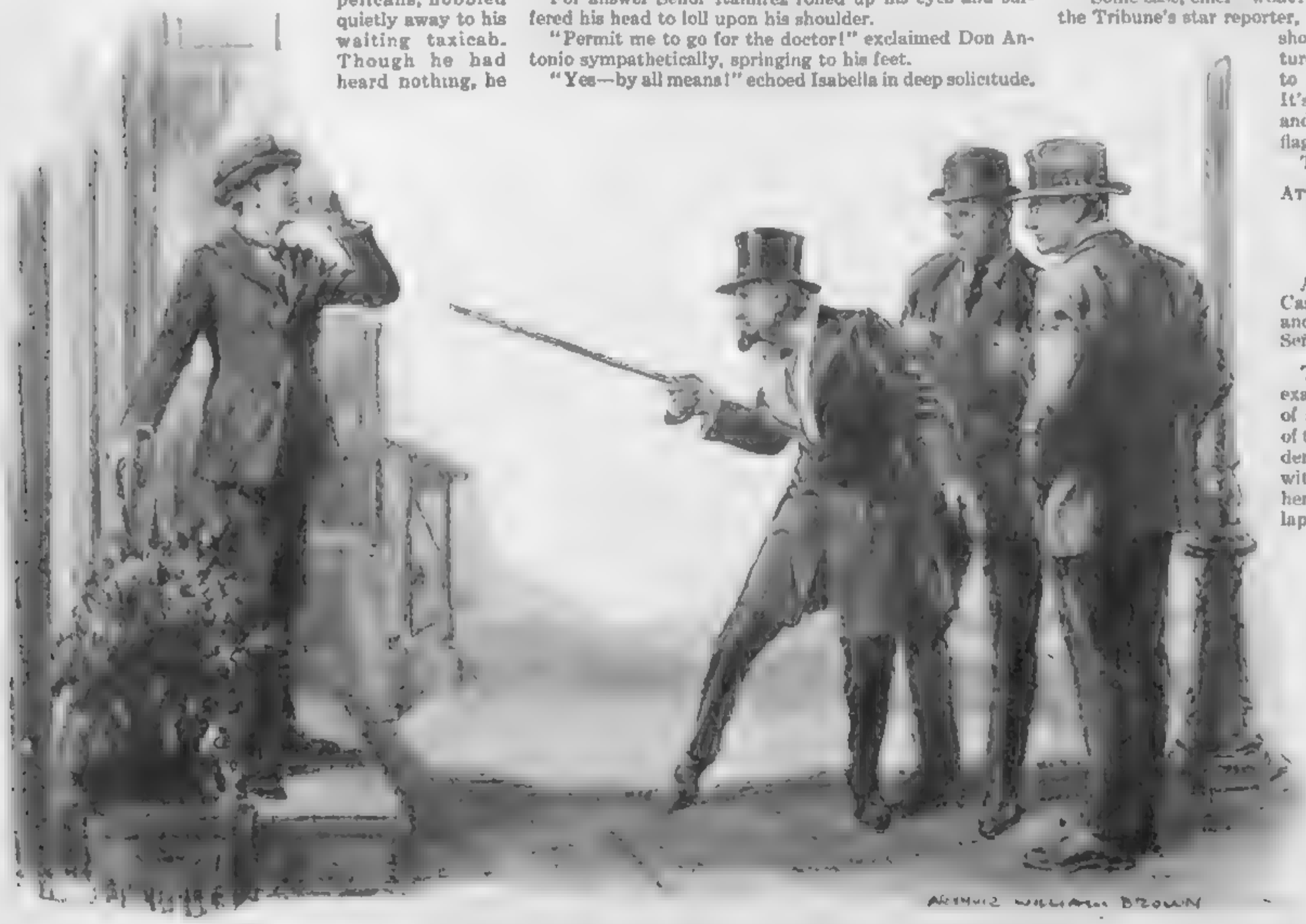
The Hon. Jeremiah Peckham examined the cuts with the eye of an expert. From the middle of the page an astonishingly slender maiden yearned forth at him with eyes of a bereaved gazelle, her hands folded demurely in the lap of a ballgown of the cut fashionable at the time of the Vanderbilt Ball.

Señora Isabella Ramirez, beautiful wife of Señor José Pedro Concepcion Ramirez.

Peckham regarded her with interest.

"Yes, yes!" he agreed. Then he turned to a picture in which Señor Ramirez was portrayed upon the point of stepping dangerously off a curb in the company of two detectives, their three legs prominently in the foreground poised in unison in mid-air.

(Continued on Page 94)



"There He is! That is He—Antonio Perarra y Castadandos! I Identify Him to You! Arrest Him!"

BLUEBEARD SHADRACH

"Convince Yourselves!" He Cried. They Whirled in Their Tracks and Were Turned to Stone

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

CAPTAIN SHADRACH SILLS and Simon Grogan were men of mystery, each in his kind. Mysterious in deed and feature, they became at length unfathomable to their fellow men, walking secrets, human enigmas; and they competed for the crown of mysteriousness which the Tall Stove Club had it in its power to bestow.

Captain Shadrach had much the better of it on past performance. That was certain. For one thing, he had lived nearly half a century longer and a good many legends had grown up about him. It was whispered, for example, that he knew more concerning the vanishing of his two former wives than he had ever conveyed to interested parties. Marrying them here on their own doorsills, he had taken them on long foreign voyages for a honeymoon, and then on his return—a widower each time—had given out that they had died in foreign parts.

Had died, yes; but in what manner? Some said he had poisoned them. It was the view of others that he had given them to the fishes. One not very well documented story was to the effect that he had abandoned the latter of them in the River Plate, that she had swum out to his ship at the last moment and clung to the anchor chains exhausted and that Captain Shadrach—exasperated—had leaned over and given her a tunk on the head with a belaying pin. What more plausible?

At all events it accounted for the fact that his third wife, when he finally took one to himself in his old age, had to come "from away."

She was a correspondence wife. People said he had tricked her into marriage by holding out a hope of inheritance; and even now, they added, if she hadn't hoped against hope to come into the money he was supposed to have hid somewhere on the premises from his Australian adventures she would never have stayed by him—and as it was she did it with fear and trembling. For these horror tales had naturally multiplied. Shadrach indeed encouraged them, and the more they grew the more he accommodated himself to that gruesome legend and the higher the respect in which he was held.

"He's Bluebeard all over," said Mrs. Furlong, fascinated by the latest bit of gossip. "And I declare now if he hasn't forbidden her the woodshed. If she so much as lays her hand on that latch she'll live to repent it, according to his tell. Did ever you hear anything like it?"

"He must have that queer customer of his herded out there, now it's coming on winter," said Furlong.

"Does he think he can keep that secret from his own wife?"

"If I was Bluebeard's wife," said Neeze, "I wouldn't be overcurious to see what he's got hanging up in his closet."

That queer customer, if he existed, was another of old Shadrach's resources in the way of mystery. Shadrach had taken him in during a recent visit of his wife to her relations. Afflicted by some malady of the brain, the creature had retreated to the woodshed, forswearing humankind, and later still—the wife returning—he had effected a strategic retreat to the pine grove beyond the ice house. But he had now got back into the woodshed again, according to persistent rumor. However, no one had actually seen him, not even Shadrach's wife. It was said of him that he was a being of giant proportions, wild as a fox and marked in the face for a hog, with no chin to speak of and a monstrous nose, his eyes twinkling behind a heavy growth of hair.

"Imagine having anything like that round," said Mrs. Furlong with a shiver. "It makes me cold all over. I know if I was the woman I would give all the gold in Australia to be out of his house. She's welcome to it, I say."

As to Shadrach's Australian adventures, if he had had them, nothing of them remained in sight but a couple of frayed salt-stained hand-drawn maps of the Broken Hill lodes and a collection of heavy hobnailed boots with iron heels, veritable horseshoes spiked into them. These boots he still wore in muddy weather, despite their harsh grip and the cold feel of them, full of steel as they were, when he came to slide his feet into them on winter mornings. Red-grained cruel ironclads, they were practically immortal, like their leathery old owner, and they seemed to say that dead men's shoes in Captain Shadrach's case would be harsh things and waiting for them an ebb-tide experience.

Shadrach himself answered all questions about this attendant spirit or demon with a movement of his beard only. Mysterious! He was mysterious in the least things. If he said "Good morning" it was with a twinkle in those blue, amazing, deep-socketed eyes which seemed to hint ulterior meanings. His very innocent and kindly old age lent a plausibility of contrast to the rumors of his terrific youth. Perhaps it was little to be wondered at if hearts quickened when Captain Shadrach went by putting down his giant Australian boots with a ponderous motion and a dangling stride of his old legs. His voice was soft as a woman's, his blue eyes were rather wide apart and at times they grew luminous as if a blue light were shining out from within. At times, too, the atmosphere about him had a weird pulse, it almost seemed, as if the furies above his head had flashed their wings half into sight. But this was nothing to daunt men and women of the battle-scarred kind among whom he spent his declining days. It would take, one would suppose, something more concrete to curdle their blood.

To see him now coming and going between Hanan's Landing, where he had his house, and the Tall Stove Club, a mild old gentleman having a beard with yellow ripples, quizzical eyes, a hawk nose with a blue vein at the bridge of it; to see him with one eye squinted at the weather and his large livid hands clasped at the back of a blue coat with brass buttons, it seemed a little hard to swallow stories of how he had been such a Tartar in his day and how he had kept ship's crews skipping round aloft like fleas in a blanket, dodging bullets. But this very unlikelihood was what made the exceeding probability of the thing in minds accustomed to bridge such gaps.

What wonder then if Simon Grogan was beside himself with jealousy of a man so mysterious in himself that he could even rest on his oars in this matter of mystery. It looked like simple madness to enter into competition with a man of these dimensions. Mr. Grogan had no mysterious being dancing attendance in his woodshed. He had no reputation for spread-eagling able seamen. There was no whisper of his having caused wives to vanish into thin air by waggling his finger ends.

In certain quarters it was hazarded, to be sure, that he had cast sheep's eyes at Shadrach's present wife, but this was scandal—something very different from mystery. Moreover it rested on the slim foundation of a remark of Simon's that it was a pity such a shining jewel of a woman should have bound herself over to be an old man's nurse.

Mr. Grogan had to rest his whole case for mysteriousness on his experiences as night watchman, in the course of which it was to be presumed that he had looked into nearly everybody's house, front and back, and had more than once been called in by the weaker party to separate husbands from their wives. Not even the fish warden outranked him in unpopularity. People knew what to think of a man mean enough to take up with such a contemptible calling as that was. It took an awful nerve to undertake professionally to spy out the weak moments of citizens who were every bit as good as he was.

It was argued that if only there was another policeman in town Sim Grogan would be the first man to be jugged.

When such backbiting came to Grogan's wide-flaring ears for the most part he merely arched his bushy brows, a trick learned from Shadrach. Finally he said publicly that if he told half he knew two-thirds of the population would find themselves behind the bars. But that time he overreached himself, for word of that boast came to Shadrach's ear. "If he knows and won't tell, then he's compounding a felony and he ought to be brought to book," the old shipmaster declared.

Utterly routed, Mr. Grogan was confronted by the county attorney, who entered into the spirit of the thing and forced him to make public retraction of that wholesale slander. Embittered, Mr. Grogan slept more daytimes for a while than had been his wont; but when seen by night his beautiful thick brows were no less flexible than before and he had the air of a man who will know how to reëstablish his credit when the proper time comes

"I ain't saying all I know," was now his phrase, equally effective and not so criminal as the other.

This was the state of these respective mysteries at a time when turmoil was in the village over the achievement of Shadrach in taking a bone out of old Diadama Grogan's throat, which by her minute description had been lodged there since September first, and they were now well past the first frost.

"There 'twas, foul of her windpipe, and she going round raising the triumphant and coughing and hacking like fury," said Zinie Shadd to the Tall Stove Club in conclave assembled. "Couldn't a doctor in town do a blessed thing either. That young Doctor Gault had her sent away and had pictures took with these kind of cameras that can look through a stone wall and he come to her with the pictures in his hand and showed her where there wasn't nothing in her throat outside of language. Say, she showed him the door quick.

"'I only wisht you had it to suffer with as I've had it these past weeks, you young monkey,' she says to him.

"Well, as a last resort they prevailed on her to go to Captain Shadrach, and I wisht you could hear the old lady set it off, the way he prized her jaws open and took one squint and reached in that ungodly great hand of his and brought out this everlasting great bone, and he says: 'I guess there's a little something they overlooked, Diadama—what do you say?' And he give a twinkle. You know he's one of these mysterious men.

"'Overlooked,' says Diadama. 'My sorrows, I want you to look! How are you going to overlook any such imposition as that is? I guess they didn't want to see it if the truth was known.'

"Well, she went home and she ain't coughed from that day to this."

Simon Grogan had entered in time to hear the last sentence. He came into their midst with a careful look about him first, a pause, a deliberation and a hooking of the sand box toward him with his left foot, after which he spat with fine completeness into it and slid it back toward the stove.

There was a silence. Rolls of linoleum stood round them like the fat pillars of an Egyptian temple, diffusing an agreeable, clammy and tonic odor. Rocking-chairs hung from the ceiling—not to speak of high chairs, coal hods and little red wagons. Furniture was everywhere, but that worn space about the stove was a charmed circle; the varnish was gone there. Those who had the floor had it plain and unvarnished at least, and it was here that the general sense of mankind weighed, revolved and found wanting. On the wall nearest the stove were specimens of Shadrach's art of carving wooden fishes.

"What do you think, Sim?" inquired a melancholy voice behind the stove.

"Think?" uttered Mr. Grogan contemptuously. He unbuttoned his blue coat, which had gravy deposits of seven years down its front face, and elevated those rugged brows enigmatically. "I use a little common sense," he said witheringly. "Now I'll put you a question in my turn. Anybody can pull a bone out of a body's throat if he puts the bone down first, can't he?"

There was a general slapping of thighs. "You don't guess he did that, do you, Sim?" inquired Zinie Shadd.

"It stands to reason," said the watchman impressively.

This crushing argument was often in his mouth. At school, when asked why a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, he had cried—at his wit's end—"It stands to reason." He used horse sense in dealing even with the most intellectual problems.

"Well, here," he went on," stop and look at the thing for a minute without coming to conclusions. Here's a woman with a hand not much bigger than a doll baby's. She's my own aunt and I ought to know, I guess. Well, as I happen to know, she's been exploring for two months and hasn't dredged it up. And now do you mean to tell me that a man can come long with a fist as big as a ham and put all five fingers down and grapple with it that first minute? Can't you, any of you, put two and two together? Why, say, you all sat there and saw that magician take a coin out of the girl's ear that was on the platform of the Opera House at the time. Well, there was three hundred people watching him and he slipped by 'em and fooled 'em good, and here there wasn't a soul with that old Diadama and he had her mouth prized open so wide she had to shut her eyes to get her breath; and she couldn't have told if he put a young whale down there and took it out again, let alone a herring bone."

"She has got one of these generous mouths," droned the voice behind the stove. "Runs in the family, don't it, Sim?"

"But they tell me," said Zinie, "that she ain't had a coughing spell since. How do you account for that?"

"That's the disgusting part of it," said Grogan. He had started to go outdoors again, but turned back a moment. "She's just weak-minded enough to believe anything a person is a mind to tell her. Well, there may more come to light in a little while than anybody is looking for," he added with that ominous gleam under his brows which gave everybody to understand that something unusual was in the wind. His solution of the Diadama mystery divided the town into two camps. Young Doctor Gault naturally put the weight of his authority behind Mr. Grogan's theory, which gained weight daily. This faction began to say that the watchman was nobody's fool.

Grogan resumed his former stature, grew reserved and compounded his mysteriousness.

"Theregoesthatwatchman trailing Shadrach into the furniture store," said Mrs. Furlong one morning. "He sticks to him like a leech."

"He's a queer peculiarity," Furlong agreed. "Where he learnt his trade I don't know, but he is one of these men that can tell whether a girl is knock-kneed or bow-legged jest by looking at the heels of her old shoes, withoutgoinganyfurther. There's a roundabout knack in it somewhere."

"If he can catch old Shadrach napping he's a smarter man than I give him credit for being."

"The minions of the law are on that old man's trail," said Furlong solemnly. "If anyone could bring that man to book it would be Simon Grogan. He's jest that careful that when he sets out he covers all the ground. Well, say, you know those great shoes of Shadrach's, as big as seine boats and curled up that same way at the ends? They are studded with nails like a castle door.

"What was I going to say? Oh, I come across Grogan staring into one of the tracks them things had sunk in the mud this morning, just beyond the bakeshop platform where the kids had flowed a river down the night before and the mud was in a nice fat roll and not frozen too hard. As I say, he had his nose in that track like a hound dipping up scent, and I comes up behind him and sings out: 'Sim, I'll bet you can

(Continued on Page 118)

"Come, Come! A Man Can't Always Put His Hand on His Wife at a Moment's Notice. As a Matter of Fact, I'm Keeping Bachelor's House To-night"

STAGE ART—NEW AND OLD

By DAVID BELASCO

"Are you a god? Would you create me now?"—Shakspere.

"The pox of such antick, lisping, affecting fantasticoes; these new tuners of accents! . . . Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashionmongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?"—Shakspere.

ABOUT fifteen years ago my pet project was to develop a successor to Janauschek and to Modjeska in the portrayal of such women as are typified by Shakspere's Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine and Hermione. I then had under my management a player who, I believe, might have been helped to an eminence, in what are known to us of the stage as heavy parts, such as no actress has attained since Charlotte Cushman bade the world good night. She was a strange creature, full of human strength and weakness and dramatic power; passionate, short-sighted, willful. She was prosperous and successful, standing at the head of her profession and generally recognized as being, and often described as, "the American Bernhardt." She had not always been so; in fact she had known poverty and want, great trouble and great sorrow; had suffered terribly; had learned the meaning of life in the bitterest of schools; had, artistically speaking, something to say, something in her worth expressing; and my hopes were high. But men and managers propose—and lovely woman, especially in the theater, frequently disposes, with startling finality. Such was my experience.

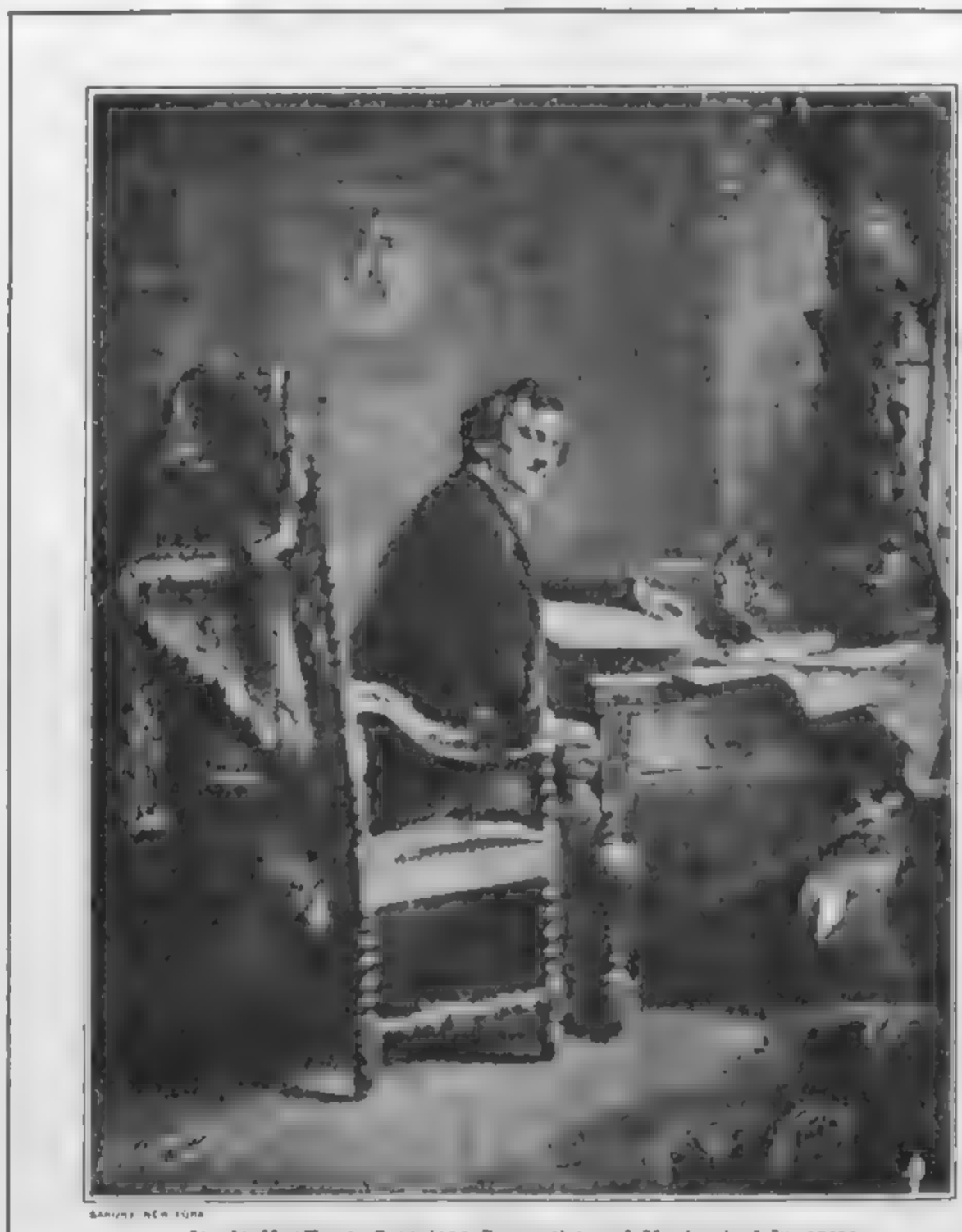
At the time I write of, however, I was all on fire with my project and I asked a dear friend of mine—the wisest and most erudite authority on acting and the theater whom I have ever known—if as a personal favor he would dine with me in order to meet, converse with and counsel my aspiring star. He was a kind and gentle old man and, though not profoundly sympathetic with the actress, he consented in order to please me. He came on a Sunday, during a wild, cruelly cold snowstorm, and we sat through the night and far into the dark hours of the next morning discussing my prospects and plans.

It chanced—apropos of what, I do not now recall—that I asked him what he thought the most generally misquoted line in dramatic literature. After a moment's reflection he answered: "I am inclined to say it is Congreve's line, in The Mourning Bride, about a woman scorned. That is, I think, invariably misquoted: 'Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.' I do not remember ever to have seen it correctly quoted in print, and I recall only one actor, Frank Worthing, who could speak it aright. What Congreve wrote is:

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.

"But," he continued, "the most misapplied, and in that sense the most misquoted line, in all our language is, I am quite certain, Shakspere's 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' Altogether, I have read and heard those words quoted hundreds of times; I have never read or heard them properly applied. They occur in Troilus and Cressida, in that wonderful epitome of worldly wisdom spoken by Ulysses, and they are invariably applied to signify that mankind is united by such a tie of elemental emotional sympathy that whatever causes tender or pitiful emotion in one will cause it in all. But the context clearly shows the meaning to be something widely different; that in one respect—namely, in an inveterate propensity to admire and praise whatever is new or seemingly new, only because it is so—mankind, the whole world over, is the same. The passage is:

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.



Steele MacKaye, American Dramatist and Mechanical Inventor

"And, David," continued my old friend and counselor, "though I may not live to see it, you, and all who stand as you do for sense and reason in the art of the theater—and in all arts—are going to have reason in the next few years to realize how true that is—for faddism is rank in our world, and you are going to see crazy crochets and adapted bits of the methods that were old before we were born proclaimed and exploited and praised out of all patience as a new art of the theater!"

The Self Esteem of Ignorance

HOW often have I recalled that stormy night and the shrewd, forward-seeing and significant commentary. "Crazy crochets." "Made and moulded of things past." Yea, verily! A few years ago, for instance, I heard much of a wonderful novelty and development in the art of stage lighting. I investigated and found that basally the novel development was—doing without footlights and lighting the stage with diffused light cast mostly from above!

Now I am far indeed from maintaining that there has not been development, improvement in methods of stage production and therefore necessarily in stage lighting. On the contrary I maintain what I know to be true—namely, that there has been, even within the span of my own career, immense development and progress—to which I venture to say that I have contributed my mite. But I maintain also and most urgently that it is absurd to call old things of the theater new merely because the dust of which they are made is a little gilt; because they are done to-day with the superior agents which in many instances science has placed at our disposal—chief among which is electricity.

And it seems even more unjust than absurd to give the credit for progress—to give the public recognition, support and encouragement that are the rightful meed and necessary stimulant of originality, invention and enterprise—to mere faddists and amateurs of art, and to them only. Yet there is a pronounced tendency to that, as to kindred injustice, throughout our social life which, I think, should be opposed. To-day in countless instances the lad who has not yet learned anything—not even the rudiments of his duty toward that society of which he is a part—seeks and demands the responsible, highly paid position his father earned by slow years of close application and hard labor. The girl whose knowledge does not extend much beyond the best method of powdering her nose seeks to begin in the position where her mother—if fortunate—ended. The laborer who knows little more, for example, of the steel industry than he does of the moon thinks that because he sweats at his toil he should possess and enjoy the business made, developed and maintained by the brains and hard work of abler men than himself. And in the arts, and particularly in the theater, men and women who cannot use the mediums and implements available to all competent workers therein revert to elemental efforts, the crude expedients and formless gropings of childhood, and call their puerile product new and the daughter of progress—and far, far too often they are applauded for doing so! "It is not, nor it cannot come to good."

This is not an unjust or oversevere commentary; let any reasonable reader inspect the publications of the *vers-libre* poets, the exhibitions of cubist sculpture and futurist painting, the productions of the disciples of the new art of the theater and decide that point for himself.

For my poor part, when a man undertakes to portray for me, in a painting, the emotions excited by the spectacle of a nude woman descending a stairs, and produces what appears to be about half a load of shingles hurtling through the atmosphere; or when a disciple of the new art of the theater writes for me—as one of them does—of making "scenic designs for buildings which mankind never will erect," why, then I feel either that I am being laughed at or taken for a fool or that I—well, that I had better get my hat and quietly slip away to my own work in the dear and lovely theater of the here and now, where all the arts are rationally combined and used.

Perhaps this settles my status as an ignoramus and a Philistine. If so—then I cry *vive le Philistine*. The art of the theater, the true art, in all its branches, histrionic or scenic; the writing of plays, the designing and creating appropriate settings for them that reproduce nature, above all the adequate acting of them; the business of management; the service of the public—those are definite, concrete and—if I may so say—sacred things to me, and I am too much a simple human being, too much a child of the real stage, concerned with realities, and with too much real work to do and too little left of life in which to do it, to put straws in my hair and waste my shortening time trying to climb moonbeam ladders in the realm of muddled nonsense.

Consider this matter of dispensing with footlights, to which I have referred above. New? Why, it simply is reverting to the beginning! For example, I did it when I produced The Passion Play, at the old Grand Opera House, San Francisco, in March, 1879, making a production which—if I do say it myself—was far more instinct with the true spirit of art than any I have ever seen made with the so-called modern methods from Europe, and in which an unpretentious American actor, James O'Neil, gave a portrayal of Christus far superior to any I ever witnessed at Oberammergau and—oh, Land of Liberty!—was judicially punished for doing it!

I dispensed with footlights several times at the Madison Square Theater, New York, prior to 1884. I did it again at the first Belasco Theater when I brought out The Darling of the Gods, in 1902. I did it on the road in 1911, and later, in New York, when I presented David Warfield in the spirit play, The Return of Peter Grimm; which, by the way, I have profound satisfaction in recalling has been

designated by competent authority as being "perhaps the most perfect example of stage lighting ever exhibited." When I revive that play, which I plan and purpose to do next season, it is my hope, in lighting it, to excel anything I have ever yet done.

I dispensed with footlights at the Belasco Theater in the season of 1914–15, when I staged Marie-Odile there; and my omission of footlights was critically commented on at that time as a new departure for me and I was disparaged as imitating the clever English producer, Mr. Granville Barker, who was then making his first production in America—Wallack's Theater, New York, January 26, 1915. And this, mind you, notwithstanding the fact that for more than three months immediately precedent to the première of Marie-Odile I had used precisely the same lighting method and equipment in my production of the dream play of The Phantom Rival—and used them, moreover, without one single public word of recognition or even of comment!

Now what I have been doing as occasion and opportunity presented during forty years or so, and what in one way or another was done by others before my time, surely did not become a novelty, a development, a new art, when it was taken up and done by foreign faddists of the theater only ten years or so ago!

Scenes Played in Darkness

BUT what reason is there for wishing to dispense with footlights? Consideration of this question carries us at once into what is to me—aside from acting—the most interesting, important and potential department of play producing—the department of lighting. The basic problem of stage lighting, the great primary requirement of it, is simple. It is so to illumine the face of the actor that it shall be clearly visible to the audience. Now and then scenes can be and are played with superb dramatic effect in light so dim that the players are scarce distinguishable. Henry Irving's enactment of the terrible dream scene in The Bells, or of the thrilling scene with Nemours in King Louis XI, Richard Mansfield in Jekyll and Hyde and Edward Willard in John Needham's Double will recur to old playgoers as specially memorable illustrations of that fact. I recall a trick scene in Clyde Fitch's The Climbers—originally produced down at the old Bijou by Miss Amelia Bingham, which was played in absolute blackness, and was ended by suddenly flooding the stage with light. And there is a scene in my present production at the Belasco Theater in which that wonderful little artist, Miss Lenore Ulric, creates startling effects, playing in it at first behind semi-transparent draperies and then for a few moments in inky darkness.

But such scenes are exceptional and we who direct and act plays dread them—because almost always playing in the dark is extremely dangerous. To create the greatest effects it is necessary that the audience should see clearly the faces of the actors. Anybody who ever saw and studied such a performance, for example, as Booth's Bertuccio, Salvini's Lord Bonfield—in Goldoni's Pamela—or Othello or Sarah Bernhardt's Fédora would instantly concede this.

Thus at first in the theater all that was sought in this department was to light the faces of the players. Some day somebody will write an exhaustive chronological history of the progress and development of stage lighting, and it will be an intensely interesting work. Within such an article as this it is possible to present only the briefest glimpse at that vast subject.

In the infancy of our modern stage—meaning here the Elizabethan period, with its railed platforms—the public theaters were open to the sky and performances began in

Edwin Booth as Hamlet

them at three o'clock in the afternoon and were given in great part, if not wholly, by the light of day. The private theaters of that period are said to have been entirely roofed over and to have been lit during performances by torches on the side walls. Then came a booplike circlet suspended over the stage, with torches affixed to it. Next came—at first, apparently, in France—illumination of the stage by candles overhead, in place of torches; and presently the candles were arranged in formal and proper candelabra.

Those lighting devices were always defective and unsatisfactory, for they cast heavy shadows upon the stage, which in many positions shaded instead of revealing the players' faces. To correct that destructive fault lights were occasionally placed at the sides of the stage and across its front, and soon thereafter the lights that were ranged across the stage were hooded on the side toward the audience. This improvement led to removal of the overhead candelabra, and that, in turn, to increasing the illumination from what at once and naturally were termed the footlights—being at the feet of the actors. In order to rectify this defect stronger and more numerous lights were placed in the wings—that is, in the side entrances—and overhead, out of sight, above what the Elizabethans designated as "the heavens" and in what we call "the flies"—the footlights being at about the same period more carefully concealed. Thus we had a stage lighted by "the foots" and "the floats," as they were called.

The Stage Lighting of Other Days

BY THIS arrangement a comparatively small portion of the stage was pretty brilliantly lighted. That illumined area was known as "the focus," and being down center it served to accentuate the love all actors entertain for the center of the stage. There is a story about Edmund Kean which relates that a friend one night congratulated him on the marvelous vigor and lifelike earnestness of passion which he had displayed in the performance he had just finished, whereupon Kean, alluding to the principal player with whom he had been acting, replied: "Earnest, was I? Egad, I should think so! Why, damn him, the fellow was trying to force me out of the focus all evening!" The same thing substantially is not unknown even among the histrionic paragons of the stage to-day.

From candles we progressed to oil lamps in the best theaters, but beyond that there was not much development until the introduction of illuminating gas. One of the earliest practical employments of that substance—if not indeed the very first of them—was in the lighting of Westminster Bridge, London, in 1813; but it is, I think, interesting and significant that the first actual demonstration of its utility, which eventually led to the Westminster Bridge illumination, was made in 1804 in a theater, the famous old London Lyceum. In 1822 gas was first used to light a stage, in one of the Paris playhouses; and gradually thereafter its theatrical use became general—first in Europe, then in America.

A little later came the oxyhydrogen lime lamp—the so-called limelight, which used to sputter and hiss with almost fatal certainty in crucial moments of the scenes wherein it was employed, and with the name of which almost every English-speaking person is familiar, though, curiously enough, it is not, as far as I am aware, even mentioned in any dictionary of our language. This device was, however, according to old-time standards, an expensive luxury; there is record that the great Macready, after two or three nights' use, cut it out of one of his much-admired productions because he did not deem it to be worth "seven dollars and a half a night." Not until about the middle of the nineteenth century did the use of limes become at all general.

Gas was slower of wide establishment as the source of stage illumination in America than in Europe, and it was at first supplemented here by locomotive headlights equipped with powerful reflectors; these were extensively used, even after the limes had been much improved and cheapened. When, between 1870 and 1880, the use of gas had been pretty well developed and perfected we thought that we had revolutionized stage lighting—as indeed we had. And in passing I would record my testimony that some lighting effects were obtained with gas that have not yet been surpassed by any other medium—though certainly

(Continued on Page 66)

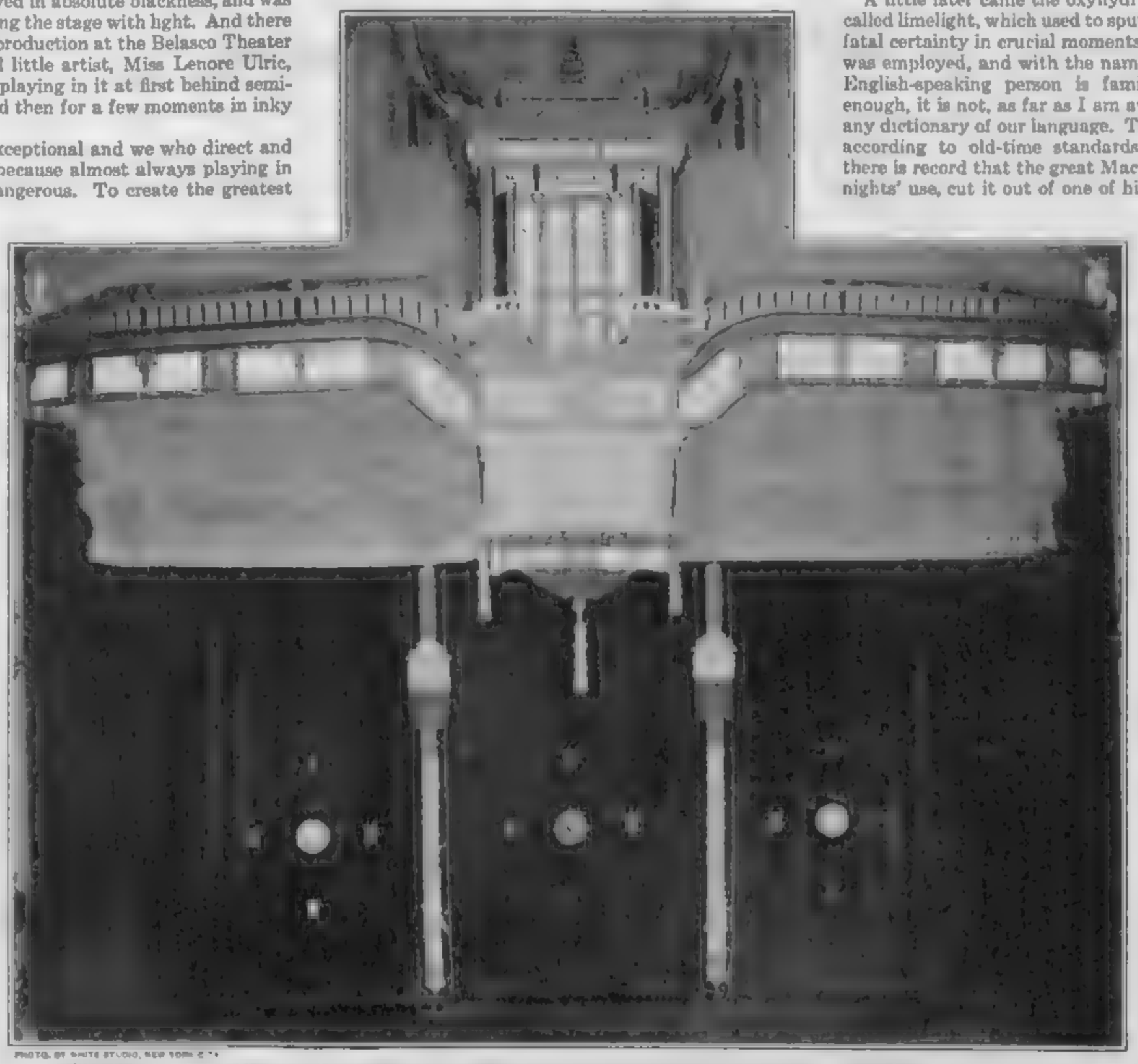


PHOTO. BY WHITE STUDIO, NEW YORK

The Genuine Stage Manager Labors So to Frame the True Art of the Stage—Namely, the Acting—That Involuntarily the Spectators are Affected

THE NEST BUILDER

II

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ALL Saturday the work boiled. The noise and confusion were a song of life to an impassioned nest builder, but the housekeeper fled to the village, turning to the shops as inevitably as Joanna turned to the hills for solace. The captain went about, a beaming sun of happiness. No task was too big or too little for him; he worked until Joanna cried out in protest.

"You have earned a month's board already," she complained. "You will have to rest for twenty-nine days."

"All right, colonel—just as you say!" The captain saluted joyously, then sneaked off to spade up the vegetable garden. "I kind of like to feel I'm some good yet," he confided when Joanna caught him at that.

He really was a darling, with his spade held gun fashion against his shoulder and the visor of his soldier cap pointing due west.

Sunday brought a sharp change in the weather. Winter had put his foot in the lap of spring, as Joanna expressed it, trying to make it seem like part of the fun. The house had been designed to admit as little sun as possible and the new openings toward the east were still only marks on the plans. Mrs. Roberts was indomitably cheerful, but shivery and obviously miserable. She would not accept a warm sweater and she repudiated thick stockings as though they were something vulgar.

"Oh, I never wear them," she explained brightly, both hands clasped about her hot coffee cup. She had placed their breakfast table by the kitchen stove, where a mighty fire glowed. Outside the captain could be seen gathering wood for the still virgin fireplace in the dining room, the Grand Army overcoat flapping at his heels. "It can't stay so perishing cold," she persisted. "Wasn't it ghastly, getting out of bed? I lit my lamp to dress by—just seeing the flame made it more endurable some way. If the captain hadn't had the kitchen fire going I think I should have lain down and died!"

She was not complaining—not for a moment; her voice laughed. Yet Joanna felt uncomfortable, guilty. "This is unseasonable," she said. "It won't happen often."

"Oh, but you will have to put in a furnace," Mrs. Roberts assured her. "You can't be decently comfortable without it. Why don't you order it right away, so that you won't have to be torn up twice?"

A furnace was a depressing thought. Joanna wanted to put what money she had into charm. "I don't believe you need it in a summer house," she said worriedly.

Mrs. Roberts was inexorable. "You plan to stay late in the autumn, don't you? You are robust and of course it doesn't matter about me, but you can't have your guests sitting on their feet and wishing they were dead, they're so wretched. Visiting is a chilly business anyway; you're colder in other people's houses than in your own. And guests are so apt to wish they hadn't come, don't you think? If you can't have a fire in every room and someone to keep it going you really will have to have a furnace."

Guests, happy guests, who were glad every moment that they had come, had been a glowing part of the dream. Joanna finished her coffee in depressed silence as the captain came in, rosy and sunny, with his load.

"She sure is a chilly little lady," he declared, pausing to smile on the housekeeper. "My, she was glad to see my fire this morning!"

"And the captain had got his own breakfast and washed his dishes before I came down," Mrs. Roberts said with rewarding admiration. "Isn't he wonderful?"

One could see future surprises hatching in the captain's good heart. Joanna slipped away from the badinage that followed. Later passing through the kitchen she found the captain washing the breakfast dishes while the housekeeper sat with her white pumps in the oven, cheering him on. Joanna went past, hesitated, came reluctantly back.

"Hadn't we better get the beds made and the house in order?" she suggested very genially, as one good comrade to another. No "we," no geniality could make a suggestion acceptable.

"There is no use trying to have a clean house while all this carpentering is going on," Mrs. Roberts explained patiently. "The beds won't take two minutes. I am letting them air on purpose."

Joanna went on; then an unhappy consciousness that it was after all her house drove her back.

"You know, if we make the dining room habitable and light the fire," she said in a bright-idea tone, "it will be like an oasis in all this confusion. I would be awfully glad if you could do that now."

Mrs. Roberts shrugged, smiled faintly to herself at thoughts not complimentary to others, brought down her feet and rose. "You can't expect to have heavy cleaning done on Sunday," she said with fixed cheerfulness. "I will do what I can."

"And throw out the withered lilacs," Joanna added, emboldened with success.

Mrs. Roberts loathed being told to throw out the withered lilacs. She pretended that she had not heard. Her humming proved that she was doing exactly what she had intended to do as she went off with duster and mop. A few moments later she took pains to say to Joanna: "Those lilacs were fading, so I threw them out. I hate shabby flowers, don't you?"—her fingers tucked into her neck for warmth and one ankle curled about the other.

"She hasn't learned to be hired yet, that's all," Joanna reminded an exasperated self.

But the pleasantness was wiped out of the morning. Home was becoming a problem instead of a thrilling game. The ridiculous encounter had actually registered in her knees, in her throat. She slipped out of the beloved house with a sense of escape and went frowning up the hills.

"Someone who would do the work and not be a nuisance," she demanded. "It ought to be either a coolie or a college graduate—nothing in between!"

The painted fields glittered to the sun, the morning bloom was still untouched on the encircling mountains; only man was vile. Joanna walked herself into peace and pleasantness, and then fairly ran back to the little brown house where there were so many enchanting things to do and to invent. Ideas began to rocket up; she had a priceless inspiration for a hat-and-shoe cupboard under the slant of the roof, and her fingers yearned for the yardstick as she ran down the last slope.

Over the gate leaned the housekeeper, looking anxiously up and down the lane. She met Joanna's appearance with a cry of relief.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" she exclaimed.

"Frightened?"

"About you! Why, you simply vanished—and you were gone hours." Mrs. Roberts had a righteous grievance, though she was cheerful about it. "If I had known any way to telephone or to look for you—why, I was worried to death!"

"I only took a walk," Joanna explained.

"But you didn't tell me you were going," was the bright reproach. "I should have loved to go with you. I was longing for a walk."

Joanna went on into the house with a step that had grown heavy. "Why didn't you take a walk yourself?" She made the suggestion very gently, in terror of wounding.

"Alone?" Mrs. Roberts shivered. "I would rather die! I have been too worried to get lunch, but it won't take long," she added. "Would you awfully mind setting the table?"

So Joanna put off her inspiration, and after lunch she played parchesi to make up for the lonely morning. She did sincerely want everyone to be happy. Mrs. Roberts' happiness seemed to lie in a bright torrent of conversation. After the interminable games it followed Joanna up and down about the house all the afternoon. Mrs. Roberts wanted to know what she was planning, wanted to hold the other end of the measuring tape, was so vividly present that Joanna, accustomed to the big, happy, working silences of her years alone, finally clasped her head with a bursting sigh.

"Ah, you're tired to deff," said the kind little housekeeper. "I'm going to make you a cup of tea."

In the merciful silence that followed she fled to the garden, dragged a stepladder among the lilacs and climbed to its top as though pursued. The lovely world about her was drenched in late sunlight, but Joanna sat with bent head, seeing with new vision the ancient problem of the home. At Mrs. Roberts' call, birdblithe, operatic, she started and went briskly to work, breaking the strangle hold of a grapevine that had dropped down snakelike from the veranda roof on a lilac's budding top.

"Give it to me up here," she said.

Mrs. Roberts insisted that she worked too hard, explained that the tray was set for two while the ladder would accommodate only one, laughed at her and bade her come down. Joanna clipped on with a fixed smile.

"I want it up here," was all she would say.

"You're too killing!" Mrs. Roberts finally yielded, removing her own share and passing up the tray.

Joanna, the Tray Across Her Knees, Stared Gloomily Into the Future

She tried to be sociable from the veranda, but Joanna seemed a little deaf, and presently she went back to the kitchen, where the captain, filling the woodbox, was cheerily ready for conversation.

Joanna, the tray across her knees, stared glumly into the future. There was need, desperate need for one of her inspirations, but her problem was as big as human nature and no one harassed householder could solve it at a bound. She certainly could not take all her meals on the tops of ladders. She thought longingly of her secretary at the office—quiet, businesslike, impersonal, meeting a criticism as something to be acted on with the least possible fuss, not with wailings and unfair contrition that never let up. Joanna had had to hear fresh laments about the ruined salad at every meal. She had that day swallowed a large and loathed slice of liver, lest she start a new grief. The secretary, too, had at one period of her life had everything; was it because her nice face had no beauty that she could take on training? Were the pretty women a sort of royalty, hopeless as subordinates?

"I would give something to know what became of Mr. Roberts," she muttered darkly, finishing her chilled tea.

She had to go in eventually, and only the dining room was habitable. Mrs. Roberts had kindled a fresh blaze, before which stood a table and the parchesi board.

"Supper is started, and we will have time for another game," she explained happily. "That darling captain will look after the oven."

Joanna had a trapped glare. Then she set down the tea tray on the nearest chair and backed to the door.

"I have to go to town," she said confusedly. "I must be at the office early. I can just catch the train. Will you call a cab?"

"But I have made a cherry pie for supper!" Mrs. Roberts wailed.

"Ask them to send Jones," Joanna called back, unfastening her blouse as she ran.

"And I wanted to consult you "

A slammed door cut her short. The car was at the gate in four minutes, and Joanna reached it almost as soon.

"Do anything you like!" she cried to a shower of questions.

The car shot forward. "I don't think you can make the train, but I'll try," said Jones.

He did try. Aviation had evidently taught him scorn for the mere perils of earth. They leaped down the hill, took the village street like a cannon ball, rounded the last corner on one wheel—only to see the train pulling out.

"Oh, damn!" muttered Joanna. It had been one of her mother's words.

Jones visibly warmed and glowed. When the bitter scowl relaxed his face had a boyish goodness and candor and the sea blue of the little deep-set eyes came vividly to light.

"There is another train at nine," he suggested, eager to help.

"But three hours!" Joanna looked open despair at him and waited. She was past effort.

"I could take you home and then ——"

"No; I can't go back again. Not possibly."

She offered no explanation and he accepted the statement simply, as though he often had those moods himself and had never questioned their reasonableness. He considered, then turned the car back to the village.

"You can get supper at the Fairview, such as it is," he explained.

"They give you a pale limp slice of meat that might have come off any large animal, and stewed tomatoes that are thick in one spot and water everywhere else, and pale-blue mashed potatoes, very stiff, and a square inch of cottage pudding with a pool of sweet glue beside it; but it doesn't do you any real harm."

Joanna was visualizing the meal. "I think my food is often rather like that," she said, mildly surprised.

"Why Isn't the Book the Thing? What Does it Matter Whether the Man Who Wrote It Was a Crook or a Sunday-School Superintendent?"

He laughed with sudden loudness, as though his laugh had not been used for a long time. "Then I wish you would take me on as a cook," he said. "It is about the best thing I do."

Mention of a cook brought back her gloom.

"I can't use up more than an hour over that; and then it will be only seven o'clock," she complained as he stopped before a large white-verandaed boarding house.

"There are movies in the next block, if you don't scorn them."

"I don't scorn anything that doesn't talk," said Joanna, getting heavily down.

Jones turned brick red, and before she could translate his hurt incredulous stare he had jerked the car into motion and sped away.

"The young idiot!" she muttered after him.

She had no words strong enough for her impatience. Only a morbid egotism could have taken that as a personal insult. He could be hurt, then, if he was so silly. She went in with the step of a disciplinarian and tried to stay indignant; but all through supper her good heart was miserable. When she had obliviously emptied a vast white plate surrounded by a fleet of bird bathtubs she abandoned a fainting mound of what the waitress called vanilla cream, to call up the garage; but Jones was off duty and had gone. Joanna's mother used to warn her that a too great dread of wounding was a weakness. Mrs. Maynard herself had rather enjoyed delivering a hearty whack on a sensitive spot, and an evening of anguish at having seemed to snub a chauffeur would have been beyond her comprehension. But Mr. Maynard would have understood.

Joanna went listlessly into the moving-picture house, finding a place in the darkness of an educational interlude, and tried to take an intelligent interest in the rubber forests of New Guinea or some such theme; but her heart ached on and on, and calling the ridiculous person names could not give it ease. She turned in exasperation from the rubber workers rushing about at movie speed; and so—with a leap of pulses, a healing flow of relief—she saw Jones.

He was sitting, rigidly erect, across the aisle, scowling at the picture, arms tightly folded across his chest, but the hands under them betraying a nervous twitch. The seat beside him was empty, and Joanna gathering up hat and coat serenely transferred herself to it. She neither looked at him nor spoke, and he apparently did not recognize her presence, but gradually the rigidity melted from the long slight body, the hands under his arms grew quiet. The comic picture following the rubber forests made her laugh, a warm contralto note that would have acquitted anyone of unkindness. Jones' heavy brows unbent. When humor gave place to advertisements she slowly turned her head. Jones tried hard to preserve his cold unconsciousness, but her straight look, kind, humorous, understanding, was as compelling as a hand against his cheek. He had to turn and meet it.

"Not bad, was it?" said Joanna.

He was helplessly honest. "I didn't notice," he said blankly.

"Nobody smashed a banana on anyone; I enjoyed that," she admitted. "And when one has been sitting under four mortal hours of light-running domestic conversation almost anything is a relief. My mother used to call a cousin of hers 'the autochat at the breakfast table.' Don't you like that?"

If he was easily cast down he was as easily raised up again. His sudden crow of laughter startled the neighbors, but he was shiningly unaware of them. He had vivid eager things to say about tastes and discoveries in the matter of conversation, and Joanna was so glad to see him comforted that she gave back her own discoveries, quite oblivious that this was only a chauffeur named Jones. As a preserver of the social order she was hopeless.

Then the drama was unrolled, holding them both spellbound. No two children in the audience were more tensely absorbed in the heroic adventures of a certain Susan with a band of train robbers. When at a critical moment later comers blocked their view Jones muttered wrath, craning round them; but Joanna came back to earth with a shock. Fluffy and golden against the light passed the effervescent head of her housekeeper above a sweater of rose silk; after her came the beaming captain, trailing his Grand Army overcoat over a patient row of laps. They settled down in seats not ten feet distant.

Joanna did not often concern herself with appearances, but for once she was wide awake to them. She had left for the city three hours earlier, and to explain her presence in the village with a strange young man turned half toward her in his seat, sharing with her his visible emotions, was

(Continued on Page 102)

THE BOOK OF SUSAN

By Lee Wilson Dodd

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XVIII

THERE are some verses in Susan's notebook of this period, themselves undated, and never subsequently published, which—from their position on the page must have been written about this time, and may have been during the course of the momentous evening on which I met Jimmy Kane at Phil Farmer's apartment. I give them now, not as a favorable specimen of her work, since she thought best to exclude them from her first volume, but because they throw some light at least on the complicated and rather obscure state of mind that was then hers. They have no title, and need none. If you should feel they need interpretation—"*guarda e passa*"! They are not for you.

Though she rose from the sea
There were stains upon her whiteness;
All earth's waters had not sleeked her clean.
For no tides gave her birth,
Nor the salt, glimmering middle depths;
But slime spawned her, the couch of life,
The sunless ooze,
The green bed of Poseidon,
Where with sordid Chaos he mingles obscurely.
Her flanks were of veined marble;
There were stains upon her.

But she who passes, lonely,
Through waste places,
Through bog and forest;
Who follows boar and stag
Unwearied;
Who sleeps, fearless, among the hills;
Though she track the wilds,
Though she breast the crags,
Choosing no path—
Her kirtle tears not,
Her ankles gleam,
Her sandals are silver.

It was midnight when I reached my own door that night, but I was in no mood for lying in bed stark awake in the spiritual isolation of darkness. I went straight to my study, meaning to make up a fire and then hypnotize myself into some form of lethargy by letting my eyes follow the printed lines of a book. If reading in any other sense than physical habit proved beyond me, at least the narcotic monotony of habit might serve.

But I found a fire, already falling to embers, and Susan before it, curled into my big wing chair, her feet beneath her, her hands lying palms upward in her lap. This picture fixed me in the doorway, while my throat tightened. Susan did not stir, but she was not sleeping. She had withdrawn.

Presently she spoke, absently—from Saturn's rings; or the moon.

"Ambo? I've been waiting to talk to you; but now I can't or I'll lose it—the whole movement. It's like a symphony—great brasses groaning and cursing—and then violins tearing through the tumult to soar above it."

Her eyes shut for a moment. When she opened them again it was to shake herself free from whatever spell had wrapt her. She half yawned and smiled.

"Gone, dear—all gone. It's not your fault. Words wouldn't hold it. Music might—but music doesn't come. Oh, poor Ambo—you've had a wretched time of it! How tired you look!"

"Gertrude," I Began, "It's Splendid of You to Overlook My Inexcusable Rudeness of Yesterday! I'm Very Grateful"

I shut the door quietly and went to her, sitting on the hearth rug at her feet, my knees in my arms.

"Sweetheart," I said, "it seems that in spite of myself I've done you little good, and about all the harm possible." And I made a clean breast of all the facts and fears that the evening had developed. "So you see," I ended, "what my guardianship amounts to!"

Susan's hand came to my shoulder and drew me back against her knees; she did not remove her hand.

"Ambo," she protested gently, "I'm just a little angry with you, I think."

"No wonder!"

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "If I am angry it's because you can say stupid things like that! Don't you see, Ambo, the very moment things grow difficult for us you forget to believe in me—begin to act as if I were a common or garden fool?

"I'm not, though. Surely you must know in your heart that everything you're afraid of for me doesn't matter in the least. What harm could slander or scandal possibly do me, dear? Me, I mean?

"I shouldn't like it, of course, because I hate everything stodgy and *formidablement bête*. But if it happens I shan't lose much sleep over it. You're worrying about the wrong things, Ambo; things that don't even touch our real problem. And the real problem may prove to be the real tragedy too."

"Tragedy?" I mumbled.

"Oh, I hope not—I think not! It all depends on whether you care for freedom: on whether you're really passion's slave. I don't believe you are."

The words wounded me. I shifted, to look up at, to question her shadowy face. "Susan, what do you mean?"

"I suppose I mean that I'm not, Ambo. You're far dearer to me than anybody else on earth; your happiness, your peace mean everything to me. If you honestly can't find life worth while without me—can't—I'll go with you anywhere; or face the music with you right here. First, though, I must be sincere with you. I *can* live away from you, and still make a life for myself. Except your day-by-day companionship—I'd be lonely without that, of course—I shouldn't lose anything that seems to me really worth keeping. Above all, I shouldn't really lose you."

"Susan! You're planning to leave me!"

"But, Ambo, it's only what you've felt to be necessary; what you've been planning for me!"

"As a duty—at the bitterest possible cost! How different that is! You not only plan to leave me—I feel that you want to!"

"Yes, I want to. But only if you can understand why."

"I don't understand!"

"Ah, wait, Ambo! You're not speaking for yourself. You're a slave now, speaking for your master. But it's you I want to talk to!"

I snarled at this. "Why? When you've discovered your mistake so soon! . . . You don't love me."

She sighed, deeply unhappy; though my thin-skinned self-esteem wrung from her sigh a shade of impatience too.

"If not, dear," she said, "we had better find it out before it's too late. Perhaps you are right. Perhaps love is something I only guess at and go wrong about. If love means that I should be utterly lost in you and nothing without you—if it means that I would rather die than leave you—well, then I don't love you. But all the same, if love honestly means that to you—I can't and won't go away." She put out her hand again swiftly, and tightened her fingers on mine.

"It's a test, then. Is that it?" I demanded. "You want to go because you're not sure?"

"I'm sure of what I feel," she broke in; "and more than that, I doubt if I'm made so that I can ever feel more. No; that isn't why I want to go. I'll go if you can let me, because—oh, I've got to say it, Ambo!—because at heart I love freedom better than I love love—or you. And there's something else. I'm afraid of—please try to understand this, dear—I'm afraid of stuffiness for us both!"

"Stuffiness?"

"Sex is stuffy, Ambo. The more people let it mess up their lives for them the stuffier they grow. It's really what you've been afraid of for me—though you don't put it

that way. But you hate the thought of people saying—with all the muddy little undercurrents they stir up round such things—that you and I have been passion's slaves. We haven't been—but we might be; and suppose we were. It's the truth about us—not the lies—that makes all the difference. You're you—and I'm I. It's because we're worth while to ourselves that we're worth while to each other. Isn't that true? But how long shall we be worth anything to ourselves or to each other if we accept love as slavery and get to feeling that we can't face life, if it seems best, alone? Ambo dear, do you see at all what I'm driving at?"

Yes; I was beginning to see. Miss Goucher's desolate words came suddenly back to me. "Susan doesn't need *you*."

NEXT morning, while I supposed her at work in her room, Susan slipped down the back stairs and off through the garden. It was a heavy forenoon for me, perhaps the bleakest and dreariest of my life. But it was a busy forenoon for Susan. She began its activities by a brave intuitive stroke. She entered the Egyptian tomb and demanded an interview with Gertrude. She carried her point—as I was presently to be made aware.

Miss Goucher tapped at the door, entered, and handed me a card. So Gertrude had changed her mind; Gertrude had come. I stared, foolishly blank, at the card between my fingers, while Miss Goucher by perfect stillness effaced herself, leaving me to my lack of thought.

"Well," I muttered, "sooner or later ——"

Miss Goucher, perhaps too eagerly, took this for assent. "Shall I say to Mrs. Hunt that you are coming down?"

I forced a smile, fatuously enough, and rose.

"When I'm down already? Surely you can see, Miss Goucher, that I've touched the bottom." Miss Goucher did not reply. "I'll go myself at once," I added formally. "Thank you, Miss Goucher."

Gertrude was waiting in the small Georgian reception room, whose detailed correctness had been due to her own; waiting without any vulgar pretense at entire composure. She was walking slowly about, her color was high, and it startled me to find her so little altered. Not a day seemed to have added itself; she looked under thirty, though I knew her to be thirty-five; she was even handsomer than I had chosen to remember. Even in her present unusual restlessness the old distinction, the old patrician authority was hers. Her spirit imposed itself, as always; one could take Gertrude only as she wished to be taken—seriously—humbly grateful if exempted from disdain. Gertrude never spoke for herself alone; she was at all times representative—almost symbolic. Homage met in her not a personal gratitude, but the approval of a high, unbroken tradition. She accepted it graciously, without obvious egotism, not as due to her as a temporal being, but as due—under God—to that timeless entity, her class. I am not satirizing Gertrude; I am praising her. She, more than any person I have ever known, made of her perishing substance the temple of a completely realized ideal.

It was, I am forced to assume, because I had failed in entire respect for and submission to this ideal that she had finally abandoned me. It was not so much incompatibility of temperament as incompatibility of worship. She had removed a hallowed shrine from a felt indifference and a possible contamination. That was all, but it was everything. And as I walked into the reception room I saw that the shrine was still beautiful, faultlessly tended and ready for any absolute but dignified sacrifice.

"Gertrude," I began, "it's splendid of you to overlook my inexcusable rudeness of yesterday! I'm very grateful."

"I have not forgiven you," she replied with casual indignation—just enough for sincerity and not a shade too much for art.

"Don't imagine it's pleasant for me to be here. I should hardly have risked your misinterpreting it, if any other course had seemed possible"

"You might simply have waited," I said. "It was my intention to call this evening, if only to ask after your health."

"I could not have received you," said Gertrude.

"You find it less difficult here?"

"Less humiliating. I'm not, at least, receiving a husband who wishes to plead for reconciliation—on intolerable grounds."

"May I offer you a chair? Better still—why not come to the study? We're so much less likely to be disturbed."

She accepted my suggestion with a slight nod, and herself led the way.

"Now, Gertrude," I resumed, when she had consented to an easy-chair and had permitted me to close the door, "whatever the situation and misunderstandings between us, can't we discuss them"—and I ventured a smile—"more informally, in a freer spirit?"

She caught me up. "Freer! But I understand—less disciplined. How very like you, Ambrose. How unchanged you are."

"And you, Gertrude! It's a compliment you should easily forgive."

She preferred to ignore it. "Miss Blake," she announced, "has just been with me for an hour."

She waited the effect of this. The effect was considerable, plunging me into dark amazement and conjecture. Not daring to make the tiniest guess as to the result of so fantastic an interview I was left not merely tongue-tied but brain-tied. Gertrude saw at once that she had beggared me and could now at her leisure dole out the equal humiliation of alms withheld or bestowed.

"Given your curious social astigmatism and her curious mixed charm—so subtle and so deeply uncivilized—I can see of course why she has bewitched you," said Gertrude reflectively, and paused. "And I can see," she continued, musing, as if she had adopted the stage convention of soliloquy, "why *you* have just failed to capture her imagination. For you have failed—but you can hardly be aware how completely."

"Whether or not I'm aware seems negligible! Susan feels she must leave me, and she'll probably act with her usual promptness. Is that what she called to tell you?"

"Partly," acknowledged Gertrude, resuming then her soliloquy: "You've given her—as you would—a ridiculous education. She seems to have instincts, impulses, which—all things considered—might have bloomed if cultivated. As it is, you found her crude, and in spite of all the culture you've crammed upon her you've left her so. She's emancipated—that is, public; she's thrown away the locks and keys of her mind. I grant she has one. But apparently no one has even suggested to her that the essence of being rare, of being fine, is knowing what to omit, what to reject, what to conceal. I find my own people, Ambrose—and they're the right people, the only ones worth finding—by feeling secure with them; I can trust them not to go too far. They have decorum, taste. Oh, I admit we're upholding a lost cause! You're a deserter from it—and Miss Blake doesn't even suspect its existence. Still"—with a private smile—"her crudity had certain immediate advantages this morning."

(Continued on Page 133)

It Was a Dip in Lethe. We Talked or Were Silent—It Was One

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 20, 1920

Follies of 1920

IT IS doubtful whether a more perfect instrument for unsettling standards, demoralizing business and confiscating potential capital than the present revenue law could be devised. Like death it is a great leveler, and it operates in the same way.

In the innocence of their hearts the men who framed this law thought that the idle rich and the big producers could be nicely trimmed and that the poor and the small producers would be benefited and blessed by the operation. To be sure the fat was not to be handed over to them, but in a nation of leaner business men there would be less basis for odious comparisons. Embonpoint and bay windows would simply disappear and everybody would work down toward the same, if not the pink of, condition. It was apparently as simple as that.

Fond parents who see in baby a potential artist usually raise a dealer in plumbing supplies. The revenue law has developed unforeseen aptitudes and traits. Rich and poor alike are being trimmed ruthlessly by it—the poor more in proportion than the rich. One simple and fundamental fact is worth noting by those who are always trying to tax the other fellow: No scheme of taxation has ever been devised that is not passed on in degree and distributed over all the population.

There are three major counts against the present law. First, it is the greatest single factor in high prices. In America men used to work ten hours a day for themselves. Now they are working eight hours—four for themselves and four, either directly or indirectly, for the slacker, the profiteer and the taxgatherer. They may be paying these taxes to the collector or over the counter to the butcher and the grocer, but they are paying them. And some of them—the corporation taxes, for instance—are levied over and over again on all consumers. From manufacturer to middleman, from middleman to retailer, from retailer to consumer, they roll up and up, like snowballs, and that is exactly the nourishment that consumers get in exchange for almost half their pay—nice cool snowballs.

The revenue law is a prime cause of recklessness and of a good deal of the unrest that has been blamed on the war; though, of course, this taxation is a sequel to the war. But the war has enough to answer for without our loading on it all the cussedness that has come down from Cain and all that we have invented since the Armistice. Above all things, the average man craves the assurance of stability in his affairs. To-day a great many people are asking, "Why save, why invest for the taxgatherer? Why deny ourselves so long as the Government sets an example of prodigality and waste? If such unscientific laws are passed and no attempt is made to revise them after their mischievousness has been plainly demonstrated, what assurance have we that even worse may not follow? With the radical press full of free-and-easy theories for depriving the industrious of the results of their work and prudence, why not blow it in as it comes and be on the safe side?" So they spend while the spending is good and make sure of present enjoyment. They will continue to do so until Congress restores confidence by sound constructive legislation; until the large and receptive audience for Communistic theories is taught that America will have none of them.

Finally, the revenue law is slowly but steadily confiscating capital needed for the expansion and stabilizing of business. Sources of new capital are being dried up. In the past only a fraction of dividends was spent, the remainder going into productive industry, into making more jobs at better wages for more men. But after a half or two-thirds of a man's income has been taken either directly or indirectly by the taxgatherer he feels small urge to save the remainder. "What's the use?" has become the universal question. The multimillionaires, the men who have accumulated the great fortunes, can lean back philosophically, but the comers, the live wires, the brains of business have had the ground cut from under them, the incentive for unusual effort removed. They cannot hope to accumulate a fortune or work up to the control of a corporation. And even so the situation is not so bad for them as it is for the men under them, the rank and file in factory and office, that they have carried up with them to larger opportunities and better standards of living.

This law is doubly dangerous because it works so largely in the dark. Many who are feeling its effects as drastically as the millionaire—labor, clerks and salaried women—do not know how it is getting to their pay envelopes, and are blaming the effect on the wrong cause. "It's the war." Yes. And also it is the men who have been running the world since the war.

Speaker Gillett has recently called on the country to practice thrift. We have repeatedly advised it in these columns and still urge it in the strongest terms, but it is impossible to blink the fact that the practice of thrift has been made exceedingly hard for the country and the practice of waste exceedingly easy both by act and example of Congress. Saving and wise living have been discouraged not only by the passing of this revenue law and by permitting it to stay on the statute books when even the dullest of demagogues and those most guiltless of business sense must begin to see the harm that it is doing, but also by our failure to reorganize as a business government to do the national business and to promote private business in a common-sense, businesslike manner. There is a glimmering of hope in the reports of a Budget Bill by both House and Senate committees, but this is only a first step forward.

We repeat that under this revenue act saving is becoming progressively harder. It is true that in time this law will work toward a greater degree of equality, but it will be the equality of the Communist—an equality of extravagance while our surplus lasts and an equality of misery when it is gone. It may finally solve the capital-and-labor problem, settle the endless controversy about wages and hours. A hungry man will work any number of hours for a bare living. We confess to a strong distaste for such a settlement, for anything that tends to lower wages or standards of living, but both are inevitable if the flow of capital into industry is checked, or the incentive to private initiative and enterprise is lessened on the one hand, and Government indulges in prodigal and wasteful expenditures on the other.

There are those who in the face of a hundred demonstrations of lack of practical sense and business capacity by Congress still babble about government ownership. They are like the perfect-lady parlor socialist who has said that she is concerned with ideals and not with practical details. Bless her heart, she does not have to be, but those of us who have not married it or inherited it have to do a little planning to make ends meet. We can extract nitrogen from the air, but we cannot materialize food and clothes from hot air. That is what all this talk of the socialists, right wing, left wing, down the center, do si do, and swing your partners, finally amounts to. Even the Government's venture in getting nitrogen from the air is, by all accounts, just another painful example of its incapacity to engage in business.

Does not the fact that such a fool law as this revenue act could have been passed by Congress suggest that practical business brains must hereafter dominate the counsels of the nation? Does not the fact that such a dangerous law is allowed to remain on the statute books after its destructive workings have been clearly demonstrated suggest that it is time to select the men who make the rules under which business must operate with a view to their special fitness for the job? Just where would the board of directors of a private business get off with the majority stockholders if they persisted in operating under antiquated methods and in perpetuating costly mistakes? They would get off sudden and nowhere.

The Government of the United States is first of all a giant corporation that must work smoothly, efficiently and understandingly for the prosperity of all the people. It does not, as it is at present constituted, size up to the job. It does not comprise in its membership enough men of practical knowledge and broad business experience to keep a private corporation out of a receivership.

If one turns from the legislative to the executive the situation is just as bad, because it could not be worse. We head almost every important department of the Government with a man inexperienced in the affairs of the department, and then we shift or let out these men as fast as they get some knowledge of their business. Look over the Cabinet appointments and changes, not only during this Administration but during the past twenty years. It cannot be done successfully in any other human affair and it cannot be done successfully in government. The answer is that government is not well done, but bungled.

If political considerations must enter into the appointment of high officials let us regard them as frankly figureheads and put the real authority and work of the departments in the hands of well-paid nonpolitical and all-business executives who will hold office as long as they are the best men in sight for the jobs.

A sense of dignity in a high official is important, but common sense is even more important. While a man has his head up among the clouds a lot of things that are happening down here on earth get by him. Government is concerned with ornery human beings and a theory that orchestrates beautifully for a heavenly choir cannot be played without jarring discords on our earthly instruments. Ideals to be useful in government must be potentially workable, but if they are the idealists will have none of them. They have no interest in anything that will work. Adherence to an ideal that proved practicable would automatically throw them out of a job, for the practicable demands practical men. Partisanship no doubt has its place, but its place is in the discard. Too many personal and partisan considerations are being given precedence over the interests and needs of the American people.

We have been passing through an era of economic medievalism since the Armistice—a period of childlike credulity. It has been the day of those half gods, the demagogues, and of those snappy young saviors of the world who have graduated from the stern, practical experiences of life in a university or from Greenwich Village into the new journalism. There seems to be an area of economic bouillon jelly in the brains of these men where cultures of radical bacilli thrive and propagate amazingly. They start with one pet bug and the little pink rascal breeds a million.

Any kind of social alchemist with an economic philosopher's stone that he warrants to produce gold without work has his following, whether he wears the superior smile of radicalism or the string tie of the statesman. Any theory that tells us that we can get it without digging

for it catches the crowd. The bigger the promise the bigger it goes.

After each new craze, each new revolution, the world has always gone back to the old sanity, the old institutions of law, order, hard work and the protection of the worker in his property, on which civilization is built and on which alone it can stand. We must go back now and build anew on these foundations under the leadership of practical men. Our present leaders have pulled us up so far by the boot straps that the straps are breaking. Unless we reorganize and get down to business we are due for a bump.

A while back it was decided in one of our states to kill off the hawks and the crows by scattering lumps of poisoned suet and meat through the woods. This got a few of the hawks and crows and along with them most of the song and game birds. In their efforts to reach the predatory members of society, well-meaning gentlemen are continually adopting measures that kill off a hundred useful members of the business world to every one of its hawks that they bag and nail up on the barn door.

It is not really necessary to poison and desolate the world in order to kill off the comparatively few birds of prey. For in spite of the preachments of hate and the crooked gospel that seeks to brand as a crook every man who has got ahead, the mass of men who have made some success, great or small, have made it by being willing to think clearer, work harder and save more than their fellows. In a world that does not want to bother its head to master its job, to work long hours and to deny itself, this is not the popular gospel, but it is the true one.

When people spend half the time that they now devote to trying to find out what's wrong with the world to trying to discover what's wrong with themselves, we are going to solve a lot of problems. The more clearly and sanely we think about ourselves as individuals, the more clearly and sanely we shall think as a government. What we have now reflects what we are.

On Opening Charge Accounts

LADIES opening new charge accounts may have noticed—often with resentment and anger—the ungallant and apparently ungracious scrutiny with which their purely financial attractions and ability are examined to the exclusion of all others—and especially their treatment of previous and other charge accounts. This is an ungrateful and embarrassing process for all concerned—often ending in recriminations, misunderstandings and tears.

At the present time Europe, together with her hosts of friends in this country, is urging with an almost feminine insistence and excitement the extension to her by the United States of the greatest charge account in the history of credits—we having assumed for the time being at least the once despised but now somewhat generally coveted distinction of being the chief nation of shopkeepers on the earth.

We hold this position not entirely perhaps through either our merit or desire. But having it, our first necessity, according to the necessities of our class, is to examine our customer's financial abilities in general and her treatment of her existing charge accounts in particular. This we are now doing.

That the financial abilities of the customer were greatly impaired was a fact which we knew and were willing to accept without prejudice to her proposed new account—if possible. But now a new factor in our problem appears through the disclosure upon close examination of her treatment of her existing charge accounts. Her record in this respect is not A1.

She is not—it is more than suspected; it is openly stated—in the habit of paying her bills to the extent of her ability; she is living quite consciously upon the proceeds of her charge accounts. She has become in short—we have good reason to believe—a poor moral as well as a poor financial risk.

This fact places us in a very embarrassing position. Our personal relations with the customer have been warm and friendly; we have every desire to extend the new account to her; and she—with a somewhat feminine impatience of personal slight—is already clearly hurt by our not doing so. But how under existing conditions is it to be possible for us to extend this new credit? That is our present hard problem.

The last Secretary of the Treasury at the time of his retirement quite recently dealt with this important matter, and among other comments made this observation concerning it:

"The United States could not, if it would, assume the burdens of all the earth. It cannot undertake to finance the requirements of Europe, because it cannot shape the fiscal policy of the governments of Europe. The Government of the United States cannot tax the people of the United States to meet the deficiencies rising from the failure of the governments of Europe to balance their budgets."

This statement, considered closely, may be found helpful in the solution of the entire problem. Stated in this way, the attitude of the United States Government on this matter of the desired charge account can scarcely appear unreasonable. We can hardly be held to cause justifiable offense by refusing to assess upon the citizens of the United States the taxes which other governments fail to assess upon their own population for their own use. And if we did cause offense in any quarter by this we could not help ourselves. For mathematically, necessarily, no matter what we wished or did not wish, it would be impossible for us to do for Europe by our credit the thing that she must do for herself

And this is equally as true in commercial as in governmental affairs. Human life, individual, national or continental, was never yet extended indefinitely by an indefinitely extended charge account.

So the situation after all is very clear—no matter what embarrassment may be caused in stating it. Europe, without disparagement of her charms or denial of her admitted claims upon our gratitude and affection, can have her charge account extended in one way only—under the necessities of the situation: By showing a disposition at some time, as soon as it is reasonably possible, to pay her bills.

We cannot help her unless she first helps herself. To do so would be poor affection, sad gratitude and false service. For following such an attempt in a very short time indeed both the rescued and the rescuer would find themselves seated stunned and bleeding amid the splinters of the commercial and financial world

Going and Coming

BARREN SOIL

By ALDEN BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER KEMP

IN THE last month of the war a French infantryman named Jules Garnier received a bad wound in the jaw. For several weeks he lay in half-conscious agony, close to death, with morphine as his only friend. After that he was carried from hospital to hospital and from surgeon to surgeon until his small remnant of patience, hope, good will was entirely spent. Four years of constant warfare drain any man's capital, even if there be no complications; and in Garnier's case there was a small farm back there in the middle of France, abandoned and gone to ruin.

But eventually, six months after the Armistice had been signed, thanks to the skill of a doctor in a Paris institution, Garnier's jaw was nearly rebuilt. New teeth were all he needed now. He was even told he might leave his ward for a few days and make a visit home. He did not profit by the offer, however. He merely shook his head and muttered gruffly: "I'd rather stay on here until it's all finished with—nothing for me to do down there now."

And near the hospital there was a small café frequented at certain hours by other convalescent soldiers and by workmen from neighboring factories. If one had to wait the days out just waiting one could wait them out in there as well as anywhere else.

In the café one afternoon Garnier made the acquaintance of a small sallow-faced man he had often seen about the place—a man named Serot. At last Serot said in a low confidential voice, "Friend Garnier, what you say is true, but the whole trouble is deeper than that. The whole trouble is that the people have lost their sovereignty."

Garnier scowled.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that ever since the great slaughter matters have only gone from bad to worse. Openly now the government is playing into the hand of the capitalists, the military caste, the whole gang of reactionaries in short. But take the great slaughter itself—who wanted it? What was it all about?

"What good has it done?"

"None," growled Garnier.

"They nearly killed you off, too, didn't they?"

"They did their best between them, yes; but I must have been too tough."

"In the jaw?"

"Yes, right there—all this is new."

Serot nodded his head gravely.

"A near thing! What luck! Though didn't I hear somebody say that you'd been badly hit at home—almost ruined in fact?"

"Who told you that?"

"I forget—somebody round here."

"Well, whoever it was, he was telling you the truth. Ruined's the word. Of course I've still got my two arms and I'm not frightened of work, as anyone who knows me will tell you; but all I had is gone. Yes, everything. Nothing left."

"Tell me about it."

Garnier turned nervously to one side in his chair.

"I can't. I can't talk about it any more at all. Every time I even think of it it makes me see red—makes me want to go out and shoot someone."

"Poor cuss! I don't blame you. I know how you feel. Well, I don't want to be too curious, but I'd like to hear about it, even though it is none of my business."

Garnier turned back and shoved his elbows forward on the table.

"I'm a farmer down Beauce way. Before the war I was working on the farm there with my brother and the old man, all three of us in together. Hard going it was at times, because between you and me part of the farm—more than half of it—was under mortgage; but all in all we was pulling out and there was prospects of me and my brother doing fairly well in future. Then this war comes and my brother and me were mobilized, and a month or two later the old man died—overwork, what! And since then everything's gone to ruin, fields thick now with four years' weeds that high, live stock sold off, buildings in ruin, nothing left—only the mortgage.

He Sauntered Over to the Kitchen. No One in There Either

"My brother and me, whenever we use to come home on leave, we use to keep my old mother in vegetables as best we could; and what with one last cow and a few hens she's managed to scrape along, God knows how. For a time my brother and me thought we might still save things, but the war's lasted too long—if you know anything about farming you'll understand what I mean—and now my brother goes and gets killed last June in Alsace, and I—well, there you are!"

Serot nodded his head slowly.

"It's worse than I thought. What are you going to do about it?"

"What the devil do you want me to do?"

For a moment Serot stared reflectively across the café, then he said, "It's like that everywhere. Everyone I talk to says the same thing. Death and ruin on all sides. Ah, friend Garnier, one thing is certain—they've got to pay us for this war!"

"Who?"

"These bourgeois, these capitalists."

"You've said it."

Serot leaned closer over the table.

"For whose fault was it, this war? Was it yours and mine? Did you and I want it?"

"We did not."

"Well, did the people anywhere want the great slaughter, or were they just bunkoed into it against their will?"

Garnier shifted again in his seat and, after taking another drink from his glass, said; "You know, you had to be out there yourself to know how we were made monkeys of, week after week, month after month, year after year."

"I know! I know!"

"And let me tell you something," Garnier went on. "At first, of course, there was a bit of everybody out there; but when the rich men's sons—the crowd you was talking about—when they began to see how hot things were getting and how long it was lasting they all slipped off to the rear or else climbed into some staff or else just side-stepped into the artillery until at the end the only ones in the trenches from one end of the Front to the other was us farmers."

And Garnier suddenly sat up in his chair and brought his fist down on the table with a bang and glared excitedly.

"That's right!" answered Serot. "Disgusting!"

"Then what I say is, since we're the ones that won the victory let them talk a little about us."

"That was just what I was going to say when you interrupted me. Now answer my question—if you and I didn't want the great slaughter, who did?"

"The rich."

"Yes, and it was the same gang that kept it going, fed it with human lives for their own profit, turned deaf ears to all offers of peace, kept you poor fellows dying off in the trenches while they grew fat—grew fat on your blood. Don't think I don't know how bad it was, because I was out there myself for fifteen months."

"Really? Where?"

"Oh, a bit of everywhere. Yes, sir, grew fat on our blood; and now this very day the same old business is going on. Pay the poilu for his victory? Well, hardly! Demobilize him at once? No to that too! Why, if there were no soldiers left what would all the gold braid have to order round? Let the poilus stay on out there in the mud where they belong, and on with the fun, on with the waste. Who cares about the poor and the starving! And if there's nothing left to kill here—well, let's send them all off to Russia, for in Russia a horrible, a terrible, a nauseating thing has happened. I can hardly tell you about it it's so awful, friend Garnier. Why, in Russia the people are really free! There in Russia the people have actually thrown off the yoke of the capitalists and the parasite dividend holders and have asserted their own sovereignty! So quick, bayonets and cannon to the fore!"

"Well, they don't get me to go to no Russia!"

"Spoken like a man!" continued Serot softly. "And you're not alone, my friend, so stick to your resolution and don't worry. And I'll tell you something on the quiet. Right here"—Serot bent forward again and tapped the table with his forefinger—"right here in France the people are also going to assume their sovereign rights. They're tired, you know, of playing with stacked cards. They're going to have a new deal.

"Well, I've got to be off," Serot said a few minutes later as he rose from the table. "If you're sure you'll have nothing more? Have another beer? Sure? Now when shall I see you again?" He held Garnier's hand an instant. "I'm always here about lunch time and I'll be glad to have a talk with you any time. You've got interesting ideas. Anyone can see that you're a man who's got brains and has thought things out for himself."

Garnier blushed and muttered, "Well, I've seen a thing or two, you know, in the last few years."

"I should say you had!" answered Serot. "I should say so!"

Thereafter Garnier met Serot nearly every day and through him soon made many new friends. Often there would be as many as ten or fifteen of them sitting round the same table, drinking and talking or just listening to Serot. They were a great crowd. To be sure many of them were munition workers and had never been nearer the Front than Paris, but that wasn't their fault, and they knew how things stood.

All talked continually about the sovereignty of the people, how the people should at last do away with all intermediaries and run everything themselves—run their own factories, their own coal mines, their own railroads, their own banks, everything in short. Soon Garnier used the word "sovereignty" himself and more and more enjoyed using it. There was something magnificent about the word and so satisfying. It promised to lay at one's feet many wonderful things one had vaguely wanted all one's

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Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

life, and that without any effort on one's own part but simply as one's just reward and absolute right. As for the words "the people," well, that was merely another way of saying one's self.

Regularly now all gathered about the table, even as they understood that Serot had taken each of them into his secret, told each of them of the day that was coming. They even began to talk freely about the day among themselves and particularly that glorious aftermath when all wealth would be divided up among the people. Then as they sat there drinking together words would fly to and fro merrily and eyes glitter with excitement.

"Ah, just wait, boys! Just watch me in the first jeweler's shop I come across—or even a tobacconist's!

But really the best part of being in the secret of the day was to be able to hint about it in public when anything went wrong. Then one got a real foretaste of the power that was to come, for as each had noticed for himself the merest threat of certain events made fat bourgeois everywhere simply crinkle up with fear.

However, one day Garnier realized that the work on his teeth would be finished now in next to no time. Unless the unexpected happened he would be sent back to his regiment or at best into the auxiliary service—in short be made to wallow round, obey orders once more, all as if the war was still on. The mere thought of such an outrage began to keep him awake nights. It was unheard of. Nor did Serot offer any consolation, for according to Serot the only reason demobilization was proceeding so slowly was because the government wished it so. No doubt the government had got wind of the coming of the day and meant to try and thwart it by keeping out of Paris as many of their victims as they could. Well then, that was the last straw.

And for Garnier the problem of his future now crystallized itself into this question of his demobilization. Incessantly he clamored for it, one moment swearing vengeance on Clemenceau and his band for thwarting the will of the people in this criminal fashion, the next vowing openly that he would desert.

"They won't demobilize me? Very well then, I demobilize myself. I've had my belly full of all this. I won't stand for any more."

One last morning word came that all men in his category were to report to their demobilizing centers. He stared at the notice blankly. Two days later he went out to Vincennes and after being shoved round from bureau to bureau for a couple of hours was given his deferred pay and told he was no longer a soldier but a civilian.

Bewildered, he could only stand there in front of the cashier's desk, and stuffing the money into his inside pocket nod his head portentously and glance round for an opportunity to open up comment. Others, however, were preoccupied in obtaining their own freedom. An elderly adjutant came and leaned over the back of the woman clerk the other side of the counter.

Fumbling importantly with his beard he whispered, "Certain this last fellow's papers are all right?"

"Yes."

"But he doesn't come from the armies!"

"No, but he comes from a hospital."

"What proves it?"

Before the woman could find the paper in question Garnier was at the desk.

"Say, you old whisk broom, you're not looking for trouble by any chance?"

The adjutant bent closer over the woman's back and looked at the paper she held up to him, but his fingers trembled in his beard and suddenly as Garnier repeated his question he looked up and said in a dry precise voice, "Two more words from you and I'll show you that if you're no longer subject to military law you are to civil."

"Me?" snarled Garnier.

"Yes, you! And it won't be the first of your kind I've had arrested."

With one bound Garnier was on the counter, and though a couple of neighbors clutched him, held him back, he struggled violently against their efforts, bellowing meanwhile at the adjutant, "Have me arrested! You! A damned old good for nothing that's been hiding away for four years while we others have been in the trenches! Think you can come out now, do ye, now that it's all over, and begin to swear and curse us out? No, let me go! Let me get at him! I've been waiting forty-eight months to get a crack at a mug like that."

But numerous kindly hands now got the best of him and before the gendarmes could arrive pulled him down and led him out of the building. Once outside, he shook off all offers of a drink and went straight back to the café. Serot was there. Curtly Garnier told him the whole story.

When he had finished Serot led him away from the bar and said in a low voice, "It's decided."

"What?"

"The day. The first of May. Can you wait?"

"Can I wait? For sure I can."

"Good! Hang round a little and I'll show you a place to sleep for a few days. It won't be like the hospital, but you'll be with friends all the time."

In the empty cinema, where Garnier and a hundred others slept upon decrepit benches, kingdoms and commonwealths were overthrown pell-mell and wreaths of tobacco smoke hung thick about the iron rafters. Fraternity reigned; and in a few days they were going to lock arms and march forth into the streets like one large family and look out any who stood in their way!

Then at last the day came—wet and dreary. Never had Garnier been so nervous; it was worse than going to the attack. But as they sauntered out of the cinema and started off all his nervousness passed and soon they became vast throngs.

Toward noon, however, they began to see that something was wrong. Everywhere they were met by police and troops. Then slowly the dream turned into a nightmare. Once, to be sure, they managed to break through a cordon and Serot unfolded a huge red flag and they swept on, wildly singing L'International:

Et s'ils veulent ces cannibales faire de nous des héros,
Nous leur montrerons que nos balles sont pour nos propres généreux.

They Began to Talk Particularly About That Glorious Aftermath When All Wealth Would be Divided Up Among the People

But half an hour later everything began to get mixed up and then went from bad to worse until at last he found himself and some others surrounded everywhere by the police, and blows began to fall thick and fast.

He saw a police lieutenant calmly point him out and say, "Grab that big soldier over there too!"

Then just at that moment a couple of revolver shots rang out and the crowd shifted again and he was able to dodge free.

That night there were only a few of them at the cinema, but the next day Serot was at the café, and though he had a huge black eye he was just as calm as ever. He explained how things hadn't got started the way they should; how there were too many spectators, too many sheep. Then, of course, there was the old psychological phenomenon to contend with of two policemen being able to frighten off crowds a hundred strong. But there was nothing to worry over. They had made an excellent beginning; only been in a little too much of a hurry, that was all. Next time they would do it better, do it right, begin in the first place with a strike all over France.

Organization was the new word now. You can't expect to do anything without organization. The Germans had shown that. But at the end of a week Garnier decided that he had better make a visit home. Serot had promised to find him work in a factory. Before he started in he must finish off with the farm; let Digard take his mortgaged share, and then selling the rest for whatever it would fetch, find a room in Paris for himself and mother.

"Then you're one of us?" Serot asked at his departure.

"Of course."

"Well, you come back when you get things fixed up down there and I'll see you get that job. Now you'd better let me have your address."

"Oh, I shall only be gone a few days!"

"Never mind, let me have it in case something special turns up and we need you."

He gave his address and then went off briskly with the important scowl of a man who has much work to do. Yet when he at last approached the station he was sauntering along slowly.

He lingered so late over a drink in the buffet that when he came to get into the train all the third-class compartments were full, or at least someone said they were. Calmly opening the door of a first-class compartment, he led the way in for several others; then sat there waiting, hoping someone would come along and try to turn him out. But no one came.

As the train began to roll away one of those who had followed him snickered and said, "We're in luck."

Garnier sat up and folded his arms and cried out, "Well, say now, aren't we men just like anyone else? And haven't we got the rights of men, even though we do happen to work with our hands?"

A flask was offered him. He took a swig out of it and passed it on, then sank back into a gloomy silence.

He dreaded that first walk down the village street, half the village calling out after him as if he were the returning hero. He decided he would go across the fields, and cutting down by the cemetery try to get home unseen.

His ruse was successful. From the station to his house no one saw him. Quickly shutting the big courtyard door, he stood there back against it a moment, suddenly relieved. His mother was not in sight; just the ivy leaves trailing down familiarly over the cellar entrance the way they always had, while a few hens

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Oil From Shale

FOR many years we have heard the common remark that Coal is King. Here of late, however, the highways and byways are filled with excited folks who dispute the time-honored title of the black sovereign and nominate oil as the real ruler of our industrial destinies. Just for the sake of harmony, suppose we call the matter a draw and divide the palm of leadership between coal and oil on a basis of fifty-fifty. With the argument thus settled, let us cast about to discover the name and number of the elder son—the crown prince who is destined to succeed to the titles and authority of the crown.

Oil-Shale Locations on White River in Colorado

Notwithstanding our premier position as an oil producing country and our current record output of the precious fluid, we are already a dependent nation in the matter of petroleum consumption. Unless a huge flock of the present multitude of roseate oil prospects actually materialize—and there is small hope they will—the end of the domestic oil industry in the United States will likely be witnessed by many of the young men living to-day.

Let no one deceive himself into believing that new surveys in coming years will add largely to our petroleum resources. Our remaining supply of oil has been measured with practically the same accuracy as has our reserve of coal. New wells may be discovered in old fields, but rarely will we find in this country a new territory for development that is not already known and outlined. In the decade ending in 1918, a period of active exploration, the total oil reserve of the nation was increased by less than an amount equal to three years' consumption.

It is interesting, therefore, in the light of such facts to examine the claims of oil shale as the legitimate successor to petroleum. How much shale have we in the United States, and what are the chances for its successful commercial development? These are the leading questions of the moment.

The principal supplies of oil shale in this country are located in Colorado, Wyoming, California, Montana, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania. The most spectacular deposits are probably those on the western slope of the Rockies, in Colorado and Utah. As an indication of just how unlimited is our American supply of shale and of how important is this raw material as an oil reservoir to insure our future, let me try to picture the possibilities of this natural resource in Colorado alone.

This latter state is estimated to contain 2500 square miles of oil shale. If we assume that the beds have an average thickness of ten feet and that there are eighteen cubic feet of shale to each ton, we find that an acre of shale contains 24,200 tons and a square mile—640 acres—contains 15,488,000 tons. The total deposits of shale in all of Colorado, therefore, amount to more than 38,000,000,000 tons. If we allow for only a sixty per cent recovery the shale available for mining and treatment will total 23,232,000,000 tons. Preliminary tests indicate an average production of at least a barrel of oil to a ton of shale, or more than 23,000,000,000 barrels of oil from Colorado shale.

The total estimated petroleum reserve of the United States amounts to less than eighty barrels per person; the probable per capita supply from shale in Colorado alone amounts to approximately 210 barrels. There are about 252,000 oil wells in this country, with an average daily production of less than five barrels per well. If 200 oil-shale plants were now operating in Colorado and other states, each treating 2000 tons of rock daily, they would have an annual production of about 120,000,000 barrels of oil, or the equivalent of the petroleum output of nearly one-third of all our producing wells.

The treatment of shale for the extraction of oil is an old story in Scotland and has formed a profitable industry in that country for about seventy years. The Scotch shales yield an average of less than thirty gallons of oil a ton, whereas the American shales give up between forty and fifty gallons. The Scotch shales yield more ammonium sulphate and less gas than do American shales. The cost of treatment in Scotland prior to the war was two dollars a ton and the net profit on the operation averaged about eighty cents a ton. It is evident, therefore, that in a country having a large natural supply of petroleum, selling for less than two dollars a barrel, the mining and distillation of shale would not be a profitable business. It is because of this fact that there has never been any worth-while development of the oil-shale deposits here in the United States.

Before petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania and West Virginia there were dozens of small companies in our Eastern States engaged in the production of oil from shale, but the finding of subterranean supplies of petroleum first crippled and eventually killed the infant shale industry. Now with the price of oil rapidly advancing to record heights the commercial utilization of our mountains of shale is speedily forming into a reality that promises both permanence and profit. Practically one-half of all our underground pools of petroleum have been drained, and our domestic use of oil is advancing at a rate that indicates yearly consumption of more than 500,000,000 barrels by 1925. Never were conditions so favorable for the building of a great new industry as now prevail in the matter of distilling oil from shale.

When attention was first directed to the mountains of shale in Colorado and an initial effort was made several years ago to develop these deposits a Scotch shale retort of the Henderson type was erected near De Beque, Colorado. After a number of attempts to operate this retort the project was abandoned, due to the fact that the shale from the vicinity fused together in such a manner that it stuck in the retort during the process of carbonization. This has been generally accepted as the reason why the Scotch shale retorts cannot be successfully operated in using American shale.

However, there are many factors entering into the operation of a retort plant which could cause this sticking, and we now know of methods which might have prevented it had they been used. There are being erected at this time near Elko, Nevada, two plants based on the principles of the Scottish shale retorts, and engineers are firm in the belief that when the new installations are completed and put in operation they will successfully treat the Nevada oil shale.

The oil produced from oil shale contains virtually every component of ground petroleum, the main distinction being that the shale oil contains a certain amount of unsaturated hydrocarbons, which must be removed in refining; otherwise the refining procedure is the same as that used in refining ground petroleum and differs only in degree.

At the present time the oil recovered from shale can be most profitably converted into gasoline, because gasoline is one commodity that is in unusual demand to-day. The gasoline produced from shale has a much lower boiling point than that produced from underground petroleum, yet the former weighs approximately four-tenths of a pound more per gallon than the gasoline derived from the ground oil. Recent tests have shown that one gallon of gasoline from petroleum oil produces approximately 126,000 heating units, while a gallon of shale-oil gasoline will produce 134,000 units of heat. If this condition holds true in general practice it would indicate that the shale gasoline will have more power per gallon, and due to its low boiling point will ignite with greater ease and produce a more powerful explosion.

Recent government tests indicate that the lubricating oils produced from shale are of splendid quality and that from each barrel of shale oil approximately twenty-five pounds of very high melting-point paraffin can be obtained. Practically all the paraffin produced from ground petroleum has a relatively low melting point. It is anticipated that the shale paraffin will be able to compete with ozocerite in insulating electrical apparatus. It is further a fact that on an average each ton of American shale will produce in the neighborhood of twenty pounds of sulphate of ammonia, which will help out materially in adding to the productivity of the farm lands of the country.

The newest process of American origin for the carbonization of shale has evolved from the patient research work of a young gas engineer named Wallace, who as an employee of a gas company in St. Louis started a series of coking experiments, commencing first with coal, as early as 1905. It was not until 1912, however, that Mr. Wallace became interested in the possibility of applying his method to the recovery of oil from shale. Shortly after this sample lots of Colorado and Utah shales were brought to St. Louis and tests were conducted to perfect a plan that would be commercially satisfactory. The research work continued for another five years before the inventor decided to release his process for use in the industrial field. The final tests on

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a large scale indicated that shale oil could be produced at a cost low enough to compete with ground petroleum. The new American method appears to have the advantage of getting the oil out as a primary decomposition product, giving the oil a quality superior to the product derived by using a method where secondary decomposition reactions are allowed. In the former process no heat is wasted in bringing about secondary reactions, and the time of the operation is reduced by more than one-half.

The other day, in an effort to get authentic operating figures, I sought Mr. Wallace and procured from him a comprehensive estimate of actual working costs based on preliminary but large-scale practice. Reduced to the simplest form, his figures indicate that at the present time the cost of erecting a carbonizing plant to treat 90,000 tons of shale annually would be $220,000. The average cost per ton of shale carbonized would be $1.37, divided as follows: Fixed charges—including insurance, taxes, repairs and depreciation—thirty-two cents; labor, fifty cents; quarrying the shale, forty-five cents; extraction of ammonia, ten cents; making a total of $1.37. If the shale cannot be quarried and must be mined instead, the cost would be $1.25 rather than forty-five cents as stated above. According to Mr. Wallace, the United States Bureau of Mines is authority for the statement that the oil can be topped for gasoline at a cost of ten cents a barrel. He believes this figure is correct. The total cost of mining, carbonizing—retorting—and refining each ton of shale would be $2.47, divided as follows: Overhead and transportation, fifty cents; carbonizing, $1.37; cost of refining, sixty cents; making a total of $2.47.

As to the revenue to be derived from the treatment of each ton, the figures produce the following:

Gasoline, 8.9 gallons, at 20 cents per gallon	$1.78
Paraffin, 23 pounds, at 6 cents per pound	1.38
Ammonium sulphate, 17.2 pounds, at 5 cents per pound	.86
Lubricating oils, 17.65 gallons, at 20 cents per gallon	3.53
Total	$7.55

Deducting all the costs from the above revenue, we have a net profit on the operation of $5.08 per ton. If instead of producing a lubricating oil the distillate is converted into gasoline we would get 32.6 gallons of gasoline instead of the 8.9 gallons previously mentioned. This would make the total revenue per ton $8.76 instead of the $7.55 before indicated.

Mr. Wallace bases his figures on a yield of forty-two gallons of oil per ton, but states that a much higher recovery will be possible in all districts where a good supply of shale is available. He says that it is not unusual to expect that the oil will refine out from seven dollars to eight dollars a barrel, for the average skimming plant procures such a result quite easily. He also makes the claim that since he has based his figures on a small plant having a capacity of only 90,000 tons a year the costs that are given will be materially lowered in regular commercial practice. It is his belief that most of the plants that will be erected during the next few years will have a tonnage capacity for treating not less than 600,000 tons annually. It is also his opinion that an investment of at least $500,000 must be counted upon to insure success for any single project.

The United States Government has reserved something like 45,000 acres of oil shale lands in Colorado as a reservoir of fuel for the American Navy. All the evidence at hand seems to indicate that beyond all doubt the coming months will show us the birth of a new and permanent industry that portends wider benefits for the industrial life of the United States than any of us at the present time anticipate. It is good to know that just when we are shedding tears because of the likelihood of an early demise on the part of our stanch adherent, King Oil, old Mother Nature bobs up with a new candidate all groomed for an early succession to the envied throne. Long live the shales! May they fulfill all the hopes we place in them!

PHOTO BY DEAN STUDIO, GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

A Close-Up View of Oil Shale on the White River in Colorado

Preservation of Wood

ONE branch of engineering that is doing worthy service is that of wood preservation. The proper treatment of timber converts a perishable product into what is practically a permanent material having a multitude of uses. Through modern methods the life of most species of wood can be extended no less than 300 per cent. Approximately 140,000,000 wooden crossties are used each year in the upkeep of the roadbeds of our American railroads. About two-thirds of these ties are employed without any preliminary preservative handling, so that if we assume that a minimum saving of four cents per tie would result from treatment prolonging the life of the ties it appears that the railroads of the country might save upward of $4,000,000 a year through taking action in this matter.

All of which does not mean that the railroads of the United States are wholly neglectful in the matter of saving timber through wood-preservative treatments, for during the last half century the percentage of ties treated by the nation's carriers has increased from less than one per cent to something like thirty-four per cent of all used. Fifteen years ago the number of crossties treated annually in this country totaled about 13,000,000; it is likely that this year we will apply preservative methods to something like 47,000,000 ties. The railroads use more than 2,000,000,000 feet of lumber annually for the maintenance of railway freight equipment and for the construction of new cars. This total amount of timber costs the transportation lines approximately $60,000,000 each year, and as very little of this enormous supply of lumber is subjected to preservative treatment there is here a great opportunity for a material saving as well as in the treatment of ties.

However, it should not be assumed that the railroads are the chief offenders in the matter of wasting the nation's precious timber supply through neglecting to apply the knowledge we possess in the art of wood preservation. Untreated timber is now seldom found in wharf supports or marine structures, for unprepared lumber quickly succumbs to the attacks of marine borers. It is also a fact that the telegraph and telephone companies rarely use poles and cross-arms that have not been subjected to preservative handling. But the general public, which employs wood for thousands of uses, has not yet been educated to recognize the great advantages that result from wood preservation. The biggest opportunity, therefore, for the expansion of the art of prolonging the life of wood lies in the instruction of the fellows who use wood in our mines and factories and for a hundred purposes on our farms.

Though wood preservation in the United States dates only from 1838, when the first crossties were treated by an infusion of bichloride of mercury and laid on the Northern Central Railroad in Maryland, the practice in prolonging the life of wood is as old as the ages. The early Egyptians, who were adepts in the art of embalming their dead, using oil of cedar, were also proficient in the protection of timber, employing garlic boiled in vinegar, which seemed to give the wood immunity from attacks by worms. The Greeks and Romans first resorted to the charring of wood in their efforts to prolong its life, and later used essential oils in their preservative treatment. Both the British and the Dutch used petroleum oil for wood preservation two centuries ago, but it was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that methods were perfected to prolong the life of timber through the injection of various chemicals.

The progress of wood preservation in the United States was particularly slow up until 1895, at which time there were only fifteen plants in operation in this country. The tardiness in the development of the art in America was caused chiefly by the low prices at which wood sold up to a little more than a decade ago. In 1900 there were only about twenty-five wood-preserving plants in the United States; in 1914 there were 122, while at the present time there are in the neighborhood of 130 such establishments here in America. The total wood treated in this country in 1909 amounted to 75,000,000 cubic feet; the total material treated at present amounts to something like 140,000,000 cubic feet of wood. Crossties make up seventy-five per cent of the total. Construction timber and paving blocks constitute the greater part of the remainder of the wood that is treated. Creosote is the chief preservative used; next in order comes zinc chloride, while third in order of importance is zinc creosote.

The decay of wood is caused by the parasitic growth of hundreds of varieties of fungi. These latter are plants of low order which take their nourishment from and owe their growth to the wood in which they grow. However, in getting nourishment the fungi destroy the wood they feed upon.

The common varieties of fungi, such as toadstool, mushroom and the fan-shaped growth, which are so often seen on decayed logs, are but the visible fruit or flower of the parasitic plant, while the destroying elements are the roots which penetrate to the interior of the wood to get nourishment.

The success of wood preservation depends upon the ability of the operator to make the timber poisonous to fungi so the plant will not grow, and as a consequence decay will not occur. Wood that is inoculated with a substance poisonous to fungi may be exposed to air, moisture and warmth without becoming soil for the destructive plant. The external growths or fruiting bodies of the fungi visible in the form of toadstools, and so on, produce spores, or seeds, which adhere to them until dislodged by the air or other disseminating mediums. Wherever these spores alight on wood and find conditions favorable they germinate and develop into destructive agencies. As a consequence decaying wood is a menace to all sound wood in the vicinity.

It is a fact that in many industries the development of the art or business has been obliged to await the demands of necessity. Most people take up with new practices through compulsion rather than choice. What the virtues of merit have failed to win for wood preservation the consequential circumstances of an era of criminal timber waste will now do in a hurry.

Woods that are highly resistant to decay are no longer easily available. We are now forced to make use of many of the so-called inferior woods. Now we find that some of the species of timber that were formerly despised can be so treated that they become better, adapted for railroad and construction purposes than the so-called high-grade woods.

In fact, the science of wood preservation is changing the economics of timber construction so that in many cases the inferior woods are now the cheapest to use. Take for instance the matter of posts. Through the use of preservatives we can make good posts out of ash, beech, birch, elm, hickory, maple and poplar, whereas these woods without treatment could not render satisfactory service. The same thing is true in the case of railroad ties. These latter can now be made of the first six of the above woods, in addition to red oak and sap pine, which would be impossible without proper treatment.

At a recent meeting of men interested in forestry and wood preservation a speaker held up before the audience a cross section of a railroad tie which had been sent to him

by one of our soldiers who got hold of the piece of wood while in France. This section had been taken from a cross-tie which was put in a track in France in 1872. Here was a case of wood lasting forty-six years in active service. The wood was white and still retained the smell of creosote. Though this perhaps is not an unusual performance in Europe, where wood is carefully seasoned under cover and then treated, the example of service just cited is quite remarkable in the light of the fact that most of the railroad crossties here in America are replaced every five or six years.

In this country we use approximately 260 cubic feet of lumber per capita; Germany a few years ago was using about thirty-six, France twenty-five and England and Italy only fourteen cubic feet annually. The reason we use so much wood is because of frequent replacements due to decay rather than to new construction work. Wood conservation means forest preservation. We have reached the time when we should commence to look upon the growth of a forest as we look upon the growth of corn and cotton, refusing to admit that there is any difference in the process except the matter of the length of time between the sowing and the reaping of the crops. Whereas the interval in the case of corn is one year, in the case of reaping a forest it will be 100 years.

The nations of Europe get their limited supplies of wood through planting and harvesting the timber crop according to a method of rotation. Certain forest tracts are cut each year and are then planted with saplings which are left untouched until the timber harvesting season a century later.

Again I say, conservation by preservation is economy of the first order.

Teeth and Industry

THE United States is a nation of dental cripples. This is due to the practice of reparative rather than preventive dentistry. It is also caused by a lack of appreciation on the part of the general public of the importance of a clean mouth and sound teeth. One noted dentist who is devoting much attention to preventing the necessity for teeth repair by preaching and practicing oral health is cited in a recent report to a large dental society. This man has twenty-eight patients, all with healthy mouths, who come to him monthly for a cleaning of their teeth. An investigation was made of these cases in order to check up how many or what percentage had been attacked in the influenza epidemic. Not a single one of the whole lot had a touch of influenza, though there had been in one instance six cases in the immediate family and under the same roof, one of which resulted in death.

Most everyone is now aware that infected teeth are a common cause of a number of serious diseases, one of which is heart disease. Quite an army of our very best family physicians now demand a dental diagnosis just as soon as they are unable to determine the exact cause of a patient's physical disorder. The country has become filled with X-ray laboratories, often presided over by some amateur electrician who is no more fitted to analyze radiographs of the teeth than is a boilermaker to build a watch.

Thousands of people are having their teeth yanked out unnecessarily. Other thousands are suffering and dying from oral infections. As teeth are common to us all and as the success of a nation's business depends largely upon the health and attendance of its workers, few things have a closer bearing on the country's production than sound teeth.

But first, let us devote just a moment to the early days of dentistry, so that our story—though brief—will touch the high spots with some degree of completeness. Many people carry the idea that dentistry is a new art which sprang from nowhere and is still sailing a rudderless ship on uncharted seas. Such an opinion, however, is wholly out of keeping with the facts.

Necessity taught primitive man a few curative practices from which popular medicine had its beginning. The earliest methods in the art of dentistry were created in similar fashion. Translations of early Egyptian papyri dating back to 1500 years before the commencement of the Christian Era indicate that medicine and dentistry were practiced as a single art in those ancient times. But as early as 500 B. C. we have the records of the historian Herodotus to show that the dental art had advanced to that stage where it was handled by specialists who treated only the teeth. Egyptian mummies show cases where lost teeth were replaced by false ones and where gold wire bands were employed in dental work.

The Bible mentions the teeth in forty or fifty places, but aside from recognizing the fact that sour grapes set them on edge it gives no suggestion that the ancient Hebrews had a knowledge of dental medicine such as was possessed by the Egyptians. The Chinese have had treatments for tooth affections for two or three thousand years, while the people of India have taken scrupulous care of their teeth since the remotest ages, their practice being to rub their teeth with a small twig of the fig tree each morning while they recited their prayers. Some of the people of the Far East consider that dyeing their teeth black is one way to enhance their beauty, while other races file their teeth into points in order to create for themselves an air of canine ferocity.

The earliest records of dental surgery, or teeth extraction, that are authentic take us back to Greece in 1100 B. C. When we get down to the time of Hippocrates, 700 years later, we find that this great doctor had reduced both medicine and dentistry to something of a science. One is amazed in reading the works of this ancient physician to find so much of wisdom in his records.

Said he: "Diseases must be combated in their origin. The art of curing includes three terms: The malady, the patient and the doctor. The latter is the minister of the art, but the patient must combat the malady together with him."

This doesn't sound as though it was written 2400 years ago.

Following Hippocrates came Aristotle, the founder of natural history and comparative anatomy, and his writings contain much interesting information concerning dentistry, and especially with relation to the use of the odontagra—dental forceps—in the extraction of teeth. From the time of Aristotle, however, until the end of the first century after Christ there was not much advance in dental knowledge. But about 100 A. D. we find records which produce the belief that at that time the Greek doctors knew of the nature and importance of the central cavity of the tooth.

The ancient Romans possessed a medical art of respectable proportions. As for dentistry, this science was introduced into Rome by Greek doctors. In the various early Roman writings on medicine we find a recipe for a narcotic drug to produce sleep in persons suffering from toothache. Among the ingredients used in the compound were pepper, poppy, castoreum, cinnamon and acorns. The patient must abstain from wine and by means of a sponge must let the steam of hot water reach the affected spot. Hot liquids should be kept in the mouth, and these should be made by boiling the bark of the root of a white poplar tree or the scrapings off a stag's horn in a solution of wine and honey. Another mixture designed for external application was made from the peel of a dried pomegranate compounded with pine bark, minium—red oxide of lead—and rain water. If the pain from the tooth was severe there were other mixtures composed of various herbs, soot from incense, crude sulphur and blue vitriol. If the tooth had to be removed this was accomplished by introducing into the cavity a pepper berry without its skin.

Other remedies were proposed for ulcers on the gums and tongue. Such sores were cauterized with a red-hot iron. It was advised that black stains on the teeth be scraped away and the teeth afterward rubbed with pounded rose leaves, gallnuts and myrrh. Loose teeth were to be bound to firm teeth with gold wire, and if an extraction was necessary the proper method was to shake the tooth until it was loose and then pull it out by using the fingers or with the forceps. If the tooth was hollow it was suggested that the cavity might be filled with lead to keep the tooth from being crushed under pressure during extraction. Other instructions dealt with the removal of a broken root and with the extraction of a fragment of the jawbone, indicating that the business of pulling teeth in the year one was far from being a gentle art.

Space will not permit me to continue a recital of the ancient practices in dentistry, or tell of the many wise and unwise precepts laid down. Burnt and powdered eggshells were employed as a dentifrice, indicating that our present use of a lime carbonate on our teeth is not new. On the other hand, these early peoples were possessed of absurd ideas and weird superstitions. One writer tells how dental pains are cured by taking a small thistle worm and closing it up with wax in the hollow of the affected tooth. Other remedies suggested putting the hands behind the back and biting a piece of wood that had been struck by lightning; scratching the gums with the tooth of a hippopotamus; picking the sick tooth with the frontal bones of a lizard taken from the head of the animal at full moon and which have not touched the earth; dropping into the ear a mixture made from earthworms cooked in oil; washing the mouth three times a year with the blood of a tortoise; and by filling the tooth cavity with a compound made from the slough of a serpent, burnt and then reduced with oil to the consistency of soft wax. One thing is sure. Toothaches in ancient times were quite common to the people if we are to judge by the multitude of dental remedies that were in every-day use.

To-day we frequently speak of how the ancients got along very well without any great knowledge of the arts and of science, and allude to the supposed fact that civilization has brought with it certain artificial modes of life that have increased the sum total of humanity's woes. What sounds more natural therefore than the following words of Cornelius Celsus, who was born upward of a half century before Christ and who complains of the decadence of human health due to the sad workings of a superior civilization?

(Concluded on Page 115)

A Train of Truck Cars Loaded With "Doctored" Crossties in a Wood-Preserving Plant in Michigan. The Trucks are Run Through a Long Drum in Which the Wood is Given a Preservative Treatment Without the Ties Being Removed From the Trucks

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MYRA MEETS HIS FAMILY

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

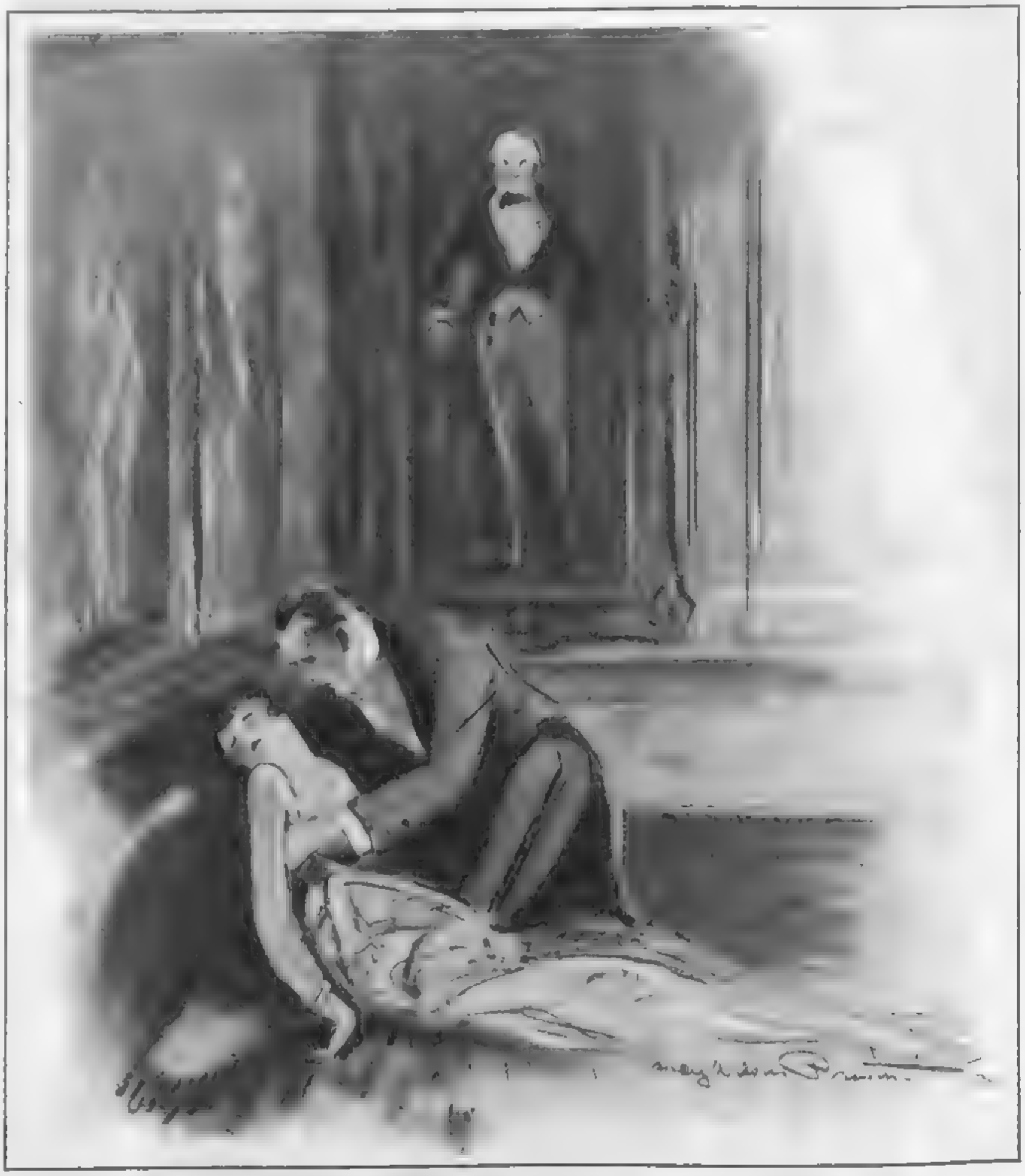
ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

PROBABLY every boy who has attended an Eastern college in the last ten years has met Myra half a dozen times, for the Myras live on the Eastern colleges, as kittens live on warm milk. When Myra is young, seventeen or so, they call her a "wonderful kid"; in her prime—say, at nineteen—she is tendered the subtle compliment of being referred to by her name alone; and after that she is a "prom trotter" or "the famous coast-to-coast Myra."

You can see her practically any winter afternoon if you stroll through the Biltmore lobby. She will be standing in a group of sophomores just in from Princeton or New Haven, trying to decide whether to dance away the mellow hours at the Club de Vingt or the Plaza Red Room. Afterward one of the sophomores will take her to the theater and ask her down to the February prom—and then dive for a taxi to catch the last train back to college.

Invariably she has a somnolent mother sharing a suite with her on one of the floors above.

When Myra is about twenty-four she thinks over all the nice boys she might have married at one time or other, sighs a little and does the best she can. But no remarks, please! She has given her youth to you; she has blown fragrantly through many ballrooms to the tender tribute of many eyes; she has roused strange surges of romance in a hundred pagan young breasts; and who shall say she hasn't counted?



"Dearest, Dearest!" He Cried. "I Shouldn't Have Told You! I Shouldn't Have Told You!"

The particular Myra whom this story concerns will have to have a paragraph of history. I will get it over with as swiftly as possible.

When she was sixteen she lived in a big house in Cleveland and attended Derby School in Connecticut, and it was while she was still there that she started going to prep-school dances and college proms. She decided to spend the war at Smith College, but in January of her freshman year falling violently in love with a young infantry officer she failed all her midyear examinations and retired to Cleveland in disgrace. The young infantry officer arrived about a week later.

Just as she had about decided that she didn't love him after all he was ordered abroad, and in a great revival of sentiment she rushed down to the port of embarkation with her mother to bid him good-by. She wrote him daily for two months, and then weekly for two months, and then once more. This last letter he never got, for a machine-gun bullet ripped through his head one rainy July morning. Perhaps this was just as well, for the letter informed him that it had all been a mistake, and that something told her they would never be happy together, and so on.

The "something" wore boots and silver wings and was tall and dark. Myra was quite sure that it was the real thing at last, but as an engine went through his chest at Kelly Field in mid-August she never had a chance to find out.

Instead she came East again, a little slimmer, with a becoming pallor and new shadows under her eyes, and throughout armistice year she left the ends of cigarettes all over New York on little china trays marked "Midnight Frolic" and "Coconut Grove" and "Palais Royal." She was twenty-one now, and Cleveland people said that her mother ought to take her back home—that New York was spoiling her.

You will have to do your best with that. The story should have started long ago.

It was an afternoon in September when she broke a theater date in order to have tea with young Mrs. Arthur Elkins, once her roommate at school.

"I wish," began Myra as they sat down exquisitely, "that I'd been a señorita or a mademoiselle or something. Good grief! What is there to do over here once you're out, except marry and retire!"

Lilah Elkins had seen this form of ennui before.

"Nothing," she replied coolly; "do it."

"I can't seem to get interested, Lilah," said Myra, bending forward earnestly. "I've played round so much that even while I'm kissing the man I just wonder how soon I'll get tired of him. I never get carried away like I used to."

"How old are you, Myra?"

"Twenty-one last spring."

"Well," said Lilah complacently, "take it from me don't get married unless you're absolutely through playing round. It means giving up an awful lot, you know."

"Through! I'm sick and tired of my whole pointless existence. Funny, Lilah, but I do feel ancient. Up at New Haven last spring men danced with me that seemed like little boys—and once I overheard a girl say in the dressing room, 'There's Myra Harper! She's been coming up here for eight years.' Of course she was about three years off, but it did give me the calendar blues."

"You and I went to our first prom when we were sixteen—five years ago."

"Heavens!" sighed Myra. "And now some men are afraid of me. Isn't that odd? Some of the nicest boys. One man dropped me like a hotcake after coming down from Morristown for three straight week-ends. Some kind friend told him I was husband hunting this year, and he was afraid of getting in too deep."

"Well, you are husband hunting, aren't you?"

"I suppose so—after a fashion." Myra paused and looked about her rather cautiously. "Have you ever met Knowleton Whitney? You know what a wiz he is on looks, and his father's worth a fortune, they say. Well, I noticed that the first time he met me he started when he heard my name and fought shy—and, Lilah darling, I'm not so ancient and homely as all that, am I?"

"You certainly are not!" laughed Lilah. "And here's my advice: Pick out the best thing in sight—the man who has all the mental, physical, social and financial qualities you want, and then go after him hammer and tongs—the way we used to. After you've got him don't say to yourself 'Well, he can't sing like Billy,' or 'I wish he played better golf.' You can't have everything. Shut your eyes and turn off your sense of humor, and then after you're married it'll be very different and you'll be mighty glad."

"Yes," said Myra absently; "I've had that advice before."

"Drifting into romance is easy when you're eighteen," continued Lilah emphatically; "but after five years of it your capacity for it simply burns out."

"I've had such nice times," sighed Myra, "and such sweet men. To tell you the truth I have decided to go after someone."

"Who?"

(Continued on Page 42)

IT does us good to see the family spirit which the Hupmobile seems to generate everywhere.

Most motor cars do that in some measure; but, if you will notice, the Hupmobile is essentially a family car.

That is due, we suppose, to the fact that it is so easy to drive; so very, very seldom gets out of tune; costs so little to maintain; and keeps on *plugging away* with such everlasting faithfulness.

(Continued from Page 40)

"Knowleton Whitney. Believe me, I may be a bit blasé, but I can still get any man I want."

"You really want him?"

"Yes—as much as I'll ever want anyone. He's smart as a whip, and shy—rather sweetly shy—and they say his family have the best-looking place in Westchester County."

Lilah sipped the last of her tea and glanced at her wrist watch.

"I've got to tear, dear."

They rose together and, sauntering out on Park Avenue, hailed taxicabs.

"I'm awfully glad, Myra; and I know you'll be glad too."

Myra skipped a little pool of water and, reaching her taxi, balanced on the running board like a ballet dancer.

"'By, Lilah. See you soon."

"Good-by, Myra. Good luck!"

And knowing Myra as she did, Lilah felt that her last remark was distinctly superfluous.

II

THAT was essentially the reason that one Friday night six weeks later Knowleton Whitney paid a taxi bill of seven dollars and ten cents and with a mixture of emotions paused beside Myra on the Biltmore steps.

The outer surface of his mind was deliriously happy, but just below that was a slowly hardening fright at what he had done. He, protected since his freshman year at Harvard from the snares of fascinating fortune hunters, dragged away from several sweet young things by the acquiescent nape of his neck, had taken advantage of his family's absence in the West to become so enmeshed in the toils that it was hard to say which was toils and which was he.

The afternoon had been like a dream: November twilight along Fifth Avenue after the matinée, and he and Myra looking out at the swarming crowds from the romantic privacy of a hansom cab—quaint device—then tea at the Ritz and her white hand gleaming on the arm of a chair beside him; and suddenly quick broken words. After that had come the trip to the jeweler's and a mad dinner in some little Italian restaurant where he had written "Do you?" on the back of the bill of fare and pushed it over for her to add the ever-miraculous "You know I do!" And now at the day's end they paused on the Biltmore steps.

"Say it," breathed Myra close to his ear.

He said it. Ah, Myra, how many ghosts must have flitted across your memory then!

"You've made me so happy, dear," she said softly.

"No—you've made me happy. Don't you know—Myra ——"

"I know."

"For good?"

"For good. I've got this, you see." And she raised the diamond solitaire to her lips. She knew how to do things, did Myra.

"Good night."

"Good night. Good night."

Like a gossamer fairy in shimmering rose she ran up the wide stairs and her cheeks were glowing wildly as she rang the elevator bell.

At the end of a fortnight she got a telegram from him saying that his family had returned from the West and expected her up in Westchester County for a week's visit. Myra wired her train time, bought three new evening dresses and packed her trunk.

It was a cool November evening when she arrived, and stepping from the train in the late twilight she shivered slightly and looked eagerly round for Knowleton. The station platform swarmed for a moment with men returning from the city; there was a shouting medley of wives and chauffeurs, and a great snorting of automobiles as they backed and turned and slid away. Then before she realized it the platform was quite deserted and not a single one of the luxurious cars remained. Knowleton must have expected her on another train.

With an almost inaudible "Damn!" she started toward the Elizabethan station to telephone, when suddenly she was accosted by a very dirty, dilapidated man who touched his ancient cap to her and addressed her in a cracked, querulous voice.

"You Miss Harper?"

"Yes," she confessed, rather startled. Was this unmentionable person by any wild chance the chauffeur?

"The chauffeur's sick," he continued in a high whine. "I'm his son."

Myra gasped.

"You mean Mr. Whitney's chauffeur?"

"Yes; he only keeps just one since the war. Great on economizin'—regelar Hoover." He stamped his feet nervously and smacked enormous gauntlets together. "Well, no use waitin' here gabbin' in the cold. Le's have your grip."

Too amazed for words and not a little dismayed, Myra followed her guide to the edge of the platform, where she looked in vain for a car. But she was not left to wonder long, for the person led her steps to a battered old flivver, wherein was deposited her grip.

"Big car's broke," he explained. "Have to use this or walk."

He opened the front door for her and nodded.

"Step in."

"I b'lieve I'll sit in back if you don't mind."

"Surest thing you know," he cackled, opening the back door. "I thought the trunk bumpin' round back there might make you nervous."

"What trunk?"

"Yourn."

"Oh, didn't Mr. Whitney—can't you make two trips?"

He shook his head obstinately.

"Wouldn't allow it. Not since the war. Up to rich people to set 'n example; that's what Mr. Whitney says. Le's have your check, please."

As he disappeared Myra tried in vain to conjure up a picture of the chauffeur if this was his son. After a mysterious argument with the station agent he returned, gasping violently, with the trunk on his back. He deposited it in the rear seat and climbed up in front beside her.

It was quite dark when they swerved out of the road and up a long dusky driveway to the Whitney place, whence lighted windows flung great blots of cheerful, yellow light over the gravel and grass and trees. Even now she could see that it was very beautiful, that its blurred outline was Georgian Colonial and that great shadowy garden parks were flung out at both sides. The car plumped to a full stop before a square stone doorway and the chauffeur's son climbed out after her and pushed open the outer door.

"Just go right in," he cackled; and as she passed the threshold she heard him softly shut the door, closing out himself and the dark.

Myra looked round her. She was in a large somber hall paneled in old English oak and lit by dim shaded lights clinging like luminous yellow turtles at intervals along the wall. Ahead of her was a broad staircase and on both sides there were several doors, but there was no sight or sound of life, and an intense stillness seemed to rise ceaselessly from the deep crimson carpet.

She must have waited there a full minute before she began to have that unmistakable sense of someone looking at her. She forced herself to turn casually round.

A sallow little man, bald and clean shaven, trimly dressed in a frock coat and white spats, was standing a few yards away regarding her quizzically. He must have been fifty at the least, but even before he moved she had noticed a curious alertness about him—something in his pose which promised that it had been instantaneously assumed and would be instantaneously changed in a moment. His tiny hands and feet and the odd twist to his eyebrows gave him a faintly elfish expression, and she had one of those vague transient convictions that she had seen him before, many years ago.

For a minute they stared at each other in silence and then she flushed slightly and discovered a desire to swallow.

"I suppose you're Mr. Whitney." She smiled faintly and advanced a step toward him. "I'm Myra Harper."

For an instant longer he remained silent and motionless, and it flashed across Myra that he might be deaf; then suddenly he jerked into spirited life exactly like a mechanical toy started by the pressure of a button.

"Why, of course—why, naturally. I know—ah!" he exclaimed excitedly in a high-pitched elfin voice. Then raising himself on his toes in a sort of attenuated ecstasy of enthusiasm and smiling a wizened smile, he minced toward her across the dark carpet.

She blushed appropriately.

"That's awfully nice of ——"

"Ah!" he went on. "You must be tired; a rickety, cindery, ghastly trip, I know. Tired and hungry and thirsty, no doubt, no doubt!" He looked round him indignantly. "The servants are frightfully inefficient in this house!"

Myra did not know what to say to this, so she made no answer. After an instant's abstraction Mr. Whitney crossed over with his furious energy and pressed a button; then almost as if he were dancing he was by her side again, making thin, disparaging gestures with his hands.

"A little minute," he assured her, "sixty seconds, scarcely more. Here!"

He rushed suddenly to the wall and with some effort lifted a great carved Louis Fourteenth chair and set it down carefully in the geometrical center of the carpet.

"Sit down—won't you? Sit down! I'll go get you something. Sixty seconds at the outside."

She demurred faintly, but he kept on repeating "Sit down!" in such an aggrieved yet hopeful tone that Myra sat down. Instantly her host disappeared.

She sat there for five minutes and a feeling of oppression fell over her. Of all the receptions she had ever received this was decidedly the oddest—for though she had read somewhere that Ludlow Whitney was considered one of the most eccentric figures in the financial world, to find a sallow, elfin little man who, when he walked, danced was rather a blow to her sense of form. Had he gone to get Knowleton! She revolved her thumbs in interminable concentric circles.

Then she started nervously at a quick cough at her elbow. It was Mr. Whitney again. In one hand he held a glass of milk and in the other a blue kitchen bowl full of those hard cubical crackers used in soup.

"As for You, My Exquisite Young Lady, You'd Better Understand That the Best Thing You Can Do is to Decide to Settle Down Right Here. This is My Home, and I Mean to Keep It So!"

(Continued on Page 44)

"EXCUSE MY DUST!"

THE shortest distance between two points might be a straight line, on paper,

—but Wallace Reid covered with dust at the wheel of this Paramount Artcraft *speed* Picture, will tell you that it's the curves that count!

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If you saw Wallace Reid in "The Roarin' Road" or "Double Speed" you have some idea of the pace he hits in "Excuse My Dust", but here there's a girl as well as gasoline, and she doesn't quite like this do-or-die stuff.

Climb aboard anyway—*Paramount* invites you—and get the genuine sensations from behind that dithering wheel.

Jesse L. Lasky Presents

WALLACE REID
in
"EXCUSE MY DUST"

Adapted from The Saturday Evening Post story "The Bear Trap", by Byron Morgan

Directed by Sam Wood *Scenario by Will M. Ritchey*

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Liberty Line of Tapes and Moisteners

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"Hungry from your trip!" he exclaimed compassionately. "Poor girl, poor little girl, starving!" He brought out this last word with such emphasis that some of the milk plopped gently over the side of the glass.

Myra took the refreshments submissively. She was not hungry, but it had taken him ten minutes to get them so it seemed ungracious to refuse. She sipped gingerly at the milk and ate a cracker, wondering vaguely what to say. Mr. Whitney, however, solved the problem for her by disappearing again—this time by way of the wide stairs—four steps at a hop—the back of his bald head gleaming oddly for a moment in the half dark.

Minutes passed. Myra was torn between resentment and bewilderment that she should be sitting on a high comfortless chair in the middle of this big hall munching crackers. By what code was a visiting fiancée ever thus received!

Her heart gave a jump of relief as she heard a familiar whistle on the stairs. It was Knowleton at last, and when he came in sight he gasped with astonishment.

"Myra!"

She carefully placed the bowl and glass on the carpet and rose, smiling.

"Why," he exclaimed, "they didn't tell me you were here!"

"Your father—welcomed me."

"Lordy! He must have gone upstairs and forgotten all about it. Did he insist on your eating this stuff? Why didn't you just tell him you didn't want any?"

"Why—I don't know."

"You mustn't mind father, dear. He's forgetful and a little unconventional in some ways, but you'll get used to him."

He pressed a button and a butler appeared.

"Show Miss Harper to her room and have her bag carried up—and her trunk if it isn't there already." He turned to Myra. "Dear, I'm awfully sorry I didn't know you were here. How long have you been waiting?"

"Oh, only a few minutes."

It had been twenty at the least, but she saw no advantage in stressing it. Nevertheless it had given her an oddly uncomfortable feeling.

Half an hour later as she was hooking the last eye on her dinner dress there was a knock on the door.

"It's Knowleton, Myra; if you're about ready we'll go in and see mother for a minute before dinner."

She threw a final approving glance at her reflection in the mirror and turning out the light joined him in the hall. He led her down a central passage which crossed to the other wing of the house, and stopping before a closed door he pushed it open and ushered Myra into the weirdest room upon which her young eyes had ever rested.

It was a large luxurious boudoir, paneled, like the lower hall, in dark English oak and bathed by several lamps in a mellow orange glow that blurred its every outline into misty amber. In a great armchair piled high with cushions and draped with a curiously figured cloth of silk reclined a very sturdy old lady with bright white hair, heavy features, and an air about her of having been there for many years. She lay somnolently against the cushions, her eyes half closed, her great bust rising and falling under her black negligee.

But it was something else that made the room remarkable, and Myra's eyes scarcely rested on the woman, so engrossed was she in another feature of her surroundings. On the carpet, on the chairs and sofas, on the great canopied bed and on the soft Angora rug in front of the fire sat and sprawled and slept a great army of white poodle dogs. There must have been almost two dozen of them, with curly hair twisting in front of their wistful eyes and wide yellow bows flaunting from their necks. As Myra and Knowleton entered a stir went over the dogs; they raised one-and-twenty cold black noses in the air and from one-and-twenty little throats went up a great clatter of staccato barks until the room was filled

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"Myra, I've Done a Ghastly Thing—to You, to Me, to Us. I Haven't a Word to Say in Favor of Myself"

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with such an uproar that Myra stepped back in alarm.

But at the din the somnolent fat lady's eyes trembled open and in a low husky voice that was in itself oddly like a bark she snapped out: "Hush that racket!" and the clatter instantly ceased. The two or three poodles round the fire turned their silky eyes on each other reproachfully, and lying down with little sighs faded out on the white Angora rug; the tousled ball on the lady's lap dug his nose into the crook of an elbow and went back to sleep, and except for the patches of white wool scattered about the room Myra would have thought it all a dream.

"Mother," said Knowleton after an instant's pause, "this is Myra."

From the lady's lips flooded one low husky word: "Myra?"

"She's visiting us, I told you."

Mrs. Whitney raised a large arm and passed her hand across her forehead wearily.

"Child!" she said—and Myra started, for again the voice was like a low sort of growl—"you want to marry my son Knowleton?"

Myra felt that this was putting the tonneau before the radiator, but she nodded. "Yes, Mrs. Whitney."

"How old are you?" This very suddenly.

"I'm twenty-one, Mrs. Whitney."

"Ah—and you're from Cleveland?" This was in what was surely a series of articulate barks.

"Yes, Mrs. Whitney."

"Ah ——"

Myra was not certain whether this last ejaculation was conversation or merely a groan, so she did not answer.

"You'll excuse me if I don't appear downstairs," continued Mrs. Whitney; "but when we're in the East I seldom leave this room and my dear little doggies."

Myra nodded and a conventional health question was trembling on her lips when she caught Knowleton's warning glance and checked it.

"Well," said Mrs. Whitney with an air of finality, "you seem like a very nice girl. Come in again."

"Good night, mother," said Knowleton.

"'Night!" barked Mrs. Whitney drowsily, and her eyes sealed gradually up as her head receded back again into the cushions.

Knowleton held open the door and Myra feeling a bit blank left the room. As they walked down the corridor she heard a burst of furious sound behind them; the noise of the closing door had again roused the poodle dogs.

When they went downstairs they found Mr. Whitney already seated at the dinner table.

"Utterly charming, completely delightful!" he exclaimed, beaming nervously. "One big family, and you the jewel of it, my dear."

Myra smiled, Knowleton frowned and Mr. Whitney tittered.

"It's been lonely here," he continued; "desolate, with only us three. We expect you to bring sunlight and warmth, the peculiar radiance and efflorescence of youth. It will be quite delightful. Do you sing?"

"Why—I have. I mean, I do, some."

He clapped his hands enthusiastically.

"Splendid! Magnificent! What do you sing? Opera? Ballads? Popular music?"

"Well, mostly popular music."

"Good; personally I prefer popular music. By the way, there's a dance tonight."

"Father," demanded Knowleton sulkily, "did you go and invite a crowd here?"

"I had Monroe call up a few people—just some of the neighbors," he explained to Myra. "We're all very friendly hereabouts; give informal things continually. Oh, it's quite delightful."

Myra caught Knowleton's eye and gave him a sympathetic glance. It was obvious that he had wanted to be alone with her this first evening and was quite put out.

"I want them to meet Myra," continued his father. "I want them to know this delightful jewel we've added to our little household."

"Father," said Knowleton suddenly, "eventually of course Myra and I will want to live here with you and mother, but for the first two or three years I think an apartment in New York would be more the thing for us."

Crash! Mr. Whitney had raked across the tablecloth with his fingers and swept his silver to a jangling heap on the floor.

"Nonsense!" he cried furiously, pointing a tiny finger at his son. "Don't talk that utter nonsense! You'll live here, do you understand me? Here! What's a home without children?"

"But, father ——"

In his excitement Mr. Whitney rose and a faint unnatural color crept into his sallow face.

"Silence!" he shrieked. "If you expect one bit of help from me you can have it under my roof—nowhere else! Is that clear? As for you, my exquisite young lady," he continued, turning his wavering finger on Myra, "you'd better understand that the best thing you can do is to decide to settle down right here. This is my home, and I mean to keep it so!"

He stood then for a moment on his tiptoes, bending furiously indignant glances first on one, then on the other, and then suddenly he turned and skipped from the room.

"Well," gasped Myra, turning to Knowleton in amazement, "what do you know about that!"

III

SOME hours later she crept into bed in a great state of restless discontent. One thing she knew—she was not going to live in this house. Knowleton would have to make his father see reason to the extent of giving them an apartment in the city. The sallow little man made her nervous; she was sure Mrs. Whitney's dogs would haunt her dreams; and there was a general casualness in the chauffeur, the butler, the maids and even the guests she had met that night, that did not in the least coincide with her ideas on the conduct of a big estate.

She had lain there an hour perhaps when she was startled from a slow reverie by a sharp cry which seemed to proceed from the adjoining room. She sat up in bed and listened, and in a minute it was repeated. It sounded exactly like the plaint of a weary child stopped summarily by the placing of a hand over its mouth. In the dark silence her bewilderment shaded gradually off into uneasiness. She waited for the cry to recur, but straining her ears she heard only the intense crowded stillness of three o'clock. She wondered where Knowleton slept, remembered that his bedroom was over in the other wing just beyond his mother's. She was alone over here—or was she?

With a little gasp she slid down into bed again and lay listening. Not since childhood had she been afraid of the dark, but the unforeseen presence of someone next door startled her and sent her imagination racing through a host of mystery stories that at one time or another had whiled away a long afternoon.

She heard the clock strike four and found she was very tired. A curtain drifted slowly down in front of her imagination, and changing her position she fell suddenly to sleep.

Next morning, walking with Knowleton under starry frosted bushes in one of the bare gardens, she grew quite light-hearted and wondered at her depression of the night before. Probably all families seemed odd when one visited them for the first time in such an intimate capacity. Yet her determination that she and Knowleton were going to live elsewhere than with the white dogs and the jumpy little man was not abated. And if the near-by Westchester County society was typified by the chilly crowd she had met at the dance ——

"The family," said Knowleton, "must seem rather unusual. I've been brought up in an odd atmosphere, I suppose, but mother is really quite normal outside of her penchant for poodles in great quantities, and father in spite of his eccentricities seems to hold a secure position in Wall Street."

"Knowleton," she demanded suddenly, "who lives in the room next door to me?"

Did he start and flush slightly—or was that her imagination?

"Because," she went on deliberately, "I'm almost sure I heard someone crying in there during the night. It sounded like a child, Knowleton."

"There's no one in there," he said decidedly. "It was either your imagination or something you ate. Or possibly one of the maids was sick."

Seeming to dismiss the matter without effort he changed the subject.

The day passed quickly. At lunch Mr. Whitney seemed to have forgotten his temper of the previous night; he was as nervously enthusiastic as ever; and watching him Myra again had that impression

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The Metal Workers of New England

ALTHOUGH New England is richly endowed with many natural resources, her picturesque mountains yield no raw materials in iron and metals from which to manufacture the master-wrought implements and tools for which she is famed. Yet New England, dependent though she is on other regions for these raw materials, in the man-skill to fashion them has always stood in the lead.

Today New England is thickly dotted with establishments making tools of such precision and accuracy that in this field she remains unrivalled. Craftsmanship in mechanics—inventive genius—these are her manufacturing assets. They account for the recent return to New England of smelting in certain industries, and afford Massachusetts, far from the seat of supply, a fundamental advantage to offset this difficulty in competing with Pittsburgh and St. Louis in the making of freight cars.

So in all manufactures where the manipulation of iron and steel counts—in the making of foundry and machine shop tools, firearms, cutlery and silverware—New England workmanship is prized. Today Connecticut produces 40% of the country's supply of brass and bronze manufactures, and Massachusetts nine-tenths of all the textile machinery made.

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Old Colony Trust Company
BOSTON

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that she had seen him somewhere before. She and Knowleton paid another visit to Mrs. Whitney—and again the poodles stirred uneasily and set up a barking, to be summarily silenced by the harsh throaty voice. The conversation was short and of inquisitional flavor. It was terminated as before by the lady's drowsy eyelids and a pæan of farewell from the dogs.

In the evening she found that Mr. Whitney had insisted on organizing an informal neighborhood vaudeville. A stage had been erected in the ballroom and Myra sat beside Knowleton in the front row and watched proceedings curiously. Two slim and haughty ladies sang, a man performed some ancient card tricks, a girl gave impersonations, and then to Myra's astonishment Mr. Whitney appeared and did a rather effective buck-and-wing dance. There was something inexpressibly weird in the motion of the well-known financier flitting solemnly back and forth across the stage on his tiny feet. Yet he danced well, with an effortless grace and an unexpected suppleness, and he was rewarded with a storm of applause.

In the half dark the lady on her left suddenly spoke to her.

"Mr. Whitney is passing the word along that he wants to see you behind the scenes."

Puzzled, Myra rose and ascended the side flight of stairs that led to the raised platform. Her host was waiting for her anxiously.

"Ah," he chuckled, "splendid!"

He held out his hand, and wonderingly she took it. Before she realized his intention he had half led, half drawn her out on to the stage. The spotlight's glare bathed them, and the ripple of conversation washing the audience ceased. The faces before her were pallid splotches on the gloom and she felt her ears burning as she waited for Mr. Whitney to speak.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "most of you know Miss Myra Harper. You had the honor of meeting her last night. She is a delicious girl, I assure you. I am in a position to know. She intends to become the wife of my son."

He paused and nodded and began clapping his hands. The audience immediately took up the clapping and Myra stood there in motionless horror, overcome by the most violent confusion of her life.

The piping voice went on: "Miss Harper is not only beautiful but talented. Last night she confided to me that she sang. I asked whether she preferred the opera, the ballad or the popular song, and she confessed that her taste ran to the latter. Miss Harper will now favor us with a popular song."

And then Myra was standing alone on the stage, rigid with embarrassment. She fancied that on the faces in front of her she saw critical expectation, boredom, ironic disapproval. Surely this was the height of bad form—to drop a guest unprepared into such a situation.

In the first hush she considered a word or two explaining that Mr. Whitney had been under a misapprehension—then anger came to her assistance. She tossed her head and those in front saw her lips close together sharply.

Advancing to the platform's edge she said succinctly to the orchestra leader: "Have you got Wave That Wishbone?"

"Lemme see. Yes, we got it."

"All right. Let's go!"

She hurriedly reviewed the words, which she had learned quite by accident at a dull house party the previous summer. It was perhaps not the song she would have chosen for her first public appearance, but it would have to do. She smiled radiantly, nodded at the orchestra leader and began the verse in a light clear alto.

As she sang a spirit of ironic humor slowly took possession of her—a desire to give them all a run for their money. And she did. She injected an East Side snarl into every word of slang; she ragged; she shimmied; she did a tickle-toe step she had learned once in an amateur musical comedy; and in a burst of inspiration finished up in an Al Jolson position, on her knees with her arms stretched out to her audience in syncopated appeal.

Then she rose, bowed and left the stage.

For an instant there was silence, the silence of a cold tomb; then perhaps half a dozen hands joined in a faint, perfunctory applause that in a second had died completely away.

"Heavens!" thought Myra. "Was it as bad as all that? Or did I shock 'em?"

Mr. Whitney, however, seemed delighted. He was waiting for her in the wings and seizing her hand shook it enthusiastically.

"Quite wonderful!" he chuckled. "You are a delightful little actress—and you'll be a valuable addition to our little plays. Would you like to give an encore?"

"No!" said Myra shortly, and turned away.

In a shadowy corner she waited until the crowd had filed out, with an angry unwillingness to face them immediately after their rejection of her effort.

When the ballroom was quite empty she walked slowly up the stairs, and there she came upon Knowleton and Mr. Whitney alone in the dark hall, evidently engaged in a heated argument.

They ceased when she appeared and looked toward her eagerly.

"Myra," said Mr. Whitney, "Knowleton wants to talk to you."

"Father," said Knowleton intensely, "I ask you ——"

"Silence!" cried his father, his voice ascending testily. "You'll do your duty now."

Knowleton cast one more appealing glance at him, but Mr. Whitney only shook his head excitedly and, turning, disappeared phantomlike up the stairs.

Knowleton stood silent a moment and finally with a look of dogged determination took her hand and led her toward a room that opened off the hall at the back. The yellow light fell through the door after them and she found herself in a dark wide chamber where she could just distinguish on the walls great square shapes which she took to be frames. Knowleton pressed a button, and immediately forty portraits sprang into life—old gallants from colonial days, ladies with floppity Gainsborough hats, fat women with ruffs and placid clasped hands.

She turned to Knowleton inquiringly, but he led her forward to a row of pictures on the side.

"Myra," he said slowly and painfully, "there's something I have to tell you. These"—he indicated the pictures with his hand—"are family portraits."

There were seven of them, three men and three women, all of them of the period just before the Civil War. The one in the middle, however, was hidden by crimson-velvet curtains.

"Ironic as it may seem," continued Knowleton steadily, "that frame contains a picture of my great-grandmother."

Reaching out, he pulled a little silken cord and the curtains parted, to expose a portrait of a lady dressed as a European but with the unmistakable features of a Chinese.

"My great-grandfather, you see, was an Australian tea importer. He met his future wife in Hong-Kong."

Myra's brain was whirling. She had a sudden vision of Mr. Whitney's yellowish face, peculiar eyebrows and tiny hands and feet—she remembered ghastly tales she had heard of reversions to type—of Chinese babies—and then with a final surge of horror she thought of that sudden hushed cry in the night. She gasped, her knees seemed to crumple up and she sank slowly to the floor.

In a second Knowleton's arms were round her.

"Dearest, dearest!" he cried. "I shouldn't have told you! I shouldn't have told you!"

As he said this Myra knew definitely and unmistakably that she could never marry him, and when she realized it she cast at him a wild pitiful look, and for the first time in her life fainted dead away.

IV

WHEN she next recovered full consciousness she was in bed. She imagined a maid had undressed her, for on turning up the reading lamp she saw that her clothes had been neatly put away. For a minute she lay there, listening idly while the hall clock struck two, and then her overwrought nerves jumped in terror as she heard again that child's cry from the room next door. The morning seemed suddenly infinitely far away. There was some shadowy secret near her—her feverish imagination pictured a Chinese child brought up there in the half dark.

In a quick panic she crept into a negligee and, throwing open the door, slipped down the corridor toward Knowleton's room. It was very dark in the other wing, but when she pushed open his door she could see by the faint hall light that his bed was empty

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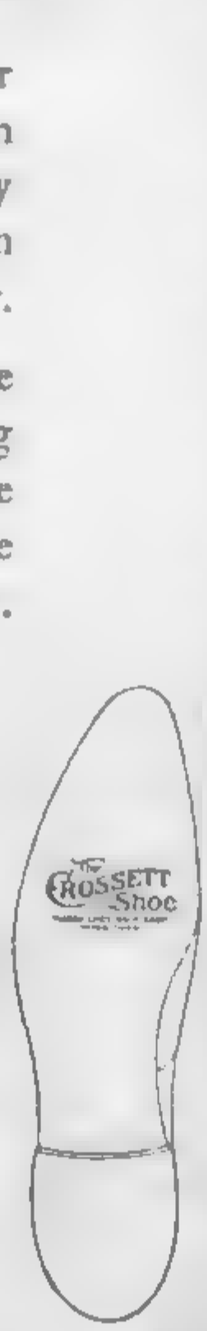

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and had not been slept in. Her terror increased. What could take him out at this hour of the night? She started for Mrs. Whitney's room, but at the thought of the dogs and her bare ankles she gave a little discouraged cry and passed by the door.

Then she suddenly heard the sound of Knowleton's voice issuing from a faint crack of light far down the corridor, and with a glow of joy she fled toward it. When she was within a foot of the door she found she could see through the crack—and after one glance all thought of entering left her.

Before an open fire, his head bowed in an attitude of great dejection, stood Knowleton, and in the corner, feet perched on the table, sat Mr. Whitney in his shirt sleeves, very quiet and calm, and pulling contentedly on a huge black pipe. Seated on the table was a part of Mrs. Whitney—that is, Mrs. Whitney without any hair. Out of the familiar great bust projected Mrs. Whitney's head, but she was bald; on her cheeks was the faint stubble of a beard, and in her mouth was a large black cigar, which she was puffing with obvious enjoyment.

"A thousand," groaned Knowleton as if in answer to a question. "Say twenty-five hundred and you'll be nearer the truth. I got a bill from the Graham Kennels to-day for those poodle dogs. They're soaking me two hundred and saying that they've got to have 'em back to-morrow."

"Well," said Mrs. Whitney in a low barytone voice, "send 'em back. We're through with 'em."

"That's a mere item," continued Knowleton glumly. "Including your salary, and Appleton's here, and that fellow who did the chauffeur, and seventy supes for two nights, and an orchestra—that's nearly twelve hundred, and then there's the rent on the costumes and that darn Chinese portrait and the bribes to the servants. Lord! There'll probably be bills for one thing or another coming in for the next month."

"Well, then," said Appleton, "for pity's sake pull yourself together and carry it through to the end. Take my word for it, that girl will be out of the house by twelve noon."

Knowleton sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Oh —"

"Brace up! It's all over. I thought for a minute there in the hall that you were going to balk at that Chinese business."

"It was the vaudeville that knocked the spots out of me," groaned Knowleton. "It was about the meanest trick ever pulled on any girl, and she was so darned game about it!"

"She had to be," said Mrs. Whitney cynically.

"Oh, Kelly, if you could have seen the girl look at me to-night just before she fainted in front of that picture. Lord, I believe she loves me! Oh, if you could have seen her!"

Outside Myra flushed crimson. She leaned closer to the door, biting her lip until she could taste the faintly bitter savor of blood.

"If there was anything I could do now," continued Knowleton—"anything in the world that would smooth it over I believe I'd do it."

Kelly crossed ponderously over, his bald shiny head ludicrous above his feminine negligee, and put his hand on Knowleton's shoulder.

"See here, my boy—your trouble is just nerves. Look at it this way: You undertook somep'n to get yourself out of an awful mess. It's a cinch the girl was after your money—now you've beat her at her own game an' saved yourself an unhappy marriage and your family a lot of suffering. Ain't that so, Appleton?"

"Absolutely!" said Appleton emphatically. "Go through with it."

"Well," said Knowleton with a dismal attempt to be righteous, "if she really loved me she wouldn't have let it all affect her this much. She's not marrying my family."

Appleton laughed.

"I thought we'd tried to make it pretty obvious that she is."

"Oh, shut up!" cried Knowleton miserably.

Myra saw Appleton wink at Kelly.

"'At's right," he said; "she's shown she was after your money. Well, now then, there's no reason for not going through with it. See here. On one side you've proved she didn't love you and you're rid of her and free as air. She'll creep away and never say a word about it—and your family never the wiser. On the other side twenty-five hundred thrown to the bowwows, miserable marriage, girl sure to hate you as soon as she finds out, and your family all broken up and probably disownin' you for marryin' her. One big mess, I'll tell the world."

"You're right," admitted Knowleton gloomily. "You're right, I suppose—but oh, the look in that girl's face! She's probably in there now lying awake, listening to the Chinese baby——"

Appleton rose and yawned.

"Well——" he began.

But Myra waited to hear no more. Pulling her silk kimono close about her she sped like lightning down the soft corridor, to dive headlong and breathless into her room.

"My heavens!" she cried, clenching her hands in the darkness. "My heavens!"

JUST before dawn Myra drowsed into a jumbled dream that seemed to act on through interminable hours. She awoke about seven and lay listlessly with one blue-veined arm hanging over the side of the bed. She who had danced in the dawn at many proms was very tired.

A clock outside her door struck the hour, and with her nervous start something seemed to collapse within her—she turned over and began to weep furiously into her pillow, her tangled hair spreading like a dark aura round her head. To her, Myra Harper, had been done this cheap vulgar trick by a man she had thought shy and kind.

Lacking the courage to come to her and tell her the truth he had gone into the highways and hired men to frighten her.

Between her fevered broken sobs she tried in vain to comprehend the workings of a mind which could have conceived this in all its subtlety. Her pride refused to let her think of it as a deliberate plan of Knowleton's. It was probably an idea fostered by this little actor Appleton or by the fat Kelly with his horrible poodles. But it was all unspeakable—unthinkable. It gave her an intense sense of shame.

But when she emerged from her room at eight o'clock and, disdaining breakfast, walked into the garden she was a very self-possessed young beauty, with dry cool eyes only faintly shadowed. The ground was firm and frosty with the promise of winter, and she found gray sky and dull air vaguely comforting and one with her mood. It was a day for thinking and she needed to think.

And then turning a corner suddenly she saw Knowleton seated on a stone bench, his head in his hands, in an attitude of profound dejection. He wore his clothes of the night before and it was quite evident that he had not been to bed.

He did not hear her until she was quite close to him, and then as a dry twig snapped under her heel he looked up wearily. She saw that the night had played havoc with him—his face was deathly pale and his eyes were pink and puffed and tired. He jumped up with a look that was very like dread.

"Good morning," said Myra quietly.

"Sit down," he began nervously. "Sit down; I want to talk to you! I've got to talk to you."

Myra nodded and taking a seat beside him on the bench clasped her knees with her hands and half closed her eyes.

"Myra, for heaven's sake have pity on me!"

She turned wondering eyes on him.

"What do you mean?"

He groaned.

"Myra, I've done a ghastly thing—to you, to me, to us. I haven't a word to say in favor of myself—I've been just rotten. I think it was a sort of madness that came over me."

"You'll have to give me a clew to what you're talking about."

"Myra—Myra"—like all large bodies his confession seemed difficult to imbue with momentum—"Myra—Mr. Whitney is not my father."

"You mean you were adopted?"

"No; I mean—Ludlow Whitney is my father, but this man you've met isn't Ludlow Whitney."

"I know," said Myra coolly. "He's Warren Appleton, the actor."

Knowleton leaped to his feet.

"How on earth ——"

"Oh," lied Myra easily, "I recognized him the first night. I saw him five years ago in The Swiss Grapefruit."

(Concluded on Page 53)

EAGLE SHIRTS

Representative of an Ideal Attained

IN Bayeux, Normandy, rests the Bayeux Tapestry —chronicle of an age when human hands and yarn pictured, in infinite detail, the deeds of valorous warriors—when Romance was king and men and women devoted their lives to the attainment of an ideal.

This famous achievement of Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who thus gave to posterity the story of the Norman Invasion of England, has its counterpart in industry today.

The makers of Eagle Shirts strove for an ideal in fabrics, an ideal that was not attained till they began weaving such exclusive shirtings as could come only from their own looms—textures that mirrored the taste of man and his centuries-old love of fine fabrics.

In no other way could they have produced shirts so exceptional in design and so artistic in coloring as those represented in the Spring displays now at the best men's wear establishments.

JACOB MILLER SONS & COMPANY

Established 1867

Weavers of Shirtings—Makers of Shirts

Philadelphia

A full color reproduction of Mr Edwards' painting (shown above) is now on display in the windows of the stores of the leading merchants who are featuring Eagle Shirts.

If you do not know where to obtain Eagle Shirts, write us. We shall send you a card of introduction to the merchant and also a brochure, "Glimpses into Weaving's History."

EAGLE SHIRT

Goblin Soap

Goblin Soap **"Works Wonders."** Made with pure oriental oils combined with an active element which permeates the lather and acts like a fine delicate brush. It gently loosens and removes all dirt, grime and stains; cleans out the pores thoroughly and safely, leaving the cuticle soft and smooth.

Toilet

Goblin gives a rich, copious lather even in hard or cold water and rinses easily. You will find Goblin a wonder for everyday use in the home, office, factory, workshop and garage. Especially recommended for children and their play-stained hands.

Bath

Goblin is great for the bath. Healthful and invigorating because it thoroughly cleans out the pores of the skin. The cake never gets soft or wastes away. Goblin is a great economy and can be used with full effect down to the last wafer.

Shampoo

Goblin is good for the scalp. The bubbly, creamy lather thoroughly cleanses the head and leaves a feeling of refreshing cleanliness.

Goblin Soap is an All-Purpose Soap, which meets every need. Use it—You will like it.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, Chicago
61 Macaulay Avenue, Toronto, Canada

For Everybody Everyday

(Concluded from Page 50)

At this Knowleton seemed to collapse utterly. He sank down limply on to the bench.

"You knew?"

"Of course! How could I help it? It simply made me wonder what it was all about."

With a great effort he tried to pull himself together.

"I'm going to tell you the whole story, Myra."

"I'm all ears."

"Well, it starts with my mother—my real one, not the woman with those idiotic dogs; she's an invalid and I'm her only child. Her one idea in life has always been for me to make a fitting match, and her idea of a fitting match centers round social position in England. Her greatest disappointment was that I wasn't a girl so I could marry a title; instead she wanted to drag me to England—marry me off to the sister of an earl or the daughter of a duke. Why, before she'd let me stay up here alone this fall she made me promise I wouldn't go to see any girl more than twice. And then I met you."

He paused for a second and continued earnestly: "You were the first girl in my life whom I ever thought of marrying. You intoxicated me, Myra. It was just as though you were making me love you by some invisible force."

"I was," murmured Myra.

"Well, that first intoxication lasted a week, and then one day a letter came from mother saying she was bringing home some wonderful English girl, Lady Helena Something-or-Other. And the same day a man told me that he'd heard I'd been caught by the most famous husband hunter in New York. Well, between these two things I went half crazy. I came into town to see you and call it off—got as far as the Biltmore entrance and didn't dare. I started wandering down Fifth Avenue like a wild man, and then I met Kelly. I told him the whole story—and within an hour we'd hatched up this ghastly plan. It was his plan—all the details. His histrionic instinct got the better of him and he had me thinking it was the kindest way out."

"Finish," commanded Myra crisply.

"Well, it went splendidly, we thought. Everything—the station meeting, the dinner scene, the scream in the night, the vaudeville—though I thought that was a little too much—until—until —— Oh, Myra, when you fainted under that picture and I held you there in my arms, helpless as a baby, I knew I loved you. I was sorry then, Myra."

There was a long pause while she sat motionless, her hands still clasping her knees—then he burst out with a wild plea of passionate sincerity.

"Myra!" he cried. "If by any possible chance you can bring yourself to forgive and forget I'll marry you when you say, let my family go to the devil, and love you all my life."

For a long while she considered, and Knowleton rose and began pacing nervously up and down the aisle of bare bushes, his hands in his pockets, his tired eyes pathetic now, and full of dull appeal. And then she came to a decision.

"You're perfectly sure?" she asked calmly.

"Yes."

"Very well, I'll marry you to-day."

With her words the atmosphere cleared and his troubles seemed to fall from him like a ragged cloak. An Indian summer sun drifted out from behind the gray clouds and the dry bushes rustled gently in the breeze.

"It was a bad mistake," she continued, "but if you're sure you love me now, that's the main thing. We'll go to town this morning, get a license, and I'll call up my cousin, who's a minister in the First Presbyterian Church. We can go West to-night."

"Myra!" he cried jubilantly. "You're a marvel and I'm not fit to tie your shoe strings. I'm going to make up to you for this, darling girl."

And taking her supple body in his arms he covered her face with kisses.

The next two hours passed in a whirl. Myra went to the telephone and called her cousin, and then rushed upstairs to pack. When she came down a shining roadster was waiting miraculously in the drive and by ten o'clock they were bowling happily toward the city.

They stopped for a few minutes at the City Hall and again at the jeweler's, and then they were in the house of the Reverend Walter Gregory on Sixty-ninth Street, where a sanctimonious gentleman with twinkling eyes and a slight stutter received them cordially and urged them to a breakfast of bacon and eggs before the ceremony.

On the way to the station they stopped only long enough to wire Knowleton's father, and then they were sitting in their compartment on the Broadway Limited.

"Darn!" exclaimed Myra. "I forgot my bag. Left it at Cousin Walter's in the excitement."

"Never mind. We can get a whole new outfit in Chicago."

She glanced at her wrist watch.

"I've got time to telephone him to send it on."

She rose.

"Don't be long, dear."

She leaned down and kissed his forehead.

"You know I couldn't. Two minutes, honey."

Outside Myra ran swiftly along the platform and up the steel stairs to the great waiting room, where a man met her—a twinkly-eyed man with a slight stutter.

"How d-did it go, M-myra?"

"Fine! Oh, Walter, you were splendid! I almost wish you'd join the ministry so you could officiate when I do get married."

"Well—I r-rehearsed for half an hour after I g-got your telephone call."

"Wish we'd had more time. I'd have had him lease an apartment and buy furniture."

"H'm," chuckled Walter. "Wonder how far he'll go on his honeymoon."

"Oh, he'll think I'm on the train till he gets to Elizabeth." She shook her little fist at the great contour of the marble dome. "Oh, he's getting off too easy—far too easy!"

"I haven't f-figured out what the f-fellow did to you, M-myra."

"You never will, I hope."

They had reached the side drive and he hailed her a taxicab.

"You're an angel!" beamed Myra. "And I can't thank you enough."

"Well, any time I can be of use t-to you —— By the way, what are you going to do with all the rings?"

Myra looked laughingly at her hand.

"That's the question," she said. "I may send them to Lady Helena Something-or-Other—and—well, I've always had a strong penchant for souvenirs. Tell the driver 'Biltmore,' Walter."

SAVING MILLIONS for American Industry

HERE is a message for every man in America,—a business message.

During the war a great corporation built an industrial plant and manned it with ten thousand workmen. Here they toiled grinding out munitions. Maximum production was imperative, but it dropped—dropped far below what had been expected.

Experts were engaged to conduct an exhaustive survey which developed these facts:

It was found that 68% of the workers on the non-effective list each day were listed because of the venereal diseases.

Measurements of output showed that a man so infected was 33% below normal in production.

Scientific treatment facilities were introduced at small cost by the corporation and 2,000 employees were treated during the year.

Every man's output returned to normal after treatment was concluded and the men were returned to health!

The company estimates that the work was worth at least $150,000 net for the year in increased production.

The corporation was urged to these measures by the national agencies at work on the American Plan to combat venereal diseases. Today more than two thousand other corporations have found that it pays. They are conducting educational campaigns and are providing treatment facilities.

Today the United States is rapidly organizing against the most dangerous of all plagues. These diseases can be conquered as completely as were smallpox, yellow fever and typhoid. It will pay the nation as completely as it pays industry.

Every man and woman must help. The Government has declared it a duty of citizenship for everyone to know about the American Plan of action. Send today for Will Irwin's absorbing booklet, "Conquering an Old Enemy," a stirring book that should be read by the millions. It explains social and economic reasons that obligate you as a citizen to back up the campaign. First learn the facts. A copy will be mailed on receipt of ten cents to cover printing and mailing. Get it today.

The AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION, Inc.

105 West Fortieth Street, New York City

The national agencies coöperating in the American Plan and backing up the state and local boards of health are:

The United States Public Health Service,
The Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board,
The American Social Hygiene Association,
The Army and the Navy.

This advertisement paid for by public spirited men and women who realize that the greatest menace to public health can be stamped out!

Two-Minute Oat Food

A Hot, Instant Oatmeal — *Already 3-Hour Cooked*

Six Breakfasts
By the Postman—Free

Let us mail you—and at once—a six-dish package of Two-Minute Oat Food.

Simply mail the coupon.

We have solved the problem of a ready-cooked oatmeal. It means instant oat breakfasts, hot and super-cooked. And the most delightful oatmeal that you ever tasted.

Please find it out.

One Tablespoonful Makes a Dish

No Waiting

We cook the oats for you—cook them three hours by live steam under pressure.

We cook them so they easily digest—cook them as you cannot cook at home.

Then we evaporate the oats. In this dry, condensed form the cooked oats keep fresh.

* * * * * *

You stir them in boiling water. Within two minutes they absorb the water. The volume is multiplied five-fold. One cup makes eight big dishes.

Then you have steaming oatmeal, flavory and fresh, tasting just as it came from our cooker.

A New Flavor

This Two-Minute Oat Food also brings you a new, delightful flavor. This comes from the high-heat cooking

It will give you a new conception of how good oats can be.

* * * * *

Think what it means.

Hot, super-cooked oats in two minutes. The supreme food made doubly enticing

Oats that easily digest.

The food that everyone needs made ever-ready for them.

Millions of mothers have wanted this dish. Now that we have it, write for it.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

It solves a problem which for decades seemed impossible.

Merely Stir in Boiling Water

Stir one-half cup in two cups boiling water. Within two minutes you will have four dishes of delicious oatmeal, hot and flavory, seemingly just cooked.

The Quaker Oats Company

1119

Lest You Forget

Cut out this coupon now. Mail it and see how much this new-day oatmeal means. Grocers have the full-size packages.

6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1742 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Selected Bears

MR. W. D. McLAUGHLIN writes from Woodchopper, Alaska, and wants to know about some bears of his vicinity which he is unable to classify:

"I am not satisfied just what kind of bears these are. Two of them would weigh about 600 pounds each when dressed. They are brown with the guard hairs tipped with gray like the silver fox, only the fox is black with silver tips or gray tips. The other bear is one they call a cinnamon and he would dress about 450 pounds; brown color underneath and the back a cinnamon color. Then four years ago I killed a sort of freak which no one here can classify. He was small, would dress only about 200 pounds and in color was white. Do not mistake me, for he was not a yellowish white, as some call the glacier bear, but plain white. I have killed quite a few bears, but never saw one like him before, and I will be pleased to have your opinion as to what these bears ought to be called.

"I am a prospector and live in the hills continuously. At the present time the caribou are round my cabin by the tens of thousands. I am fifty miles out and the mountains opposite are above timber line, and for miles each way they are covered with them. At supper time they were all round my cabin, some not fifty feet from the door. I see quite a few moose every day and I witnessed two fights between bulls this fall, at close range—it sure was some fight too. The sheep are within one day's travel from my cabin. They are the best eating of all the game up here, but the hardest to get. There is no sport in getting caribou or moose, but sheep and bear are sure some sport. It is war all the time between the prospector and the bears. They are almost human in figuring out how to rob a cache. I wish you would tell me about those bears."

I have written our Alaska friend that the subject of bears is a very much mixed one. There are only two actual species of bears in North America, the grizzly and the black. The grizzly has long claws, sometimes almost as long as a man's finger, but the black bear has short claws—of course the claws on the front feet are the long ones in either species. The black bear may be brown or red or almost yellow. Sometimes a red or a brown and a black cub may be born in the same litter.

The grizzly may be any color from gray, dark brown, almost black, with white tips to the hair, down almost to a solid cinnamon or yellowish color. The red color is very rare. I am inclined to think that the bears with gray-tipped hair were true grizzlies, or what we call silvertips—the silvertip and the grizzly are the same.

The big Kadiak bears and all the brown bears of the Alaska Peninsula and the Alaska coast are all grizzlies, all have long fore claws, and they come in all sorts of colors. The color has nothing to do with the species of a bear. Look at his toenails in front.

As to the freak bear, if pure white it was perhaps indeed a freak. I have never heard of an albino bear, though there are albinos in all species, such as white deer, white raccoons, and so on. As I take it our inquirer is not within the habitat of the polar bear he probably has killed a high-mountain bear with long claws and a freak coat.

In Alaska the local people are fond of robes made of what they call the straw bear. This is nothing but a small specimen of the Kadiak bear, pale yellow or lemon colored. These bears usually have very fine hair. I have seen many pelts where the hair would fall either way, long and free, according to which end of the robe was held up. The glacier bear, which no doubt varies somewhat, usually is described as blue, with a white face. That means that the coat has a peculiar dark hue, which they call blue, as they call certain Alaskan foxes blue. The markings of the face of a bear have nothing to do with its species. Look at the toes—there are all sorts of freaks and gradations in color and contour in bears, but the toenails decide it.

I would like to drop in on Brother McLaughlin some fall day and have a look at some of these bears, sheep, and so on. In such case a fellow could describe them better at first-hand.

Disastrous Elk News

UNDER date of October twenty-eighth the superintendent of Yellowstone Park wrote:

"The elk are still in a precarious situation and it looks as though we would save only a few of them. The slaughter that is going on outside of the park is simply terrible. The trains put on extra baggage cars and still they aren't able to carry away the elk. I was told that forty elk spoiled six days ago because they could not be shipped. I think we are up against it at last with the elk herd. Old-timers here told me in late August that a hard winter was coming on. Taking their words literally, I spent $14,000 buying hay, using all our hay money and some of my road money, but nobody expected the winter that we are getting. On October twenty-third we had the worst storm in the history of the park and conditions now are those of midwinter. The mercury goes below zero every night, the elk are down and there are thousands ready to leave the park. Over 800 have already gone out near Crevice Creek, next east of the Yellowstone River. About 5000 are still on the Blacktail Deer Flats and are working down the west side of the Yellowstone. If we can hold them back of Mount Everts and on the Flats at Gardiner until thaw comes maybe we can save some of them. We are beginning to feed hay in order to do this."

I have said so much about this elk situation in and round Yellowstone Park that I am too sad now to try to say much more. But the people of America ought to know what is becoming and what soon will have become of the last elk herd in America. Here is other news of yet worse sort. On December fifth I had this word from a rancher living twenty miles west of Yellowstone Park in Idaho:

"This has been the worst winter ever seen in this country—has been going strong ever since October twenty-eighth. Everyone is short of hay and if we don't have an early spring there will be plenty of skinning before spring. The hunters patrolled the park line so strong this fall that no elk came out on the west side. They went over the Gallatin Pass and were killed by the thousands and they say they are down in the Jackson's Hole country already after hay. I am afraid this winter will just about wind up the elk. The coyotes, wolves and foxes are all coming down out of the mountains thicker than I ever saw them. I have killed fourteen so far and they haven't got really hungry yet."

The daily dispatches of December eleventh carried the following advice regarding the elk situation:

"The famous elk herd in Yellowstone Park, numbering 30,000 animals, faces extinction because of the heaviest snowfall in thirty years and the heavy slaughter of animals in Montana, where they have been driven in search of food, according to Robert S. Yard, executive secretary of the National Parks Association. Five thousand animals already have been killed by hunters outside the park in the present hunting season, which does not close until Christmas Eve, Mr. Yard said."

Under date of December eleventh I had from Washington the following authentic advices over the signature of the superintendent of Yellowstone Park:

"The Yellowstone elk situation continues bad. Four or five thousand elk have been killed by hunters, pothunters, novices, children, and so on, and many more have been wounded in the northern herd. The slaughter still continues and will not stop until the twenty-fourth. In Wyoming the season closed December first. There was no such slaughter in the southern herd; but it looks as if most of the Jackson's Hole herd will die through starvation. A recent telegram from the Hole states that 8000 elk are now down in the valley, 4000 of which are near the town of Jackson on the Biological Survey elk ranch. The Biological Survey and the state have some 1200 tons of hay, but this will not last through the winter or even halfway through. A thousand tons more are available, but it will

(Continued on Page 57)

April 4th is Easter

THERE is yet time to obtain Kahn tailored-to-measure clothes for Easter—if you get in touch with your nearest Kahn dealer—*today*.

Thirty years ago the Kahn Tailoring Company conceived the belief that the finest of custom tailoring can be sold at a comparatively attractive price—if produced *in sufficient volume*.

The evidence that our theory was right lies in the success of the Kahn Tailoring Company as large producers of *fine* tailored-to-measure garments.

The Kind of Clothes — KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES — Gentlemen Wear

KAHN · TAILORING · CO.

OF INDIANAPOLIS U.S.A

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BECAUSE Science was able to bring the application of power a few degrees closer to ultimate efficiency—because engineering skill and large resources attained new standards of accurate production—the name "Torbensen" has acquired a significance in the automotive industry which is expressed in the phrase

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

(Continued from Page 54)

cost fifty dollars a ton to acquire it. This means an emergency appropriation of $50,000, which will be extremely hard to get from this economizing Congress.

"As for ourselves, I spent $30,000 buying hay for the northern herd and am in a position to carry about 4000 elk through the winter, provided we can hold the herds behind the fence at Gardiner. We have a very large herd held there now, but the fact that 500 head went out of the park the other day with their stomachs full of hay and were slaughtered is very discouraging to us. We are also desperately afraid that we will lose our antelope herd."

Seeing Things

UP IN a little Wisconsin town, about twenty years ago, a man of sardonic humor pulled off a sort of Cardiff-giant stunt which won for him and his town more than a local fame. He made him up a frame of timbers and laths, covered it with horsehide and ran up a series of splints on top to make a sort of hump or ridge where the shoulders ought to be. He worked the nostrils of the horsehide after a fashion of his own and fixed on feet to please himself. This creature he installed in his barn, gravely announcing that he had captured it in the woods. He said he was blamed if he knew what it was unless it was a certain animal called a hodag, but he thought it ought to be worth about two bits a throw to see it. The people fell for it and he made quite a little money.

Out at Henry Lake, Idaho, a local taxidermist has the mounted skin of an animal which was put up without any intent to deceive. The local ranchmen, who saw the animal before it was skinned, all say they do not know what it was. It is a dark, thin-haired animal about as large as a timber wolf, but its head and muzzle are much like those of the hyena. It no doubt was an old wolf, or possibly a cross between the wolf and the dog. It was killed in a corral where it had undertaken to get a little beef for itself.

I presume every writer and every reader of the daily press has at some time in his life run across the story of the wild camels of Arizona. There never were any wild camels in Arizona, but when there was a shortage of news or special features the camel story was always good for a column or so. Mr. Charles E. Van Loan employed the camel story in one of his own short sketches. It was one of the jokes of journalism all across the country, much like the solemn news of the death of the Akhoond of Swat. Time was in the old journalism when the news passed over the wires late at night that the Akhoond of Swat was dead. This was about the same as saying that the cable news was short and that everybody might say good night.

And now here comes a dispatch from Winona, Minnesota, under date of October eighteenth, reporting—as is not an unusual incident to report—the appearance in the woods thereabout of a large, strange animal, so ferocious that it causes strong men to flee. Apparently this strange creature has a hidden place in which to hibernate in the lower end of Winona County. A large force of armed men, resolved to sell their lives dearly, was also reported as eager to rid the community of this unknown invader. Of course, details do not lack. One man, a local farmer at the edge of the infested wood lot, swore that he saw the beast plainly; that it was light gray in color, with stripes; and about as large as a yearling calf. Another man, a merchant, trailed this awesome creature with his dogs and bayed it in a rocky fastness. Running true to newspaper form, the dogs came back to their master with their tails between their legs. Of course, also, everybody believes that this animal escaped from a circus. I myself am inclined to think it was a cross between a camel and a wolf.

For one reason or another people are always seeing things. In spite of all I can do or say, reports continue to come in about wild passenger pigeons which have been discovered all over the country. The last report comes from New Brunswick. No skin of the suspected bird, however, accompanies the report.

The Killing of Eagles

LET me renew the adjuration of Capt. H. W. Shoemaker, of Pennsylvania, to do what you can to stop the slaughter of American eagles along the Alaska coast. By reason of the government bounty offer 5100 eagles were killed in eighteen months. This is an absolutely unnecessary waste of life.

Eagles have killed some of the young foxes on one or two fox preserves on Alaska islands, though they have never destroyed the wild foxes of Alaska in all the centuries they have lived together.

Eagles do kill a few salmon and eat a few that are found dead, but in no wise do they imperil any salmon fishery. They may kill rabbits now and again, but in no sense have they been destroyers of wild game. For the most part they hang along the coast and live on fish life. A dead whale lasts them a long while.

There is no reason on earth why these bald eagles—of that species which we have been proud to call the bird of freedom, of that species which we have put on our coinage and our seal—should be destroyed under a bounty offered by any branch of the American Government.

It was Captain Shoemaker, by the way, who so far as I know was the first man to put into print the belief that the best protection of game did not consist in any officious war upon the enemies of game on the part of man himself. Captain Shoemaker's conclusions were that under the old laws of Nature the strong specimens survived and that the best development of any species was in the midst of its natural enemies. His theory, bolstered by observation, is entirely against the modern proposition that you can save quail or grouse by killing crows or hawks, or that you can save trout by killing pelicans.

To repeat, a trout on guard against a pelican can hide under a rock. A fried trout cannot hide under any rock. If you want to know where our game is gone consult the records of man's killing, not those of the natural enemies of game.

Camouflaged self-interest certainly will not agree with doctrines such as these of Captain Shoemaker's, because we always want to believe things which would be pleasant to us and we all want to kill something. The horse-sense truth of it, however, is that if we expect to have any sort of abundance of game we shall have to restrict our own disposition to shoot as much as we can and shall have to modify the use of the most destructive means of slaughter which we have devised. It is but a feeble defense that wild game can erect out of its increasing knowledge of man and his deadliness. The mallard learns to dive in three feet of water instead of six inches and so uses more open water, but he is not safe. The covey of quail learns to fly to the densest swamp on the covey rise, but it is not safe. The sheep go to the highest mountains, the elk to the farthest fastnesses of the mountains, but they are not safe. Transportation and invention on the part of man have outrun all the resources of our wild game. So it comes simply to a question of whether we want it or don't want it.

Woods for Rod Making

DO YOU know where Bethabara wood comes from; or lancewood or greenheart or bamboo? I could not have answered all these questions until lately I ran across an old rod maker in the city of Philadelphia who told me some things about these different rod-making woods.

Bethabara comes from Africa, but is now also found in South America. It is a very dense and heavy wood, and as sometimes it is imported in eighteen-foot logs two or three feet square it is almost impossible to handle it, so it is usually bought in six-foot lengths so that it can be handled in ordinary cartage. It is then sawed into planks or strips for drying. The more slowly it is seasoned the better. I saw Bethabara which had been seasoned for twenty years. Bethabara is one of the best materials for an all-wood rod. It is more like an oak than a mahogany, dense and fine grained. It will not take a set so readily even as greenheart, though it will not stay so straight as a good split-bamboo rod.

Greenheart—very much prized, especially by makers of salmon rods, and for many a generation valued in lighter fly rods—is another very dense wood, something like oak in its grain. It grows in British Guiana. I have seen a strip of this wood fifteen feet long and an inch square which seemed almost as heavy as a steel bar.

This is one of the staple woods for rod making, but the amateur rod maker is apt to find it rather difficult to get.

"—keep the cars running"

Trucks;
Roadsters;
Limousines — cars
of every style, every type.

Each doing the duty for which it is intended — bridging time!

Many are the devices, equipments and tools designed to "keep the cars running". For instance the

"YANKEE"
Ratchet Breast Drill

A big time-saver and convenience. It appeals to car owners, garage men and up-to-date shop workers because it speeds up the difficult drilling job. It works with splendid efficiency in ways and places no other drilling tool can work at all. Saves time! Saves the man!

It has five adjustments: (1) Plain Drill; (2) Left-hand Ratchet; (3) Right-hand Ratchet; (4) DOUBLE RATCHET; (5) Gears Locked.

The DOUBLE RATCHET gives a continuous cutting movement to the drill. It drills with every motion of the crank, forward and backward, no matter how slight.

The tool has two speeds. Change from one to the other is made without removing drill from work. A distinctive "Yankee" aid to better and easier drilling.

No. 1555 (pictured). Length 17 in. Three-jaw chuck for round drills up to 1/2" dia.

No. 555. Length 17 1/2 in. Two-jaw chuck for holding both rounds and squares.

Write for free "Yankee" Tool Book which pictures and describes drilling, tapping, boring and screw-driving tools.

North Bros. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia

"YANKEE"
TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Habirshaw Wire—A Dependable Carrier of Power

HABIRSHAW insulated Wire is a dependable power carrier, constructed with liberal factors of safety and subjected to severe proving tests before delivery to the electrical contractors.

In the Habirshaw plants there is the same precision, an identical high level of technical skill, as in great machine shops where accuracy within limits of the most minute fraction of an inch is a commonplace. There is only the difference that Habirshaw engineers and operatives deal in terms of electrical qualities as well as physical dimensions.

With architects, electrical engineers, electrical contractors and dealers and central station men and throughout the electrical industry, Habirshaw is a recognized standard.

It is a reliable quality test of anything electrical to ask, "Is it wired with Habirshaw?"

HABIRSHAW
"Proven by the test of time"
Insulated Wire & Cable

For more than thirty years—practically from the beginning of the electrical industry—Habirshaw insulated Wire has been accepted as a standard of quality all over the world.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
10 East 43d Street, New York

Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

Habirshaw Power Cables. Rubber, Varnished Cambric and Paper. Sector and Concentric.

Lancewood is not the equal of either Bethabara or greenheart, though far more commonly seen in the trade. Lancewood will take a set much more quickly than either of the two other standard materials, is lighter and of looser grain. Lancewood comes from Cuba. Of late it has almost been replaced by dagama wood, commonly sold as lancewood, which also grows in Cuba. The attainable lancewood has come to be too knotty and cross-grained. Dagama is not even so good as lancewood used to be.

I presume most American men will recall that when they were boys they used to make bows out of hickory. This is not a possible thing in many parts of America today. Hickory has become very scarce, useful and almost indispensable as it is. It never had more than a very limited use in rod making. Oak, of course, never was used in rod making at all, but if it were, where would we get it to-day? A few of the Southern States hold the remainder of the commercial oak of America and the prices are going up by leaps and bounds every week. There is no limit to the price which oak lumber is going to bring in America before long. Beech and yew are negligible.

Osage orange, or *bois d'arc* as the French used to call it, was one of the standard bow materials for the American Indians of the West and South. I never have seen it used in rod making, but should think it might do for butt pieces or even second joints, as it has a close grain and a very considerable resiliency. I don't know where it could be obtained commercially.

Split bamboo, as most amateur rod makers know, is rived or sawed out of two sorts of bamboo—Calcutta and Tongking. The latter is lighter in color and it is almost exclusively used in rod making to-day. The darker Calcutta bamboo, which at one time was preferred by the trade, is now not available in commercial quality and quantity. The best split-bamboo rods are made by hand in whole or in part, though I suspect that many of the high-priced handmade rods are much facilitated in their making by machine processes. The main skill is in selecting the material. As we make these rods to-day they usually are put together in six strips throughout, with the steel of the cane, or the silex side, outside and the pith inside.

Weights of Game Birds

REFERRING again to the question of the weights of game birds, I may say that during the past month I weighed about a dozen and a half Canada geese killed in Louisiana. With one exception the heaviest of these birds was nine pounds and some of the young ones weighed as low as seven pounds, eight pounds being a fair average. There is quite a difference in the size of Canada geese. On this hunt a friend killed one which was distinctly larger than any that we had and which at the time I thought was about as large as any goose I had ever seen. We had no means of weighing it at the time it was killed, but five days later, after the entrails had been removed and after it had been frozen in storage, it weighed nine pounds full. I am pretty sure this bird would have weighed ten pounds, possibly ten and a half pounds, when killed.

A sportsman friend, who is a naturalist and a close observer and who does not guess at anything, states that he has killed a goose that weighed sixteen and three-quarters pounds; I cannot say whether this was in Dakota or Saskatchewan, but think it was in one of these localities. He says that he knows of a goose that weighed seventeen and a half pounds. He states also that he often weighed canvasbacks which registered three and a half pounds and sometimes three and three-quarters pounds. I think all of these figures may be called authentic.

The Lion as a Common Carrier

THESE are troublous times for thirsty folk who do not like to bow to the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States. Down in Arkansas the other day I saw a flivver which a lawyer had taken as his fee for defending a bootlegger. While in jail the latter gentleman seemed to be mighty uneasy about the car for which he had given his lawyer the bill of sale. He said he wanted to borrow it back so he could just run down home for a while. All things considered, the lawyer thought it safer to hold onto the car and let his man walk home. Meantime the county sheriff had been doing a little investigating. He called up the lawyer and asked him to stoop down and look up under the car—which by this time the lawyer had taken into his own dooryard for safekeeping. When looked at from underneath it was easy to see a false bottom in the car. In the compartment thus formed they found 500 pints of whisky. Some lawyers are lucky.

It was in Arkansas also that a certain large confiscation of liquor was made, some of which was so good that all the court officials shed tears at the thought of its destruction. There was an army and navy hospital which had declared its need for nourishment of this sort and the judge ordered it sent there. I am sure that it all got there. It is alleged, with what truth I may not state, that a certain well-known gentleman in Little Rock had some of it in a suitcase, with the intention of carrying it personally to the hospital above mentioned, so as to be sure it got there. A military police in a city near a great encampment strolled by and picked up this valise, remarking casually that it seemed very heavy and asking its owner if it had liquor in it.

"What?" exclaimed that gentleman, whose exact rank I need not name. "Do you know who I am?" And he explained who he was.

It chanced that the judge who had condemned the liquor heard of this incident and since then, himself altogether innocent of the facts, often has joked his friend about being taken for a bootlegger by an M. P. I tell this story simply because it is too good to keep.

Bootleggers bring liquor into Southern cities in long, low, rakish speed cars. If they see a flivver full of officers waiting to arrest them they simply step on her, run into and over the flivver and pass on. They bring liquor into town in coffins, in automobiles, in butter firkins, in loads of hay, in all sorts of things.

It was in a Southern city, by the way, that I heard from a brother sportsman of what seems to be the last wrinkle in evading the interstate liquor law. I believe the incident covered the shipment of liquor from Kentucky into Western Virginia. It seemed that a circus was passing between these two states and that a Kentucky friend put two or three cases of good liquor into the lion's cage and let it go at that. Nobody was going to fool round in the lion's cage looking for contraband goods. After the lion's cage got into West Virginia the local consignee went to see the owner of the lion, who offered proper facilities for searching the cage. I don't know what the lion got out of it for his services as common carrier, but everybody else was very happy.

"And believe me," remarked my informant, "the price of lions is going up all through the Southern country."

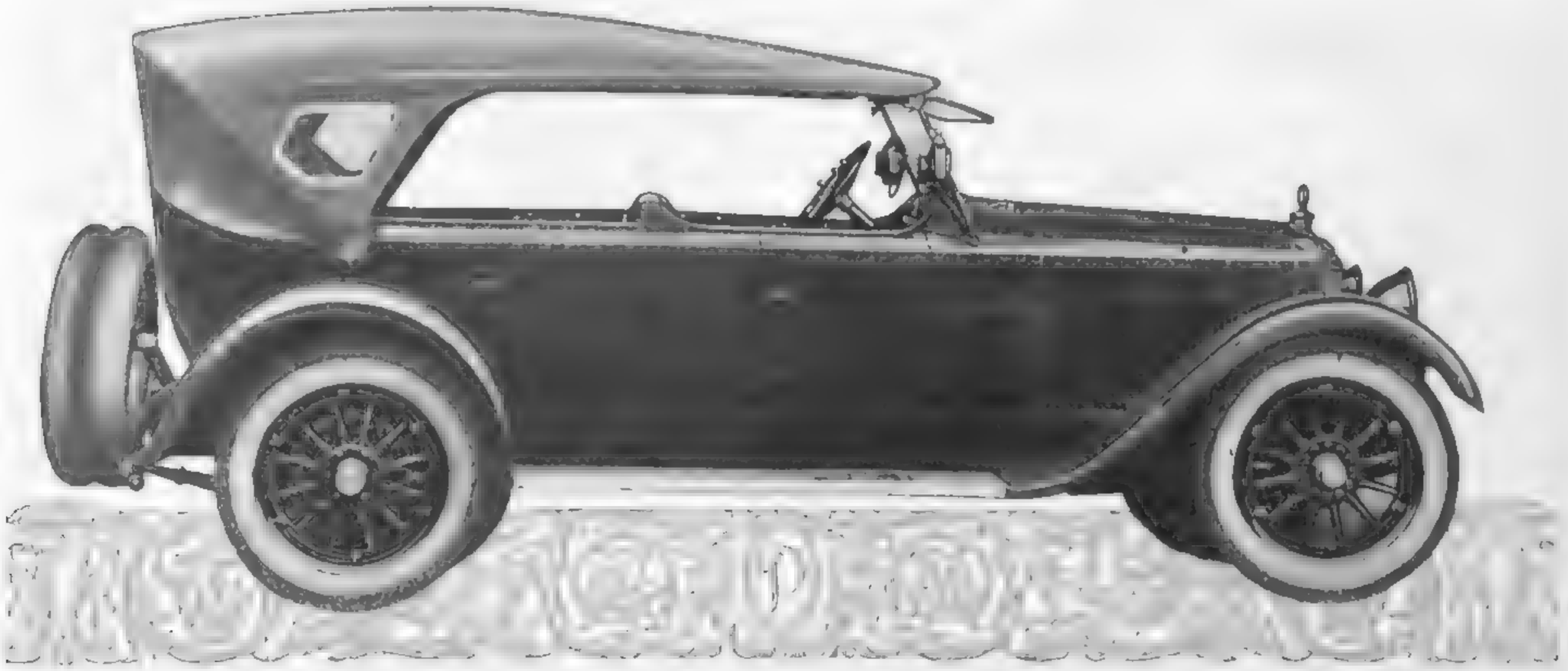
Where the Ducks Went

IN SPITE of the extreme high waters of the Southern States, covering most of the winter grounds, the impression seems to be that wild fowl were unusually abundant in the fall of 1919. In regard to the astonishing scarcity of ducks in 1918 many theories have been advanced to explain it. No one knew where the ducks had gone. I think that this letter from Mr. John E. Kelly, written from Tennessee, comes about as close to explaining the matter as anything I have seen:

"Please permit me to express my appreciation of the articles on the need for preservation of the game of this country if it is not all to go in the course of a few years the way of the dodo and the bison. The game hog should be enmeshed in laws to such extent that he would either abandon the sport or his habit—the former preferred—for I doubt the cure were he to be given opportunity to indulge himself.

"I noted a statement that ducks were scarce during 1918, reappeared in 1919, and that what became of them during the former year remained in some doubt. I am not anything of an authority on wild animals or birds, but during the winter of 1918 an unprecedented migration of wild ducks settled in Northern Mexico, where I live part of the time. The River Conchos and all its tributaries were choked with mallards, teal and three or four other varieties. There always are ducks in Mexico in that season, but not in such numbers or so far inland. Even far into the Sierra Madres, at Temosachie, the squadrons followed each other in unbroken succession for days down

(Concluded on Page 60)



True—here is the only car you can buy whose gears are shifted electrically and whose motor is made of aluminum—two almost unanswerable reasons why your next car should be a Premier.

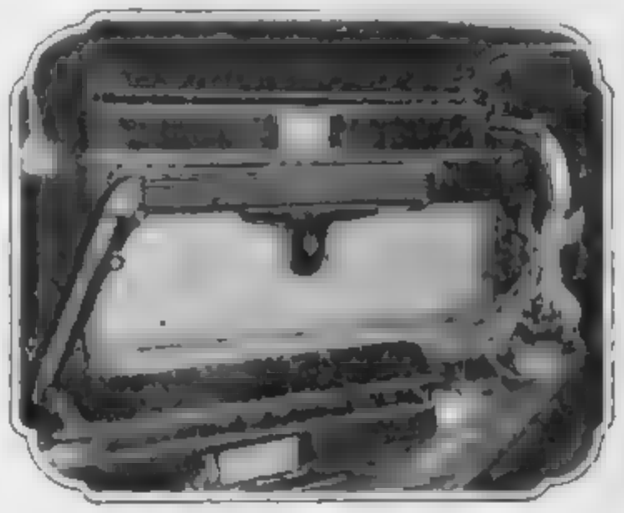
But the real reasons why you should buy a Premier are far more basic.

Buy a Premier, because it is the one car that has openly challenged Europe to make good her claim to supremacy *in the fine car field*—and by sheer mechanical superiority has made the challenge stick.

Buy a Premier, because there is no prouder name in motor car history, or any with a richer tradition for worthy conduct on the field of usage.

Buy a Premier, because of its silent appeal to the human passion for BEAUTY. The well-bred people of America saw this car at the New York and Chicago shows, and it spoke to them—in their own language. With the result that, at this moment, the great Premier factory, with its reinforcements of men, money and machinery, is hard pressed to meet even a fraction of the demand for Premier cars.

The mere fact that you are riding in a Premier, in preference to a European car, not only underwrites your Americanism, but proclaims you a person of discernment, of good taste, and appreciation of true engineering.



Showing the exhaust side of Premier's exclusive aluminum engine. Note its simplicity and the cleanliness of its design. Also note the convenience and logical position of the battery

PREMIER

MOTOR CORPORATION

INDIANAPOLIS···U S A

THE ALUMINUM SIX WITH MAGNETIC GEAR SHIFT

(Concluded from Page 58)

from the north. May not this be a partial explanation of the wintering place of the ducks if I read your interesting account aright?

"In fact, while on the subject of the growing scarcity of game, conditions in Mexico the past nine years, though extremely unfavorable to enterprise due to the activity of smugglers in supplying the bandits with munitions to carry out their raids, have favored the wild animals to an unheard-of extent. The crowding of the population into the cities has abandoned the plains and forests to the occasional roving band of Villistas and the animals. Within fifteen minutes' ride in a flivver from a city of forty thousand people, on a level plain traversed by three railroads and lightly covered with mesquite, I have shot ducks, geese, the always-present cottontail and hare and coyotes.

"I am told by old hunters that there are more wild animals now inhabiting Northern Mexico than there have been at any time since the war against the usurper, Maximilian. Certain it is that wolves and bears, which in 1910 you would have had to seek in the remoter districts of Durango or along the divide, are now to be found along the tracks of the Mexican Central itself. Last year wolves killed a woman in the outskirts of the town of Villa Ahumada on the cited railroad and I have hunted bear in the mountains bordering the Sauz Ranch near Encinillas Station.

"This does not go to replace the loss of game in the United States, but it still affords the hunter a chance to use his skill without traveling to Africa. Another point—it will be some time before the small automobile will carry hunters into every nook in the southern republic as you state it does here."

Outdoor Wear for Women

PERHAPS everyone has noticed in the Western country for the past year or so the great tendency on the part of women of all ages and sizes to take on masculine habiliments for outdoor wear. Breeches and a flannel shirt, high boots and a broad hat all at once have come to be the costume of the outdoor woman in America. It is a sensible movement and one which has not in the least detracted from the attractiveness of the fairer sex. As has been mentioned earlier, in the national parks this sort of thing is now almost universal. For motoring in any dusty country, for camp life or outdoor work of any sort the new costume is so much better than the old that there is no likelihood that lovely woman is going back to skirts.

In the mountain country of the West last summer you might have seen all sorts and varieties of these costumes. A great many young women simply wore the soldiers' breeches laced below the knee, with high boots or with putties, the latter being very common. Sometimes you could see the more or less clumsy khaki riding skirt, or divided skirt, which a few years ago came to be used more or less in the Western country. Like so many American sporting articles devised to fill a commercial want, these skirts often were crude and unbecoming and they never were anywhere near so practical as the riding breeches which now have nearly replaced them.

As to the jacket part of the costume, some women cling to the shirt waist; especially in hot weather. Others use the khaki-colored flannel shirt, which may be found cut into waist patterns suitable for women's wear.

Of late some very nifty little soft-leather jackets have come into use, quite comfortable in high altitudes and very light as well as warm. Sometimes these jackets have knitted cuffs and collar, sometimes the body is of cloth and the sleeves of soft leather. This garment is an adaptation of the golfing jacket or trap-shooting jacket which has come into use among the men in the last few years. It is very practical.

There has been a very great increase in the use of leather in army wear and sporting wear. Fine motoring coats, in price from $85 to $125, are made of leather and gabardine, reversible. A garment of this sort is really a very fine thing for a sportsman to own as it is a great weather breaker, especially when worn over a loose interlining of woolen fabric such as the army officers used in the field in France. A great many women now may be seen wearing this garment, made in soft brown leather for their use. It makes about as classy a coat for motoring or driving as a woman can get. The officer's trench coat, the best patterns of which were worn by the British Army—waterproof mackintosh with wool lining and an inner lining of oiled silk—is not now, so far as I know, obtainable in our country and it is a little bit too mannish and military in look for general use among the ladies.

The ordinary costume of breeches and shirt, or jacket, as used by thousands of women in the past year, usually was of the army khaki. Sometimes you saw special costumes made of other cloths. The hats were nondescript and according to the fancy of the individual wearers, women of course being reluctant to go into absolute uniform in anything and insisting each on her own individuality in some particular. The footgear was the weakest point. There is no really good sporting boot made for women in this country, though I notice that makers are coming closer to it every year and are improving both in lines and in material. Some women wear the heavy and clumsy boots offered to them, but most of them insist on their own absurd, high-heeled, thin shoes. There would be a fine market for an actually well-made light calfskin boot cut on sensible lines for women. I do not find any putties made properly for women. A good sensible calfskin shoe with a six-inch top and a well-shaped putty, which would not hurt the heel cords, would find a feminine market to-day at a decent price. Most of the shoes offered are too coarse and too hard on the feet for women, who by nature are daintier than men.

In all this diversity of feminine apparel it occurred to me that sometime I would sit down and see if I could think out a sensible out-of-door costume with a little snap and class to it for the American woman, who is the classiest woman of the world. After thinking this over for a time without any definite results I ran across the whole proposition all worked out by another man—a Chicago army tailor who specializes in sport clothing.

This designer had accepted pretty much the same ideas with which I started out. The costume must have walking or riding boots or shoes with putties. It must have breeches after the riding pattern, which also is a good walking pattern—tight below the knee to avoid drag over the knee, with plenty of length and width above the knee to allow absolute freedom of motion in the saddle or on foot. The jacket, as it seemed to me and to this designer independently, ought to be long enough for a riding coat and of lines and material good enough to make it suitable for daily use in camp or round resorts of informal sort—a coat with some lines to it, leaning to the Norfolk effect, with yoke back. Also, it seemed to me that there ought to be a skirt for the use of those who would prefer that while in the hotels or settlements. It was when I undertook to try out my ideas on my own wife that I ran across this other man's worked-out costume.

I found that my tailor had already made one or two of these costumes and certainly they had class—the class which comes with individual work instead of slipshod hurry-up methods whose object is simply to sell something. He had one new idea which had never occurred to me and which perhaps will be new to you also. His skirt of the same forester serge, just a trifle darker than the army whipcord in color, was of the same material as the breeches and coat. It fell in easy lines just to the tops of the shoes. It was provided with a gathering cord which would turn it into a cape. It was made to button down the front full length. Thus the lady wearing the suit with the skirt could—if she found it cumbersome for walking—take it off after she had left the curious crowds. She could adjust it round her neck and use it as a cape in case of rain or cold. This sounds less practical than it really is, and I thought the idea quite sound. Certainly the costume itself is a becoming one and a practical one, and I think its use, or the use of one resembling it, would be a revelation to the average outdoor woman who has clung to skirts all her life.

I saw at this same place some other things which indicate the onward and upward tendency in American sporting wear. There was a three-quarter-length coat of soft horsehide, lined with silk poplin, which made a nice thing for a woman to wear while motoring or driving. There was a soft chamois vest—chamois, of course, being sheepskin dyed brown—with soft-leather sleeves and a roll collar, with an inside flap which comes up over the chest and the neck. Two slanted vest pockets with buttons gave snap to this garment.

The best-cut canvas coats sold in America formerly were made in England. The American canvas shooting coat never had much style to it, though it was very practical; and for a generation or more we have incased our legs in just whatever we could find, usually hanging on to the old long-legged trousers, which get wet at the bottom and draw heavily over the knee. Anyone can well remember the time when a man was sneered at who wore knickerbockers or riding breeches—he was called a dude.

To-day this very sensible form of garment is coming into general use for walking as well as riding. Not everyone can cut good breeches of this sort. They must be built especially long in the back as well as roomy in the hips, so that one can raise his foot to climb over a log or can stoop readily in a pit or blind or sit comfortably in the saddle. Made in good Bedford cords, there is nothing better for all-round wear in the world, whether for walking or riding, motoring or boating, than the army breeches which the late war has left so common all over the world.

As for this three-piece costume for women, I presume it will appear in many variants from different sources. Its class depends upon the cutter, of course. Its expensiveness to-day will bar a great many women from buying it, for $125 will purchase a great deal of candy or chewing gum. I believe, however, that it is something which has come to stay. Such a costume, if worn by a lady absolutely well turned out, ought to be finished with a pair of custom-made boots or putties, the former with a sole something like that of the United States Army shoe and the top cut with some snap and style. A special shoemaker who used to do things for me in the dear dead past used to charge me twenty dollars for a pair of boots. To-day he wants forty-five dollars. I presume that milady's boots, being of less acreage, could be purchased for about $37.50. Add to this a hat, which ought to be procurable at twenty-five or thirty dollars, and you see that a simple and inexpensive costume can be had which will still leave you with carfare out of $200. What more can you ask than carfare these days?

OLD MOTHER NECESSITY

(Continued from Page 17)

Jim's retort was an unintelligible growl. Nellie gave him up temporarily. There were lots of nice young men in the post, all glad to serve a pretty girl with refreshments. Nellie reflected that she ought to get something out of the evening. She did. She got that form of purgatory which is woman's pet solace.

"Don't you really like my hat, Jim?" came her final impertinent taunt as Jim unlocked the door of the McBride flat.

"Can't say that I do," growled Jim.

Then without warning the tears came. They came with a rush that swept Nellie off her feet and into the house and left Jim staring blankly at the still blanker panels of the door. Nellie hurled that beautiful, abominable headpiece to the closet shelf. She did not care how she handled it. She did not care if it fell to the floor and lay there all night. She would not care if it was ruined, absolutely ruined, so there! Wasn't that just the way things went with her whenever she wanted to have an especially good time?

Nellie spent a wretched night. In the chill gray morning she crept forth from her bed, rubbing swollen, miserable eyes. She opened the closet door.

"My God!" she cried—and she meant it.

Out from the fuddled mess of shoes on the floor crept a small black dog, eyes rolled upward in apprehensive mischief, teeth shaking a crumpled, tattered wreck, which had last night been a dashing turban of henna velvet trimmed with ostrich feathers. The ostrich band trailed now between Punkins' forepaws—that is, as much of it as was not scattered in bits without and within his wicked body. Punkins was really very funny as he stood there wagging his stump of a tail and giving spasmodic shakes to the remains of the turban. Punkins was probably in for a severe stomach ache too. But Nellie wasted neither laughter nor sympathy. With trembling fingers she pulled the spoils away, heeding not at all the dog's yelp of protest at being robbed of what had consoled him through long lonely hours of darkness.

At the window Nellie took inventory. Never had she seen a hat so utterly devastated. Only the frame and the label remained intact. The velvet had been pulled away from the wires by Punkins' sharp teeth; it hung in pulpy patches, sodden from Punkins' wet mouth; the ruin of its texture was only emphasized by occasional bright dry spots. The ostrich band and the ribbon that had held it in place were more hopelessly gone than the velvet.

"What am I going to do?" whispered Nellie to the cold gray world outside her window.

For the first time she realized the awfulness of her reckless deed of the day before. If to every criminal there came such a chill dead weight of realization and of fear at an irrevocable offense against law and order, crime would die a natural death. Why had she taken the miserable thing in the first place? Didn't she know that was common stealing? How had she dared to do such a thing? And why, oh, why, after she had gone too far to recall her act, hadn't she put the hat away carefully when she went to bed? Spilt-milk questions are impossible of answer. The Lord only knew Nellie's reasons, and she hoped He could find better ones than she could produce.

What would they do with her at the store when they found it out? That the theft would be discovered went without saying. She could hear Miss Cluney now yelling all over the place for that Paris model in henna velvet. And somebody from the workroom would say she had seen Nellie brushing it and Miss Cluney would remember then that Nellie had taken it to put away. Maybe some of the girls had seen Nellie sneak that bundle under her coat. Maybe Nellie's coat had slipped a bit at the hall and Miss Cluney had caught a glimpse of the gay velvet in her lap. Was that why Miss Cluney had smiled so strangely and pointed Nellie out to Sandersen?

In that case the very least that could happen to Nellie was the loss of her job. Losing it in such a way would mean that she could not get into another first-class millinery establishment, and so good-by, career! Furthermore, Jim would learn of her disgrace and would be so ashamed of her! Jim might be funny and grouchy, but he was as straight as a string. Anyhow, where would be the man that could understand Nellie's side of the story?

"Nellie!" called Mrs. McBride at the door. "My goodness, ain't you even up? Do you know what time it is?"

"I'm up," said Nellie dully. "I'll be out in a minute."

Her teeth were chattering from the cold as she turned to the belated process of clothing her miserable self. As swiftly as she could for numbed, nerveless fingers, she slipped into her garments and fastened them, washed her woebegone face, combed her hair any old way and swallowed her breakfast.

"Don't forget that hat, Nellie," reminded her mother.

"Small danger of forgetting," thought Nellie.

Hot coffee, however, had warmed her to calmer reasoning. Something she must do. She was not of the sort that stand passively in the middle of the street and let Fate ride them down. So she ripped the velvet loose from the frame and cut a sample from a dry portion, also another sample from the ostrich band and its ribbon. These she tucked into her purse. The salvaged frame and the labeled lining she laid in a chiffonier drawer. The refuse she dropped into a can for such things at the car station.

That morning in the slave quarters—that is, in the workroom—Nellie was a

(Continued on Page 63)

Everlastic Roofs are an Asset to Any Building

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofs are low in first cost. They are quickly and cheaply laid. They are very durable. They are fire-resisting. They are free from upkeep trouble and expense.

They are also very artistic. The natural color of the non-fading, crushed-slate wearing surface gives tone and beauty to every building it covers.

Everlastic Roofings are adapted for all steep-roofed buildings. They represent the manufacturing skill and practical experience gained by The Barrett Company during sixty successful years in the roofing business.

No matter what your roofing problem may be, one of the four styles of Everlastic Roofings described at the left will meet it with a maximum of economy and satisfaction.

Special booklets descriptive of each style, free upon request. Specify which you want when writing us.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St Louis
Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh Detroit New Orleans
Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Seattle
Salt Lake City Peoria Atlanta Duluth Milwaukee Dallas
Bangor Washington Jamestown Lebanon Youngstown
Toledo Columbus Richmond Latrobe Bethlehem
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Everlastic Multi-Shingles
(Four Shingles in One)

The newest thing in roofing. Tough and durable. Made of [illegible] waterproofing base [illegible] surfaced with crushed [illegible] in art shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the best buildings. Weather and fire resisting to a high degree. Need no painting.

Everlastic Tylike Shingles

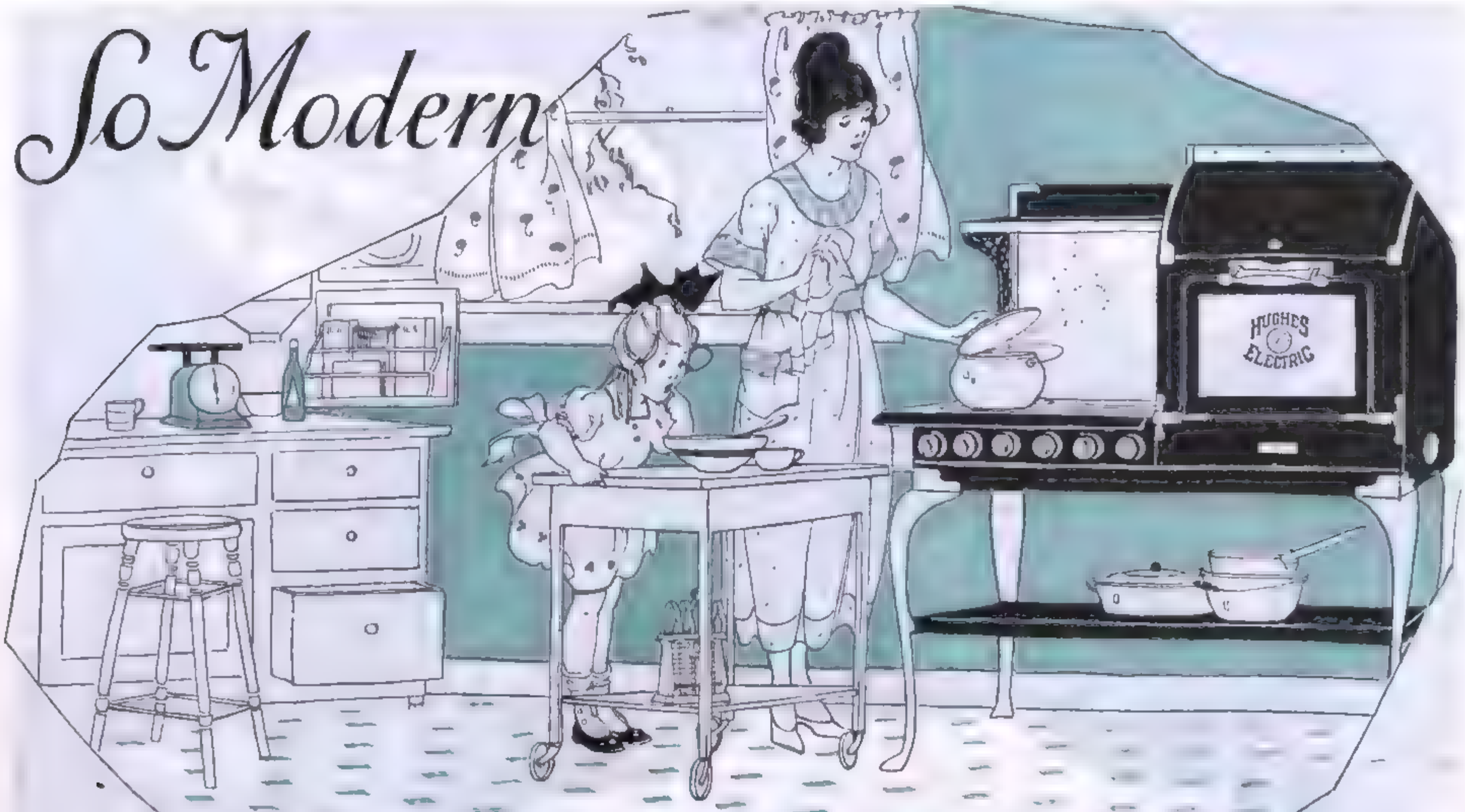
Same material and art-finish (red or green) as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles, size, 8 x 12¾ inches. A brushed roof of Tylike Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and, in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing

The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art shades of red or green. Very durable; requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing

One of our most popular roofings. Is [illegible] plastic enough to be laid very low on flat roofs. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement in each roll.



HUGHES ELECTRIC

It's so modern! Your kitchen will be the pride of your home—a model of cleanliness and convenience—the envy of every housewife who sees it, when you install the Hughes Electric—the very latest in Ranges. That is the reason why 45,000 have been installed.

Some of the more striking advantages of the Hughes Electric Range:

Convenient At the moment you want to begin cooking you turn a button; instantly the cherry red heat is available. Later if you need less heat you turn it to *medium* or *low*. No preliminaries. Nothing to wait for or fuss about.

Cool Practically *all the heat* goes directly into the cooking. So little of it escapes into the air that the temperature of the room is hardly affected. There is no flame; therefore no fumes or noxious vapors. The air remains sweet and cool.

Clean The kitchen is never mussed up by bringing in fuel or taking out ashes. Moreover the air carries no greasy soot; take a kettle from the Hughes Electric Range any time and wipe the bottom with a dainty handkerchief—no trace of smudge. The *walls* remain clean.

Efficient The Range shown above (Model 50) is competent to do all of the cooking for a large family. There are numerous other models for various sized families. We want to accentuate the fact that this range does the *entire* cooking.

Economical In many ways an electric range makes very sharp economies—for instance, in all oven operations the moisture is retained so that bread and cake are better and meats weigh appreciably more than when roasted otherwise.

See your Lighting Company and learn how to modernize your kitchen by installing the Hughes Electric Range. Ask for a copy of "*How to Modernize.*"

EDISON
NEWS NOTES

People little realize the tremendous fuel saving if the use of electricity for cooking were nation-wide.

The Society for Electrical Development estimates that there are 9,000,000 coal ranges in domestic use in the United States, and that they consume about 90,000,000 tons of coal annually.

If Electric Ranges replaced these coal ranges there would be a saving of about 27,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

Another saving of about 25,000,000 tons could be made if current that is now available for cooking was taken from Central Stations that are operated by water power.

In addition to all of the freight haulage that would be released there would be another twenty-five percent of the coal saved which is now being consumed by the locomotives that are hauling the coal.

When you build your home or your architect prepares specifications, be sure enough electrical outlets are provided so you can freely use household electrical appliances.

For the convenience of our customers we maintain the following
SERVICE STATIONS

Atlanta, 24 Peachtree Arcade
Boston, 138 Purchase St
Chicago, 157 West Lake St
Los Angeles, 505 Equitable Bldg.
New York, 147 Waverly Place
Ontario, California
Portland, 412 ½ Stark St.
Salt Lake City, 147 Regent St.
Seattle, Maritime Bldg
St Louis, 1003 Pine St.
San Francisco, 155 New Montgomery St.

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
CHICAGO

New York **Ontario, California** **Atlanta**

In Canada, Canadian Edison Appliance Co., Ltd., Stratford, Ontario.

(Continued from Page 60)

model of docility. Action, no matter how prosaic the task, seemed to loosen a mite the band about her throbbing temples.

"What's the matter with you to-day?" was the chief trimmer's ungracious comment as Nellie sat on the floor meekly gathering up a bolt of ribbon that had unrolled its full length.

Nellie had hoped for something better. She had hoped the chief trimmer would say she needed Nellie in the workroom that afternoon—that somebody else could help in the sales department. All morning Nellie had kept both ears alert for sounds of the commotion that must inevitably rise. The day dragged on to noon. Ah, well, her trouble was no lighter for the respite! Agony prolonged is agony multiplied.

Nellie went out to lunch with her head aching from the strain of suspense and of planning the only possible escape. After snatching a sandwich and a cup of coffee at a counter she went shopping. At a department store she found velvet in just the right shade and grosgrain ribbon to match. The two purchases ate up a week's pay, but Nellie was anæsthetized to mere pecuniary difficulties. For the ostrich band she had to risk a visit to the wholesale house. She chose Sloan's, because that house allowed the girls from the Shoppe the privilege of buying from stock. The feather was found, wrapped, and Nellie was about to receive it into tremulous hands when round the corner popped Sandersen.

If Nellie had opened her tense, tight lips she might have achieved a perfect hollow laugh of despair. The man recognized her. On twenty visits to the Shoppe he had walked round her and looked over her head; to-day he recognized her. Furthermore, he came up to speak to her.

"How's Miss Cluney?" he asked.

"Fine," managed Nellie, though she had not seen the lady and she hoped she never would. "Excuse me, I'm in an awful hurry. I'm late."

She snatched up her package and fled. When she entered the workroom at the Shoppe she found awaiting her a call from the sales department.

"You look peaked to-day," greeted Miss Cluney. "You should have left the entertainment early like I did. Late hours and working girls don't go well together."

Nellie did not choose to argue the question. She twisted her wan face into a feeble mimicry of a smile. Miss Cluney, however, felt chatty.

"You had more than your share of beaux, though," she said. "One on each side of you—and both good-looking. Which one is it, you naughty vamp?"

"Neither," said Nellie ominously.

"You mean to say you got more than two to choose from? Well, some people do hate themselves, don't they?"

In her sick soul Nellie wondered how anybody of Miss Cluney's age and dimensions could be so lost to dignity. And if Miss Cluney knew about the hat, how could she be so heartless as to expect Nellie to rise to repartee?

"Well, don't take time out this afternoon for a beauty sleep," was Miss Cluney's last shot. "For heaven's sake, don't let's get into another mess like yesterday."

Nellie wondered which one of the idle beauties in the rapidly filling room was going to suggest a henna velvet turban to Miss Cluney or her accomplices. Two o'clock came, three o'clock, four o'clock; and never a word of that hat. Shortly before five Miss Cluney was called to the telephone.

"Yes, this is Miss Cluney," Nellie heard her say in dulcet professional tones. "That turban you tried on yesterday? Oh, you mean the little Paris model of henna velvet. No, I don't think it has been sold—I'm sure it hasn't. Really I think you're wise in ordering it. With just the right color in your costume, it ought to be elegant on you. All right, I'll look it up and send it out to-morrow—special, yes, ma'am. Thank you."

"Well, what do you know about that?" gasped Miss Cluney, turning from the phone. "That was Miss Willette, you know, the one that was in here yesterday and asked you to try on that turban. She's decided she wants it after all."

Nellie was on her knees before a deep drawer filled with children's hats. She was thankful that the blow had not caught her standing. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Miss Cluney making aimless and fruitless search among the cases.

"If I could ever teach those girls to put things away where they belong!" fumed Miss Cluney. "Now where do you suppose that hat has gone to? Miss McBride, you put it away yesterday. What did you do with it? I'm in a hurry. You look it up and see that it's packed for delivery to-morrow, will you?"

"All right," said Nellie, drawing herself up by the edge of the drawer. She was still not sure of the adequacy of her limbs. Under the circumstances she made a fairly good pretense of thoroughly searching the stock on display. Presently she appeared at the end of a room carrying a large striped hatbox.

"Did you find it?" asked one of the girls who had overheard Miss Cluney's order.

"Sure," said Nellie. "It's ripped in one spot, so I'm putting it out in the workroom till I can mend it in the morning. I thought I'd wrap it up so nobody would get hold of it and sell it, maybe."

She placed the large box—filled with tissue paper and labeled "Sold"—under the end of the worktable where occasionally she was permitted to sit. Then she gathered up her purchases and went home.

"One day gone," she counted.

At home her mother was waiting in the little front hall, from which Punkins was conspicuously absent. Mrs. McBride's face was a code signal of distress.

"What's the matter?" asked Nellie.

"It's the dog," wailed Mrs. McBride. "Oh, the poor little thing!"

"Punkins? Where is he?"

"Down in the basement—dead!"

Mrs. McBride turned and led the way to the steps, Nellie following. Presently they stood by a strip of old carpeting where Punkins lay cold and stiff, his puppy friskings ended.

"I got a doctor," said Mrs. McBride. "He said the dog had eat something that poisoned him."

"Dead!" said Nellie softly. "Dead!" And she thought how like to Punkins was her soul. Something had died in her, too, that day. She would never be frivolous again. "Dead!"

"I knew you'd take it hard," mourned Mrs. McBride, "but I did everything I could. I'll get the garbage collector to carry him off to-morrow."

After supper, while Mr. and Mrs. McBride went to the movies, Nellie shut herself up in her room to sew. No artist ever approached the task of creation with heavier reluctance or more wavering uncertainty as to his own powers.

"But I've got to do it!" she told her sinking soul. "I've just got to do it! What other way is there? It's that or jail!"

What a blessing that she had studied the hateful, tempting hat so minutely, even to the placing of the stitches! Long ago she had decided just how the velvet had been draped over the crown and how the material had been cut and seamed to fit the frame of the brim. She spread the new velvet out on her bed. Its silken surface caressed her finger tips. Nellie admitted grudgingly that it was good-looking stuff. It ought to have been, considering what it cost. She didn't have one inch to spare. Suppose she spoiled it!

She was advancing cautiously with her scissors when she heard her father and her mother at the front door. Two hours—and she had only begun!

"Go to bed, Nellie," said her mother in the hall. "You was up late last night, you know."

"I'm going," said Nellie, and folded a towel against the crack of the door.

After the decisive cutting Nellie worked more steadily—but still slowly and with terrible concentration. Her whole head seemed on fire except for that tight pressing band about her temples. Once when she put her hand up to her burning forehead she noticed that the fingers were damp and cold and that her wrist shook. It was three o'clock when she took the last stitch that fastened the lining, with its gold label, to her own creation. She was too exhausted to know whether she had succeeded or not. Putting the hat away carefully on the closet shelf, she did not even remember that Punkins was beyond all mischief now. She crawled into bed—to lie in a sort of shivering stupor until morning.

On rising very early she felt unaccountably relieved. It was as if she had been crossing one of those narrow, unstable bridges over a mountain chasm as she had seen done in the movie serials, and now when only a step or two remained between her and safety the awful dizzying fear had departed, leaving her quite peaceful, though very tired and shaky. But it was silly to feel so secure when another step was still to be taken and had best be taken with exceeding care, she admonished herself.

Accordingly she traveled downtown a full half hour earlier than her accustomed time, though that was early enough in all conscience. She was the first employee to enter the Shoppe. As she packed the hat in its box Nellie had one wee, precious moment of vainglory. She did wish Miss Cluney or the chief trimmer could see what she had done. If ever anybody in the Shoppe, not excluding the two above-mentioned arbiters, had ever turned out a copy like that, she—Nellie—had been absent on the day. Nellie did not know whether she could do so well again—she hoped she would never have the same incentive, but she did know that she had done an excellent piece of work for once in her life anyhow. The hat was a beauty, if she did say it, and worthy of its label.

Still Nellie did not linger to give Miss Cluney or the head trimmer an opportunity to pass judgment. She hustled the box down to the delivery department according to Miss Cluney's instructions, saw it stamped and put out for special delivery and resigned her fate to Providence, kind or unkind, as events should prove. She'd done all she could, she was sure.

That the Willettes might not keep the hat never struck her as a possibility until she heard Miss Cluney that afternoon again engaged in conversation with one of them over the telephone.

"Why, Mrs. Willette!" Nellie heard her say in tones of horror. "I can't believe it's possible."

Nellie tried to recall some blunder that she could have made.

"But, Mrs. Willette," protested Miss Cluney. "Surely, I would know if the original had been sold and a copy made. And it has the label still, you say? Well, how—oh, certainly not! No, indeed, I wouldn't doubt your word for a minute! I am just so surprised I don't know what to say. We can't afford to have things like that happen. I'm glad to have my attention called to this. Will you stop in with the hat or shall I send for it? Thank you. I'm so sorry, I really am. Good-by."

Nellie could not help but follow Miss Cluney out into the workroom, where the chief trimmer assured the worried woman that no copy had been made there of any henna velvet turban—positively none. She guessed she knew what went on in that workroom right under her eyes. The chief trimmer had not seen the model in question. Here one of the satellite trimmers spoke up.

"I saw Miss McBride brushing it day before yesterday," she said.

Nellie fled. Still, the first spasm of panic over, she went back to trailing Miss Cluney. Keeping out of direct line of the lady's vision, she listened to anxious inquiries and negative answers. It was as if a magnet drew her to her own destruction. She had crossed her movie chasm to face another peril in an apparently endless series. When Mrs. Willette arrived with the hat Nellie stood behind the corner of a case not six feet distant from the interview. Miss Cluney opened the box and lifted out the hat. She turned it this way and that and upside down. Then she appealed to Mrs. Willette to tell her what was wrong.

"It is not that the hat is inferior," said Mrs. Willette. "I simply do not want to be deceived. The band about the feathers on the original was plain grosgrain ribbon. I remember that distinctly. This ribbon has a moiré wave."

Nellie collapsed against the case. Think of it! Then she peeped round at Miss Cluney, who nodded her head in confirmation.

"I remember, too, now that you speak of it," she said. "I had one of the girls pack the hat for you yesterday evening and I did not notice the ribbon particularly. I don't mind telling you that there is some mystery connected with this, Mrs. Willette. So far I have not been able to make anyone acknowledge the substitution. Of course we do not expect you to keep the hat. We should like besides to make up for this to you in some way. A store of our class cannot afford frauds. I assure you I shall find out who is responsible for this and the girl shall be punished as she deserves."

"Oh," deprecated Mrs. Willette, "I shouldn't want one of those poor girls to get into serious trouble."

Miss Cluney presumed to scrutinize Mrs. Willette for a fraction of a moment. It was a wholly courteous regard, but a scrutiny, none the less, which probably missed not one square inch of the lady's expensive upholstery. Then Miss Cluney looked longer at the hat in her hand, turning it slowly about.

"We can't afford to overlook the matter," she insisted. "The girl shall be punished as she deserves."

Poor Nellie, trembling in the corner!

"Miss McBride!"

Mrs. Willette gone, Miss Cluney had turned directly to Nellie's hiding place.

"Oh, what's the use?" thought Nellie, and came forward.

"Miss McBride," began Miss Cluney in that awful voice of hers.

"Please," begged Nellie, "please, Miss Cluney, not here where everybody's looking and listening."

"Come with me then."

They went to the locker room, Miss Cluney still bearing the hat.

"Well?" she demanded when they were alone.

"I—I ——" began Nellie, but words would not come.

"You had that hat out in the workroom day before yesterday afternoon. What did you do with it then?"

"I—oh, I can't tell you, Miss Cluney."

"I left it to you to find the hat and pack it yesterday. Why wasn't it in the case and where did you get this one?"

Nellie wished that she could speak out, that the chunk of something in her throat would swallow.

"Mr. Sandersen from Sloan's told me last night that you'd been in there at noon after some henna ostrich. I supposed the chief trimmer had sent you. What did you want the feather for?"

At last!

"I made the hat, Miss Cluney," said Nellie with a catch in her voice, which was the chunk going down. "I—something dreadful happened to the real one. Please don't ask me to tell you. It was too awful! I didn't know what to do, so I got the stuff and made a new hat. I thought maybe you might not notice. I got good stuff and I tried to make it just as good as the real one."

"You—made—this—hat?" asked Miss Cluney, shaking the thing before Nellie's wretched eyes.

"Yes," murmured Nellie

Miss Cluney, too, seemed to have emotions to swallow. It was a full minute before coherent speech returned to her. She closed her lips with decision and nodded her head. Nellie bowed hers, waiting for the blow to fall.

"Just a second," said Miss Cluney between her teeth. "I've got something to say to the chief trimmer. You can listen if you like, but don't follow me into the room."

Miss Cluney advanced into that drab, messy workroom like a warrior going forth to slay. For a banner she bore the flaming turban. She waved it before the chief trimmer, then brought it to rest on the table.

"Look it over!" she commanded curtly.

"Well?" asked the trimmer in a very undecided manner.

"I found the girl who made it."

"It isn't a copy, is it?"

"It certainly is! Oh, there's no doubt about it! There's always some slip that tells. But that's not the point. You said yourself that nothing goes on in this workroom that you don't see. Well, somebody out of this workroom, somebody who's been under your eyes for a good many months, wrapping wire and the Lord only knows what, bought the stuff for this hat and made the thing at home. Think of it! An apprentice and a no-good one—according to you!

"Why, there ain't a girl in the place could do as well! What's going to become of us if it takes a penitentiary crime to make you discover where real talent comes from? Clumsy fingers—tommyrot!"

The chief trimmer murmured something about being sorry and at the same time glad to correct her mistake.

"Correct nothing!" fumed Miss Cluney. "The girl's got to be fired for the sake of the firm's reputation. Nothing else would satisfy our customers. But I hope it's a lesson to all of us. Hereafter give the apprentices a chance now and then, even if you don't like them. Maybe it'll pay in the long run."

(Concluded on Page 65)

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(Concluded from Page 63)

Still with the hat, Miss Cluney wheeled about and marched from the room. Nellie looked to see some signs of clemency, considering Miss Cluney's remarkable outburst in her favor. She looked in vain. Miss Cluney was mad all the way through at everybody and everything.

"Get your things on," she said shortly to Nellie. "You're fired this minute—and we're going out."

Nellie understood being fired, but the rest was beyond her. What did Miss Cluney mean by leaving with her? And why did Miss Cluney take the hat?

"We're going to Sloan's," explained Miss Cluney, but that left Nellie more mystified than ever.

"Mr. Sandersen?" snapped Miss Cluney at the desk in Sloan's. "Third floor? Never mind calling him. We'll go up."

"Mr. Sandersen," she said, when the gentleman had been located, "meet my friend, Miss McBride."

"Ah, yes," said Sandersen. "You are the young lady who came in here after the band of ostrich feathers yesterday."

"Yes," interrupted Miss Cluney. "She bought it to make this hat. What do you think of it?"

Sandersen twirled the turban on the ends of his long white fingers.

"Pretty neat," he commented. "Pretty neat."

"I'll say it is! She copied it from a Paris model and you couldn't tell the difference, and I couldn't. But somebody with more time than anything else except money picked on the measly scrap of ribbon she used. Now I haven't got any time to throw away. Do you think you could find a place here for a girl that can copy hats like that? She's going to waste over at the Shoppe. How about it?"

This couldn't be Miss Cluney. Nellie was hunting a pin to prick herself into consciousness. She must be dreaming.

"We can always make room for a bright girl with talent," said Sandersen. "As a matter of fact, one of Miss Rocque's makers quit yesterday to get married. Miss Rocque likes to train her own girls, so I'm sure she'll be glad to try Miss McBride. I'll go speak to her if you'll wait."

"Miss Cluney," stammered Nellie as he left, "I don't know what to say. You oughtn't to—oh, I'm so ashamed!"

Miss Cluney put a mighty arm about the slender, shrinking girl.

"There, there!" she soothed. "Don't I know? Wasn't I once just what you are now? Don't I know what it is to get desperate waiting for something to turn up? Maybe you think I'm cross and mean just because I have to keep after people to get their work done. But I've got my eyes open all the time and I know a good girl when I see one. Don't you suppose I noticed how you handled those hats? I said to myself I'd take care of you when the time came."

"But, Miss Cluney, I stole ——"

"Sh! What you don't tell me I'll never know, for I don't ask questions. What my eyes don't see I don't deserve to find out. And I flatter myself my eyes don't miss very much. Here's your chance. Never mind how it came, here it is. Now make good. You'll get a place with Miss Rocque. They'd think twice here before they'd refuse me a favor.

"All you've got to do is to work and do me proud. See? Oh, don't I know what that first big chance means, don't I?"

An hour before Nellie would not have believed Miss Cluney's eyes could grow so large and shiny soft as they did now with wistful reminiscence.

"Some day," continued Miss Cluney, "you'll be famous, maybe—proud of your own name on a hat lining. I shouldn't be surprised. Only"—here Miss Cluney gazed at the door through which Sandersen had disappeared—"if one of those nice boys asks you to marry him don't put him off too long. Don't do that, honey, you hear?"

Nellie heard her dimly. That is, she knew Miss Cluney was saying something very queer for Miss Cluney; but strange things were happening with such a rush that Nellie's overtaxed brain could not possibly adjust itself to a clear perspective. If some rude shock did not waken her and prove this bewilderment of good fortune a dream Nellie might go off to herself by and by and think things out. At the moment she was a tongue-tied, gaping simpleton. Before she could manage anything like a decent "thank you," Miss Cluney had snapped on her business manner and had departed; and Sandersen was leading Nellie to Miss Rocque.

Miss Rocque was waiting in a small display room. When Nellie could take her eyes from the shimmer and the glow of the cases she saw a small white-haired lady in black silk—a lady whose tired eyes smiled indulgently at Nellie's wistful confusion. Miss Rocque surveyed the timid, eager girl for a moment, then she too nodded with decision, though her manner was nothing like Miss Cluney's exterior belligerence.

"We are making a place for you right away," she said to Nellie. "Will you report to me to-morrow morning? Are you willing to work very hard?"

"Oh," sighed Nellie, "won't I work?"

Again Miss Rocque smiled. Sandersen laughed.

"Clear nuts on the subject, ain't you?" he remarked. "Miss Cluney said so. She pointed you out to me at the show the other night. She's had her eye on you for some time. Miss Cluney's a fine woman."

"Fine?" said Nellie. "She's—she's wonderful!"

The next wonder was that Nellie found her way safely home. She had a warm bubbling feeling inside that made her lightheaded. Nothing seemed quite real.

"I've got a new job," she told her family when both father and mother worried over her lack of appetite. "I'm going to work at Sloan's to-morrow, learning to make hats."

"How much will you get?" asked the mother.

"I don't know," said Nellie. "I never asked. Miss Cluney got me the job. I'm to work for Miss Rocque. She's a maker and a designer. I never asked about the money."

From the uproar over her impracticality Nellie fled. She didn't want to quarrel about anything ever again. She just wanted to go off alone and think and think and think until she understood what had happened to her. She was thinking when Jim came.

Now Jim was just the needed antidote for that bubbly feeling. The instant that Nellie saw him standing in the door she remembered that there were realities still to be dealt with. Would he ask about poor little Punkins?

Jim did not mention Punkins. He had a weightier burden on his mind. If a man can have any more horrible moment than one in which he feels obliged to confess himself in error to a woman, psychologists have not brought that crisis to public attention. Jim coughed, fumed, ran his handkerchief under the edge of his collar, blushed, stammered; but the evil hour was upon him.

"Say, Nellie," he blurted forth at last, "I'm sorry I acted so mean about that hat. It was pretty, I guess."

Nellie could have hugged him then and there, but she was very much a woman.

"I shall never wear it again," she announced.

"Oh, say, Nellie, you can't afford to throw a thing away just because ——"

"I took it back the next day," said Nellie firmly. "I shall never wear it again."

"Nellie, don't make me feel any worse than I do. You know, if I acted grouchy it was just because I—I think such a dog-gone lot of you, Nellie. I've been wanting to say so for some time, only you know how it is. My job won't much more than keep me now, but I'm hoping for promotion some of these days. I thought I'd wait to speak to you till then, but if you're willing to take the risk ——"

"Not now," said Nellie softly. "Not now—some day."

"Some day, sure?"

"Some day, Jim, sure."

"Say," protested Jim, "your eyes are way off. Are you thinking of me or something else?"

"Both, Jim. Oh, Jim, excuse me if I act queer! This has been the most wonderful day. Two things I've been dreaming about for ever and ever so long have come true. It's funny. Just when things begin to look too black to clear up ever my good luck commences. I suppose I'm not talking much sense. Things aren't so very straight yet in my head. But I mean something like this: Just sitting back and wanting a thing doesn't help folks like us, does it? You've got to get real desperate about it, don't you? What's that old saying about necessity?"

"Necessity is the mother of invention?"

"Huh!" sighed Nellie, tucking her hand into Jim's. "She's got a bigger family than that."

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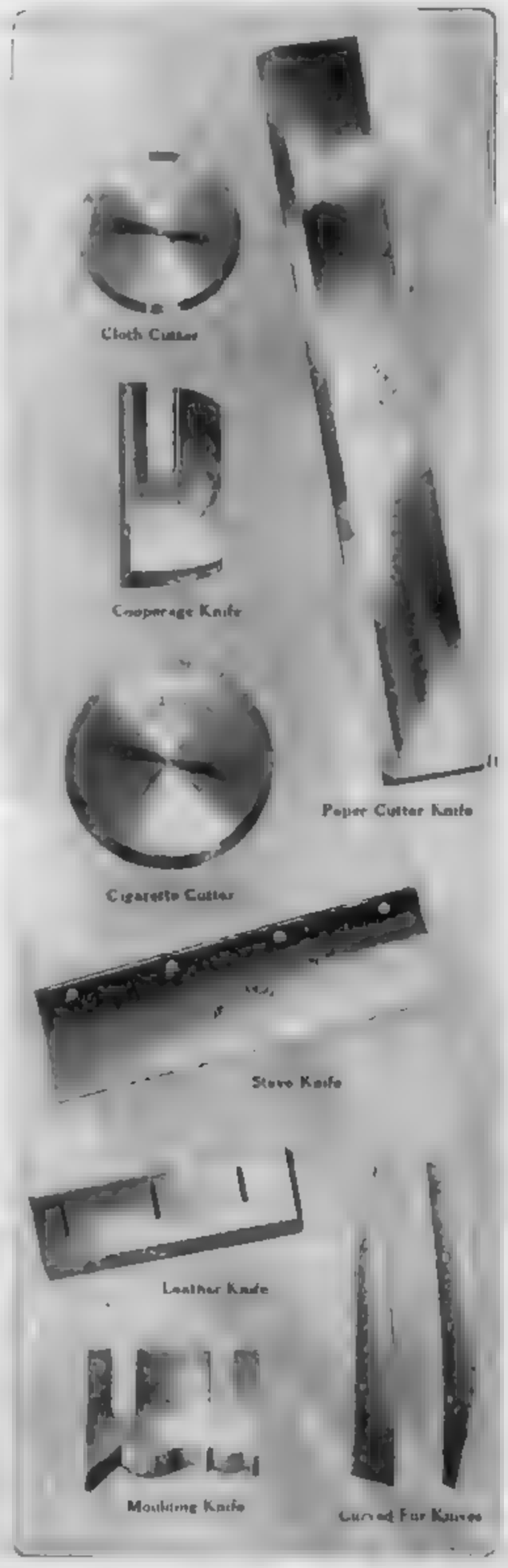

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You sort of warm up towards a man who shows the same taste as you in anything. When it's the same taste in tobacco, out goes your hand—"Shake! Something tells me we're going to do business together."

He's a regular fellow. He not only smokes a pipe, but he smokes your kind of tobacco.

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A man may have to do a lot of looking around before he gets next to the pipe tobacco just suiting him.

It's a mighty important selection. It must be the tobacco that suits his tongue and throat to a T.

If it doesn't get on perfectly with his tongue and throat, it doesn't do the two things he depends upon it to do.

The right tobacco he depends upon to smoke away his troubles with.

It must do a lot more than that. It must add that last soothing, balmy touch to his comfort.

If it doesn't suit his individual taste perfectly, it fails to do the job.

It's a source of petty annoyance, disappointment. He is still looking around for the right tobacco.

He won't be happy till he finds it. He won't be happy until he finds the pipe tobacco so friendly to his throat and tongue that it makes life seem better every time he smokes it. Which isn't easy, because individual tastes differ so widely.

Take Edgeworth, for instance. Edgeworth doesn't completely satisfy everybody or else it would be the only brand on the market.

But the men it suits swear by it. There just isn't any other kind. They like it so strongly that the sight of one of its little blue cans on a stranger's desk starts them off on one of their enthusiasms. "I see you smoke Edgeworth," they begin. Then they're off.

It may be that Edgeworth is the pipe tobacco you've been looking for.

If you haven't yet found the tobacco that's just yours in and out, and through and through, every day of the week, Sundays included, we wish you'd try Edgeworth.

Just send us your name and address on a postcard. If you feel like doing us a favor, send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, if you like Edgeworth. We will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

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Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to meet the requirements of a good many different customers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are put up in pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and in various quantities in between those sizes.

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To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

STAGE ART—NEW AND OLD

(Continued from Page 23)

they will be—and which were immensely superior to any obtained by the early applications of electricity. It is a significant fact that Henry Irving, after installing a complete electrical stage-lighting system in the London Lyceum, in 1891—at the request of Augustin Daly, who had rented that theater for a season—tore it all out and restored the gas system, reënforced by limes, and retained it until he gave up management of that house, July 19, 1902.

There were likewise other precursors of present-day appliances and effects that should by no means be sneezed at. For example, the electrical baby spotlight, which with its varicolored gelatin mediums is one of the most useful of contemporary illuminators, and which, by the way, was originated and perfected in my theater and under my direction, is after all only a development of a device which I used as long ago as 1878—namely, a policeman's bull's-eye lantern with heavy black paper pasted over the lens, in which paper a three-eighth-inch circular hole had been cut.

I recall, too, that in the far-off days at Maguire's Opera House and the old Baldwin, in San Francisco, I obtained some eminently satisfactory results by other uses of the bull's-eye. For instance, in my dramatization of The Vicar of Wakefield I partially buried one, the lens of which I had painted red, in a grate about one-third full of real coal ashes, on the top of which I carefully arranged a few bits of broken glass and some large lumps of coal, and so produced as veritable and effective a real fire as I have ever seen.

When electricity had been sufficiently mastered to enable us to light with it the gas foots, side stripes and overhead borders—all of which were netted with wire mesh to prevent firing the scenery instead of having the gasman do it with a long wax taper—often in view of the assembling audience—we were sure that we had reached the ultima Thule of progress and that science could never hope to do more! Indeed, so much was thought of this electric-spark system of gas ignition that even before it was applied to the stage lights it was advertised as a thing notable. Among my prized relics is an early program of Booth's Theater—1869–70—carrying this quaint notice in black-face type:

"The Grand Chandelier and Cornice Lights will be lighted Every Evening, at eight o'clock precisely, by Wilson's Patent Electric Apparatus, furnished by Mr. Abraham L. Bogart."

Good Enough for Edwin

Long after such improvements were commonly used in the first-class theaters of the greater cities of the Republic the old oil lamps, and even tallow candles, were used in inferior theaters and in the smaller towns, especially in the South, the Middle West and the mountain country of the Far West. Old Ben De Bar, an early and influential theatrical manager and actor, long a favorite in New Orleans and St. Louis, once refused to provide a limelight for Edwin Booth's performance of Hamlet, sending word to that disgusted tragedian that his father, the famous Junius Brutus, had acted the part without it and that Edwin "could have a steam-engine headlight," and nothing more. In those old strolling days, even while some of my own lighting improvements were in use at several theaters in San Francisco, I have myself in the mountain towns personated the Melancholy Dane before a line of guttering candles, reenforced by a couple of large oil lamps taken from a hotel office and backed with mirrors.

But my exceeding interest in this wide and fascinating subject has led me into a digression I did not intend. Many of the old-time actors and stage directors were content with any means of illumination—even the flare from a pan of red fire or the hard cold white light of the earliest electrics—as long as the players' faces were displayed. Many of us, however, were not. We desired to light both the countenances of actors and the stage settings in which they appeared with artificial light which in quality and diffusion should come as near as the product of man can come to that of God's universe; and as a consequence of this desire came all the many experiments and innovations made by, among others, Dion Boucicault, Booth, Barrett, Daly, Steele MacKaye—whose work has never received the full recognition it deserves—and me. These were carried on and made before the very vocal new arters of to-day were born—or, at most, while they were not yet out of the swaddling clouts—and the sum total of them is that some productions on the American stage have been revealed with an artistic fitness and beauty of lighting that could well bear comparison with that displayed by the greatest of the admired Old Masters. But since the work is that of mere Americans, and theatrical managers at that, and since the finest fruition of it is visible to-day in our own country, we mustn't say so! It is only because in most cases the effect of Nature can be best created without footlights, when their absence is properly compensated for, that they should be omitted.

The Creed of the New Arters

Does the general public, I wonder, which reads and hears so much about the theater, really know what this new-art movement is—what it postulates and what it purposes? Do all the lively and generally very young persons who extol and advocate it know? I do not believe that they do. Let me, then, epitomize here my understanding of this movement, derived from wide observation of it and from study of the deliverances of active workers in it.

It is this:

The theater is all but hopelessly degraded to a shop for buffoonery and is dominated by a gang of sordid business men—business men who transact business on sound, honest principles and remain solvent are necessarily always sordid! Acting as the Western world—Europe and America—knows it is not an art. Actors are not artists, but are mere miming mummers. In words that are ascribed to the eminent Italian actress Signora Eleanora Duse, but which I hope she did not have the bad taste and the bad sense to utter: "To save the theater the theater must be destroyed; the actors and actresses must all die of the plague. They poison the air, they make art impossible."

Human beings are, in their own persons, impossible as instruments, as material of art—any art. It is indecent and outrageous that human emotions should be exhibited on a platform to human observance. The passionate tussle between the elephant and the tiger gives us all the excitement that we can get from the modern stage, and can give it to us unalloyed. Upon our stage masks will be used in place of the human face in the near future. Presently after this innovation—advancing by way of reverting to an expedient of the ancient Greek theater—the stage will be expurgated of the human actor as such, and he will be supplanted by the *Uber-Marionette*, a mechanism which is indicated as embodying a sort of sublimated reversion to a noble artificiality that was admired and extolled in Asia, 500 B. C.

The writer, the dramatist, the musician, the painter—all are useless in the theater, and they are all to be expelled from it. Those who are really of the theater—whoever those mystical elect may be!—are to return into their kingdom the keys of which have long been held by the business men—that is, our dear old friends the commercial managers—and from them shall spring so great an art, and one so universally beloved, that a new religion will be found contained in it. This remarkable art religion will not show us definite images—I'll stake my soul it will not; instead it will unveil thought to our eyes—silently—by movements—in visions.

The degradation of our great dramatic authors—specifically and preëminently, of Shakspere—by the acting of their plays shall be stopped. And above all, the dreadfully stupid copying and imitating of Nature is finally to be done away with; the theater is to be destroyed.

As a means of hastening this glorious consummation the method and manner of setting plays which have been developed through centuries are to be reformed and advanced by abandoning the poor, worthless and indeed contemptible ideals of verisimilitude, and revealing them instead under eccentric and amazing lights and before still more eccentric and amazing backgrounds, draperies and decorations, which bear no relationship whatsoever to life or fact and which therefore—I suppose upon the make-believe theory of the child's "let's pretend"—must be considered to convey the spirit and essence of an idea to an audience.

That is a correct and fair summary. Is it not all lucid and most lovely?

The reason for purposing to extrude from the theater the greatest dramas in the language is that, as alleged, they are lost there—lost because the art of them is so great and so perfect that it can bring us on the mere reading an understanding and appreciation of them that cannot, as alleged, be even approached in the theater.

This solemn asseveration is but iteration—by way, I suppose, of continuing to be progressive by gilding dust of the past—of an antique, long-wearisome and wholly untenable doctrine concerning limitations of the stage. Charles Lamb, who died in 1834, declared of the King Lear of Shakspere that it "is essentially impossible to be represented on the stage"—and cuckoos of disparagement still are echoing that foolishment of his. How did Lamb establish that very positive negation—if I may be permitted the phrase? He was not an actor. He never saw an actor even attempt to represent the Lear of Shakspere on the stage; it was a very different thing that was attempted under the name of Lear in his time. He designated as contemptible the machinery by which they mimic the storm. But the mechanical possibilities of representation have been tremendously improved since his day. It is now quite possible so to mimic the storm as to satisfy any auditor, save such as old John Ryder, the English actor and stage manager, who while directing preparation of a play mistook a real peal of thunder for the artificial one he was rehearsing, denounced it as very bad, and upon being informed of his blunder imperiously exclaimed: "Well, it may do for God, but it isn't good enough for me!"

It is well to bear in mind that statements—whether by Charles Lamb or by John Jones—are authoritative not because they are made but merely when they are true. Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," was a dear and lovable creature, and a man of genius—but there is far more of the obfuscation of the gin he loved so well than there is of the insight of critical genius in that notion of his about Lear.

Nonsense About Shakspere

What Lamb declared of Lear the proponents of the new artistic revelation extend to all the works of Lear's creator. Writes one of the chief of them: "Shakspere's plays are not for representation; Shakspere's plays were written for the reader and not for the stage."

If that were the fact instead of being, as it is, an absurdity, I wish somebody would inform us poor ignorant beings who manage and direct theaters and act in them, who love to go to the theater and see plays by the great dramatist there performed, why it was that William Shakspere, who presumably knew whether he wrote for the stage or for the reading closet, produced all his plays upon the stage as soon as he could after writing them; why it is that only a few of them were published for the reader during his lifetime; why eighteen of them—including some of the greatest—were not published for the reader at all till seven years after his death; why he made no provision whatsoever for publishing them for the reader—for whom it is so dogmatically asserted that they were specifically intended—after he died, but instead—their stage success once achieved—left them so indifferently that they were preserved to the world only through the reverence and love of two of his fellows—actors and managers—who had helped to set them on the stage and acted in them, and who, by the way, issued them for the reader in perhaps the worst-edited, worst-proved, and worst-printed book that ever came from the press.

That wretched unfortunate Oscar Wilde possessed sufficient intelligence to apprehend that "to be natural is to be obvious"; but, being disordered, the miserable man also conceived and declared the notions that "to be obvious is to be inartistic" and that "whatever actually occurs is spoiled

(Continued on Page 69)

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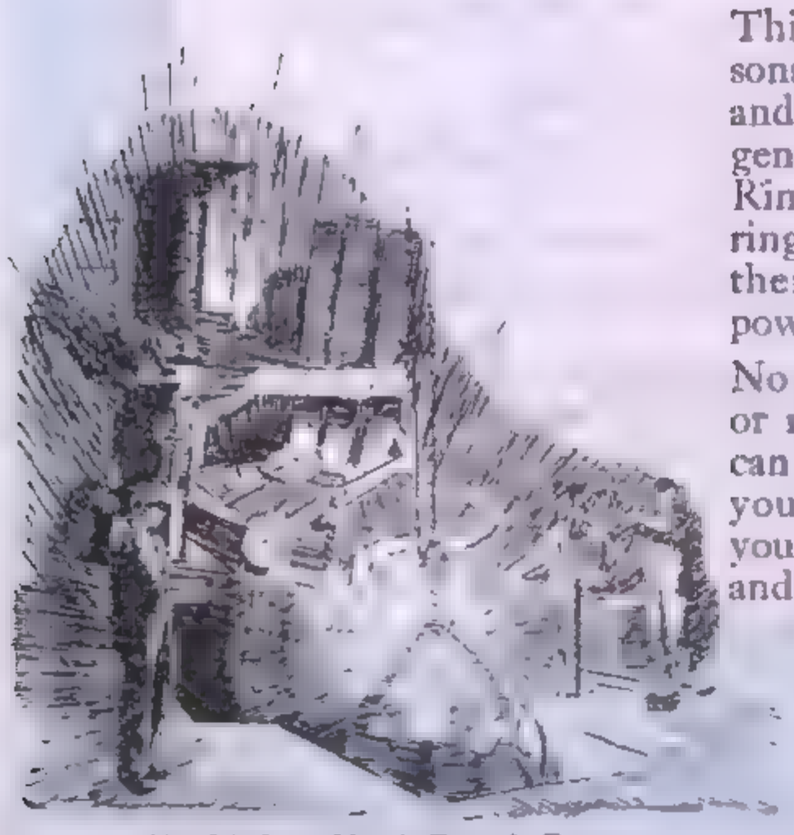

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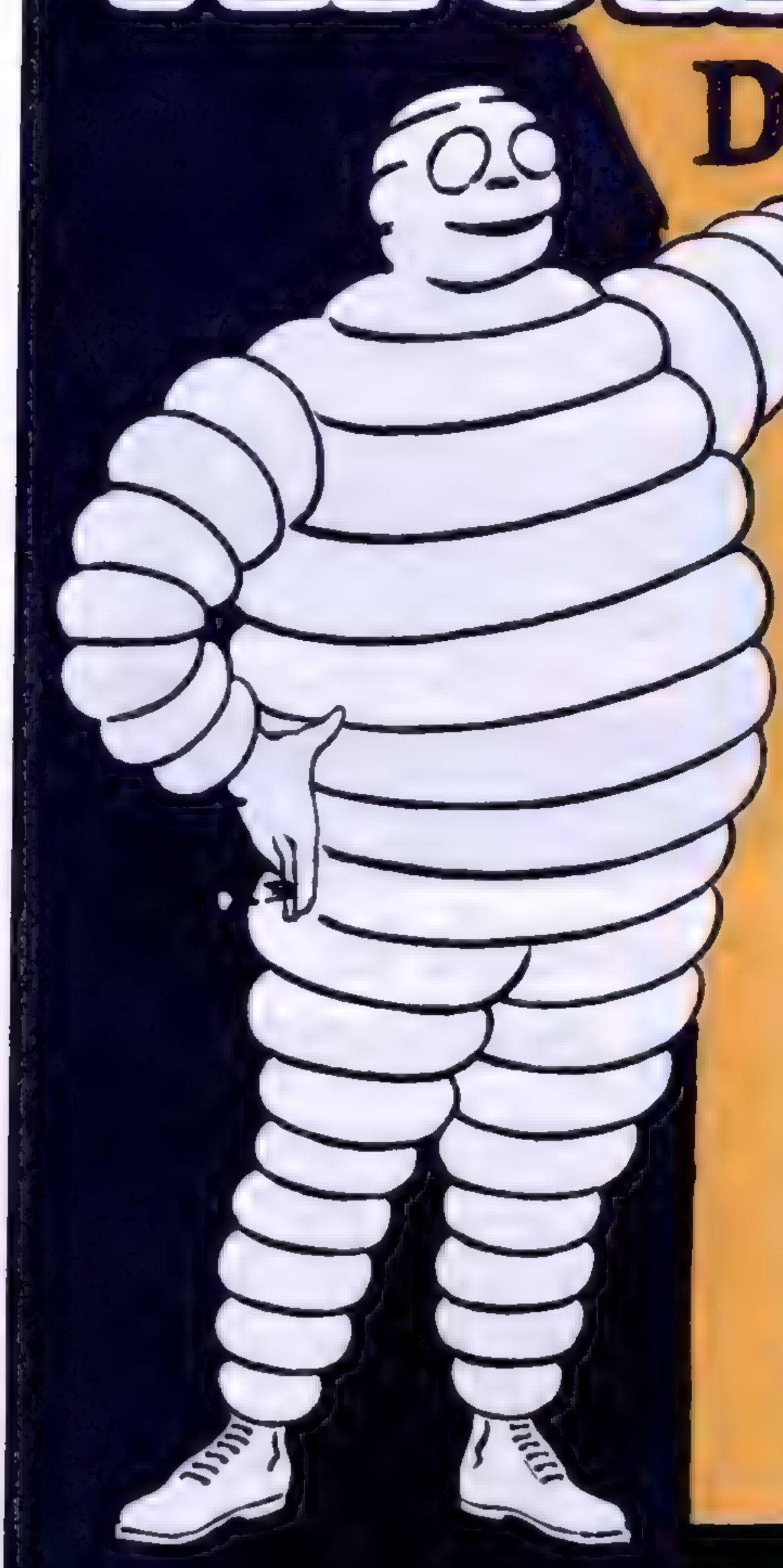

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MILLTOWN NEW JERSEY

(Continued from Page 66)

for art." Wilde, indeed—perhaps the first and certainly the most widely known of English-speaking decadents—is, it seems to me, the direct mental progenitor of the so-called new art of the theater. This view must at least be admitted as reasonable when we find one of the contemporary pundits of that art—and one of world-wide influence too—declaring that it will "rescue" the stage "from the barren search after the imitation of Nature."

Now it ought to be too manifest to require affirmation that art is, ever was and always must be the copy, the imitation and transcript of Nature. Thus it is upon this inevadable point that the advocates of the new art of the theater and those of the old and true art join issue. And I am most proud to rank myself among those of the latter, who by the judgment of posterity may be parted upon the left hand as the Philistine goats, but who I devoutly believe will be parted upon the right hand as the truly artistic sheep.

The Doctrine of the Decadents

"The real world" is to the proponents of alleged advancement—as one of them explicitly declares—"a disappointing and deceptive place," and the new art will reveal "a realer world, homogeneous, beautiful, significant, grave and spiritual." That is the very doctrine of the decadents, those distempered persons who, as the great thinker and alienist Max Nordau pointed out, suppose and maintain, in their disordered state, "that art is to avoid and to be diametrically opposed to the natural and the real." And how perfectly those words of Nordau's describe much of the scenic setting which, in the abused name of advancement, has been obtruded before the public!

The true theatric artist, *per contra*, perceives the greatness, the stupendous majesty, beauty, variety and spiritual significance of the real world and of humanity; and with high purpose, yet humbly—because he appreciates his own individual smallness and his limitations and understands that art, be the form of it what it may, is not the most important thing in life, but is only one of the several servants of civilization—he sets himself to copy, illuminate and interpret selected aspects and events of that real world and of human experience—without, in doing so, presuming to differ from or undertaking to rectify God. The great master mind and immortal monitor of the theater, our gentle Shakspere, told us, and told us true, that the purpose of art—and, in particular, of the art of playing—is "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." And that is what we old arters of the theater strive mightily to do, showing "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

But your new artist theatric, when he is sincere, will have none of this; he is like old Sir Anthony Absolute, in the play, bidding us each to go "get an atmosphere and a son of your own!" Not sufficient for him are the real world, the towering mountain, the trackless ocean, the light of noon or the dark of midnight, the setting sun, the rising star, the vast solitudes of Nature, the busy haunts of humanity, the ardent mind, the strange, fathomless, mysterious, fascinating, loving, longing, struggling, despairing, hoping heart of man. Those may do for the Philistine of the playhouse; for the grubbing merchant; the stolid, gelid bourgeoisie; the tiresome old-timers; the tear-mouthed Booth, the ranter McCullough, the charlatan Irving, the pretender Daly, the faker Belasco, and so following—but they are too insignificant, too frivolous, too shallow and mundane for his mighty mind and all-aspiring soul. He must have a different red, a new blue, a new fire, an original sun, a unique moon; and, prancing about in his little theater, he blithely undertakes to compete with and excel the Almighty who made him, and to produce, develop and display those things. It may be new art; it seems to me more like old and very childish impudence.

We, the disciples of the old art—here I venture to speak for a class as well as for myself—who find one world, and that the actual one, more than enough at a time, seeing and hearing the ministers of this new cult, can but look on and listen with what patience we may, pray God in our hearts for true understanding, faculty and power and turn back with all our strength to service of our old art that we know and adore and which, among other advantages, is understood and loved by the great mass of humanity, of which we are grateful and are proud to be a part.

As to the new artistic artist who is wholly insincere—and there are many such—the fellow who with his tongue in his cheek takes up a fad and puts himself into the trick of singularity for the sake of the profit, who would unhesitatingly confuse and mislead as long as money came withal—I feel for such a contempt I will not try to express. All such might well adopt as a motto the lines:

I see the right, and I approve it too,
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong pursue!

Not long ago an earnest, clever man—at least I assume that he must be clever because he is a college professor—discussing with me this subject remarked: "You must admit that there is some—in fact, great—merit in the new stage art, because it simplifies scenery and appeals to the imagination."

I answered him: "On what compulsion must I?" And I never shall admit anything of the kind until I become convinced that what I know to be false is true.

There are few greater or more vitiating errors than the error which assumes that there is good in everything and that there is something to be said in favor of every doctrine that is propounded. The devil's advocate, of course, can plead well in a bad cause. Sophistry lives by doing that. But that does not make the bad cause good. As Shakspere has aptly phrased it for us:

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text? . . .

And as in law and in religion, so likewise in art; in the so-called new art of the theater there is not even one single thing peculiar to it that is good and right; and all the talk, of which there is much, about its scenic simplicity and its appeal to the imagination—that is, of an appeal to the imagination special and singular to it—is nothing more than high-sounding buncombe.

When Broadway Applauds Virtue

Let us consider. The appeal made by every intelligent and seriously purposeful dramatist and producer is and necessarily must be addressed to the imagination. If the imagination be not enthralled illusion is not created. If illusion is not created we fail—and that is all there is to it. But it is idle to tell me that the old art is effete while it holds masses of men and women in spellbound attention, and in this sophisticated and often cynical twentieth century thrills a hard-boiled Broadway audience into spontaneous applause of a virtuous sentiment.

It is maintained by an eminent preacher of the new dispensation—in fact, by its very hierophant himself—that "it is little short of sacrilege to destroy those ideas"—that is, ideas produced by reading dramas—"by confusing us and our other senses"—*sic*—"by appealing to those other senses at the same time."

The style of the learned authority whom I thus quote is indeed exasperatingly peculiar—like the doctrine he preaches—but what he appears to be driving at—supposing, as I do, that he really is driving at anything—is that while reading only the sense of sight is operative and, the other senses being quiescent, the imagination has full, unimpeded sway.

Now it is the fact that it is in the actual exercise of the new art of the theater in its most representative examples—and never in adequate exercise of what, for differentiation, I have so often called the old art—that "those other senses"—intelligibly expressed, the perceptive and apprehensive faculties, the intellect and the emotions—are confused.

By performances on the stage accordant to the tenets of the new art mental discomfort and confusion are inevitably caused—and the reason and process of that deplorable effect are not far to seek. The spectator of a dramatic performance of any kind who consciously occupies his mind, his will and the faculty of attention with the task of imagining will never, in the theater, at that performance, imagine anything. He will, of absolute necessity, remain actively cognizant of self; of his whereabouts and surroundings, of the wood and the canvas, the paint and the lights, the actors and not the characters, set before him. If you do not believe this go and test it. And having tested it you will, I know, recognize and admit the truth of my contention that it is a dramatic crime worse than clowning—because even more destructive of right effect—to distract the attention and imagination of an audience with *outré* and bizarre sets, backgrounds and decorations, which obtrude and assert themselves even when some necessary question of the play is to be considered—for now and always the play's the thing!

Therefore the stage manager who so treats and sets dramatic performances that spectators are imperatively required, by the very nature of the settings placed before them, to attempt to imagine a forest while gazing at some dangling shreds of muslin splotched with garish color; to imagine a formal garden with a boxed hedge upon beholding a single elongated stalk set in a tub and topped with a brush-like tuft of foliage—such a stage manager is a person who has mistaken his vocation. Or, if not, then I will swear by all my gods that I have mistaken mine—and that notwithstanding fifty years of labor and much dearly prized success in it!

What the Old Art Can Do

The genuine stage manager, the authentic producer of plays, I maintain, follows and always must follow a very different method. He first carefully ascertains and determines the mental, nervous and emotional state into which the audience should be inducted by proper presentation of the play in hand. Then, with every resource of his art—which comprehends the use of every one of all the other arts which can be made contributory to fulfillment of his design—he labors so to frame, set forth and enforce the true art of the stage—namely, the acting—that involuntarily, unawares, the spectators are affected, then dominated and their attention enthralled until imagination completely controls them, their neighbors, themselves and the stage settings and all accessories, as such, utterly disregarded, and the perfect illusion of reality created, so that emotionally they can be played upon as a musician plays upon his instrument. That has never been done by the new art; I have seen others do it, and have done it myself with the old.

The result which I have just described has not only never been achieved by the new art; it is not even the result aimed at by it. And an art that would revolutionize the stage and society, inculcating a new religion by unveiling "thought to our eyes . . . in visions"; by sweeping from the stage all the dramas of our language, beginning with the greatest; by banishing from the theater the actor, the writer, the musician, the painter, all the yoked artists with and through whom the authentic producer works, substituting masked faces and marionette figures—that art would not be an advance or an improvement; its religion would prove to be mystic bosh; it would be a curse and a blight. Thank God—though advocacy and praise of it do some mischief—its permanent establishment is an impossibility. The stream of true progress swirls and eddies as it flows onward, and from time to time such bubbles come to the surface and float a little way before they burst. But the real artists of the theater—the dramatist, the actor, the director and producer—will still hold their place, still do their work and fulfill their useful and beautiful destiny, centuries after the vagaries of freak and fad have all been forever submerged and forgotten.

The words most often uttered by advocates of the new method are the inspiriting words "progress" and "improvement." To me it sounds as a desecration to hear these words so uttered—a mockery and an affront. We do not advance by going backward like the crab! Progress there has been made, and improvement, in all branches of the scenic art of the theater, as in many other aspects of it. And progress and improvement will continue to be made by the same class that has made them before—the simple, sincere, clear-seeing, clear-thinking men and women of the stage, willing to give their lives and the very best of their hearts and minds to the advancement of their calling and the service of the public. They never have come and they never will come from visionary theorists, faddists or iconoclasts who cry out that the art of the theater positively does not exist and demand new materials and new forms before they have even comprehended, let alone mastered, the old—and all-sufficient—ones. There will be need—and room—for a new art of the theater when God shall have changed the essential nature of man—and not before. Meantime, genius is not shackled and the artist who really has something to say in the theater finds no paucity of means to say it.

The great object of every sincere and genuine worker in the theater is, and I believe ever has been, improvement. The conscious purpose with which we labor is to effect it. As Richard Mansfield once wrote: "I must move on, move up—perhaps out—but still move on!" So say we all of us. If I did not feel that I had advanced at least a little every season, with every production I set upon the stage, I could not go on with my work.

And that same feeling, that purpose to progress and improve, has, I know, been active—notwithstanding obstacles, hidebound conventions and some overconservative actors and managers—ever since there was a theater at all. You will find the evidence of it—and very significant and instructive evidence it sometimes is, not only as to acting but as to stage mechanics—in the biographies and memoirs of almost all the old actors and managers. Some distinguished foreign authorities, however, seem not to recognize this important fact, but—ignoring or slighting American experiments and achievements—date material progress in presentment of the closest "possible imitation of Nature in the"—scenic—"presentation of opera and drama" from the inception of what is sometimes called the movement for stage reform, in Austria, in 1880. It is a great injustice thus to ignore the invaluable practical work of Edwin Booth, whose great theater in New York was opened in February, 1869, many years before Henry Irving—to whom so much of improvement is righty ascribed—even assumed management of the famous London Lyceum; of Steele MacKaye and of other American pioneers. But it would require a separate article and a long one to deal adequately with the chronology of development in stage mechanics—which, curiously enough, both in Europe and America, was in modern times much stimulated by terrible and destructive theater fires.

Scenic Investiture

It is deplorable that the making of stage settings—what Winter aptly termed the "scenic investiture," a phrase that has gone through much of recent theatrical commentary—has of late years come to be so widely thought and spoken of as stage art. That is a serious misnomer. Acting—and, properly, only acting—is stage art. The settings, all the details of investiture, environment and dressing are but the scenic art—the background against which and within which acting is to be displayed. When they become anything else they are artistically wrong; an excrescence and disfigurement which defeats the purpose of playing. And that is what invariably they have been throughout every exhibition of the new art which it has been my fate to see.

A frequent—perhaps the most frequent and favorite—disparagement of my own work as a producer is the allegation that I overload my productions with scenic embellishment and detail. That disparagement, I am frank to say, sometimes wounds me—and those who make it are welcome to all the pleasure they can derive from knowing that they have sometimes succeeded in their purpose to cause pain. The reason, however, that they have succeeded in giving me pain is because of the obvious untruth and therefore manifest malice of the censure alluded to. "Sir," said Doctor Johnson to an invariably satiric acquaintance, "you never open your mouth but with intention to give pain; and you have often given me pain, not from the power of what you said but from seeing your motive." Thus with the censurers to whom I allude.

Every play and every scene in every play that I set before the public is a problem separate to itself. The only satisfactory answer to that problem, for me, is in presenting a stage picture, a scenic investiture as faithful to life as scenic art can make it. I cannot suggest a restaurant by a chair, a table, a paper napkin and a toothpick—nor would I venture to instruct an actor to derive the symbolism of his character from the toothpick in such a set. This is not burlesque on my part. In a certain much

"You read this for yourselves and then you'll agree with me"

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Standing before the Annual School Board meeting with a pamphlet in his hand, he said, "this was handed to me by a Boy Scout. That boy was a David, this booklet was the pebble, and," with a good natured smile, "I reckon I'm the Goliath."

"Last July I read about the University fire over in Selma. I happened to be in Birmingham that Saturday night and *saw* Tuggle Institute burn to the ground. A few weeks later I heard details concerning the orphanage fire in Huntsville in October—but it took this book sent out by the U. S. Commissioner of Education, to show me why we have these fires so steadily! And the only thing that's going to stop it is installing Automatic Sprinklers."

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He carried the meeting unanimously because he knew conditions and knew the cure. That town equipped the basement and other danger spots of its schools with Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler Systems just as Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Erie, Binghamton, Waterbury and scores of others have. They followed the Waterbury plan, safeguarding several of the most hazardous schools first and then equipping one school every year until ultimately all the school children will be protected by this best known type of fire fighting equipment.

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When the fire starts, the water starts.

commended revival of Twelfth Night, made according to tenets of the new art, the actor of Malvolio was directed to draw the symbolism of that character—whatever that may mean—from a stiff and angular tuft of box hedge set upon the top of a thin rail-like stalk, which indicated the hedge in the famous garden scene. I have not yet been able to attain to quite such artistic heights as that.

As to simplification of scenery, it is possible to present plays without any scenery at all. It has been done—often. It was the custom so to present them in the spacious days of the Good Queen Bess; not because it was then deemed the most artistic way to present them but because the stage of the time, like the English nation of her time, "yet struggling to emerge from barbarity," had not emerged and progressed far enough to develop scenery. That which the rough Elizabethan audience had never seen it did not miss. But if it had once beheld the scenic excellence and beauty of the modern stage it never would have been satisfied by reversion to draperies and a barren platform. That method of progression is peculiar to the advanced arters of our more enlightened time.

It is possible to act, and to act greatly, not only without scenery but also without associates, costumes, special lights, make-up or even a stage. It has been done—therefore I say that it is possible. But it is possible only to the highest order of histrionic genius, and that in every age is rare.

There is a capital story which relates that once, at Twickenham, David Garrick, intent on buttering a piece of toast, raised his eyes and observed the Duc de Guines, another member of the party, gazing at him with an expression of mingled amazement and disappointment.

"Ah!" exclaimed the actor; "Garrick, with his toast and butter, is a disappointment to you?"

"No, indeed," replied the duke; "I was only comparing him in my mind with the Garrick of Hogarth's portrait of Richard the Third, dagger in hand."

"In truth," Garrick rejoined, "painters flatter us. They see us as we are on the stage; they give us fine attitudes and the looks of kings. When we are ourselves again we appear small and vulgar compared with our portraits."

"Thus speaking," continues the old narrator, "Garrick rose. A sudden flash of terrible anger spread over his features and transfigured him. His brow was knit, the eyes were in flames, the lips quivered, the hair bristled; his very stature seemed to have risen to six feet. The image of Garrick had vanished away; it was Hogarth's portrait of Garrick as Richard the Third that stood there."

Scenic Problems

Such things can be and have been done. I have seen kindred exhibitions by other great actors. Charles Wyndham once did much the same thing, assuming the character of David Garrick, in the old play of that name, at a private dinner party. Twice I saw old John Gilbert, in private, to gratify friends, rise in his place, without an instant's pause for preparation, and assume and act the character of Sir Anthony Absolute, in that wonderfully comic outbreak against his scapegrace son. Hundreds of persons saw and were thrilled by Henry Irving's unaided impersonation of Eugene Aram. But the greatest true acting is possible only upon a properly appointed stage, and there and thus exhibited it will always be most effective, creating its profoundest, most salutary effect. To present Hamlet or Macbeth without scenery or with a background of meaningless draperies or envisaged among the extravagant eccentricities of the new art is but to demonstrate the presenter's inadequacy—whether financial or artistic or both—to proper scenic exhibition of those tragedies.

The genuine producer must not, cannot, be limited to any one method or style. Each stage and scenic problem, as I have said, must be solved by itself. It would have been an artistic crime and an affront to my public for me to attempt to treat my tragedy of Adrea, which required an environment of semibarbaric splendor and profusion, with the severe simplicity requisite in the staging of Marie-Odile. My setting of Du Barry was, questionless, a very riot of opulence—as was necessary. But such treatment would have been ruinous, for example, to The Phantom Rival, in the chief scene of which there was nothing on the stage but a central stairs, a single chair and a fireplace fender. Again, in my current production, The Son-Daughter, toward which—like the mother toward the child whom she has most recently held in her arms—I am at present most partial, I have, without departing in the least from the canons of old and true art, exemplified the utmost simplicity. In the principal scene of that production, its heaviest set, there is nothing on the stage but the specified nuptial couch—far at the back—an image of the Buddha and two chairs. The new art, I suppose, would have me suggest even that sparse setting. However, the public seems to approve it as it is. And to please the public is my principal purpose.

Those who do not seek or who despise the popular approval should not, I think, appeal to the attention of the populace. The art of the stage, beyond all other arts, is the art of the people, and what the people long support will in the end be found worthy In one of the wisest essays on the theater that ever I read it is written of that institution that it is one "that can maintain a prosperous, remunerative existence only when it is made to satisfy many different classes of people," and that "no rational, practical thinker would heed the opinion of the multitude on such a subject, for example, as the poetry of Shelley or the painting of Murillo; but every rational, practical thinker knows that he must heed that opinion on the subject of the acted drama. Without the presence of a popular audience—an audience of the multitude—the influence of the theater would not extend beyond the comparatively narrow radius that includes the educated few; and this circumscription, obviously, would involve a sacrifice of public benefit."

The Public No Fool

There is too much of praising the plays, the dramatic and theatric art, that please not the million, that are "caviar to the general," merely because they are caviar. Some things, questionless, are beyond popular comprehension, and some of those things are plays. And no doubt that which is incomprehensible in general soon wearies. But in the theater it is not an infallible sign of excellence; it is, on the contrary, usually a reliable sign of inferiority—when the general public condemns. I do not mean that I believe the voice of the people is the voice of God. I do mean that I believe in the people, in the oft-condemned million, with all my heart and soul. I recognize that the theatergoing public is in a sense inarticulate; and I think that even if it became vocal it might very likely be unable to give a formal, reasoned exposition of the grounds of its preferences and aversions. Yet I have learned that its instinctive apprehension of good, in art as in life, is usually instant and lasting, and therefore I trust the public and depend on it. Beware, I say, of those who condemn and disparage that which the people have for generations loved and approved. It was wisely observed by the representative sage of criticism that "the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature and to instruct life," and that "nothing can please many and please long but just representations of general nature." The art of the theater which has justly copied nature and instructed life, with evergrowing truth, beauty and power, through century after century, pleasing the many—cheering, encouraging, helping them, in sickness, sorrow and trouble—is a good enough art for me! I wish only that I could feel myself to be good enough for it.

"The public is no fool," remarks one of the high priests of the new art in a moment of transient lucidity. I have dealt with the public in the theater for upward of half a century—and I fully concur. The public is very far indeed from being a fool. But it is simply to accuse the public of folly—of blind, ignorant, rank, stupid folly—to assert that what the public has loved, admired, approved and applauded through generations and what it still adheres to is after all not an art but merely dross, vanity and utter vacuity. The public thinks and knows a great deal more about art—true art—than it generally gets credit for. Great art, real art, always succeeds, always has and always will—and the validity of that statement is not in the least vitiated by the fact that in every period some other things that are not art at all are presented in its abused name and are for a time more or less financially prosperous. In the end the people will be found to have supported all that is best.

When

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When the call is to the open road the New Velie satisfies you with performance worthy of its style. Its powerful noiseless motor, with internally-heated vaporizer, makes new records on low grade fuel.

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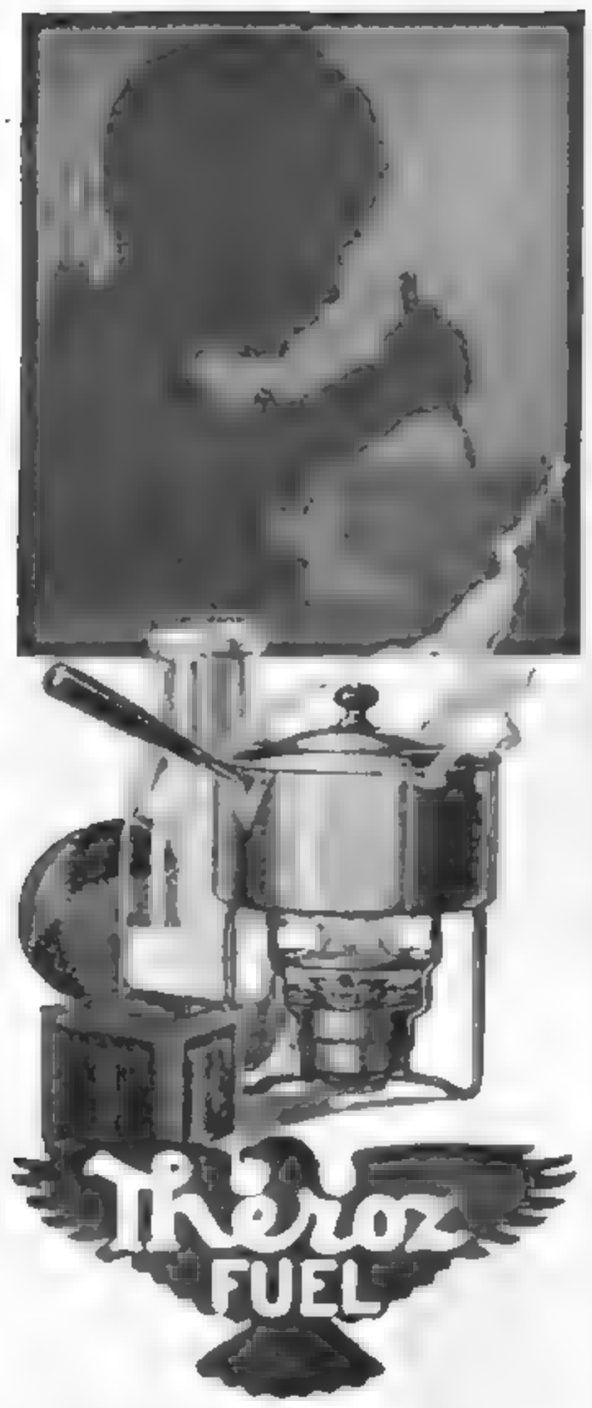

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The Theroz Company
Woolworth Building New York

The handy Fuel for
MARCH
and every other Month

COMMERCIAL ENTERTAINMENT

(Continued from Page 15)

place it turned out to be a club, and though it was only eleven o'clock in the morning some fellows were sitting at a table having a round of drinks; Gus said they were a bunch of his friends and he couldn't pass them up without buying at least one. At this the Iowa man said he guessed he had better be going along, but Gus whispered to him that it would pay him to stick round a while, as most of the bunch were connected with the wholesale trade and he could learn a lot from them about the right prices on merchandise.

They were an awfully live crowd. A couple of them were traveling men in from the road, and the Iowa man felt that it was an education to hear them talk familiarly about the big retail stores all over the Middle West and mention the heads of departments by their first names. After a while someone ordered lunch. Then Gus announced it was too nice a day to spoil by working and he would phone a speculator and get matinée tickets for the crowd. The Iowa man felt he couldn't refuse to go along after accepting so much hospitality already, so he put off business until next day.

The crowd stuck together until after dinner, then all went to an athletic club somewhere and saw some ten-round boxing contests. After that there was a cabaret show. The hard drinks had been coming regularly since morning. The last part of the evening was rather hazy, but the Iowa man remembered riding round the deserted streets in an old-fashioned one-horse hack, perched up on the driver's seat beside Gus, who drove the horse, while the cabman sat back in the rear with the two salesmen. Gus wore the cabman's high silk hat, which was considered uproariously funny.

The Iowa man woke up next morning in his hotel feeling sick and low in his mind. There was a knock at the door and who should be there but Gus, bringing a pitcher of ice water. Gus said it was so late when they got in from the hack ride that he didn't go home, but took a room in the hotel for the night. He was awfully sympathetic as he sat on the edge of the bed and poured out ice water for the sufferer. After a while he began to talk business.

"I'll tell you what I've been thinking," said Gus. "You aren't in any condition to go out in the open market to buy goods; you have to be in apple-pie shape when you go up against these city salesmen. Now I know just about what merchandise your store needs; I have been in your town many times and know what will sell there. Suppose you let me make up your order for you. You know that my house makes good goods; I am a friend of yours. I can probably pick out the salable stuff even better than you could do it yourself."

A Lesson Well Learned

Gus was a figure to inspire confidence as he sat there on the edge of the bed cracking ice into convenient lumps to roll into a towel. In spite of getting to bed at a quarter to four in the morning he looked perfectly fresh and calm; he had already had a shave and breakfast. He was a strong and sympathetic friend. The buyer from the Mammoth Store of Iowa felt like a grateful little boy as he told Gus all right, to go ahead and fix up a good order.

The rest of his Chicago stay was a good deal like the first part. His entertainers were some of the fellows to whom Gus had introduced him at the club, and when they brought up the subject of buying merchandise he let them select from their lines what they thought the Mammoth's trade would need. The realization of what he had done had just come to him when I first saw him in the lobby of the Michigan Avenue hotel, humped over his suitcase, all ready to start for home. He didn't know whether he had bought five or fifty thousand dollars' worth of goods; there was no way to check up on it because he had never thought of asking for copies of any orders. Reviewing the incidents of the week, there was no doubt in his mind that he had made a plumb fool of himself.

This conclusion was undoubtedly correct. But there was no use of letting a boy start off on a four-hundred-mile trip all by himself without trying to relieve his suffering a little. I pointed out that maybe things wouldn't turn out so bad as he feared. The men who had caused him to stub his toe didn't do it merely to sell the Mammoth Department Store one time; if they were wise—and all the evidence pointed to the fact that they were—it was quite probable that they would make up the orders very carefully. They wanted the Mammoth's future business just as much as he wanted to hold his job.

He seemed to be cheered by this line of reasoning and when we parted at the big iron gates leading to his train he carried the tan suitcase more lightly, leaving this bit of philosophy ringing in my ears. "You can bet your bottom dollar," he said, "that the next time I come to market I won't let anyone buy me so much as a ham sandwich."

Most of the big commercial concerns have a man on the staff whose duty it is to do the entertaining when buyers come to town. Recently I talked with a man who has been for fifteen years the official entertainer for a prominent house on lower Broadway, New York. Being a good entertainer he has risen from a ten-dollar-a-week clerkship to being a member of the firm.

"I just happened to get into it," said this executive. "The Old Man himself used to do most of the entertaining when we were smaller. But one day he either wasn't feeling very well or maybe the guest didn't look very attractive, and he called me over to his desk. 'Listen, Bill,' he whispered, 'I have got to go home early to-night, so I am going to let you take that Montana buyer out and show him a good time. Get a twenty-dollar bill from the cashier for expenses.'"

An Evening of Torture

"I wasn't much more than a kid and the assignment looked awfully attractive. To go right out and spend twenty dollars of the firm's money on riotous living with no one to criticize or discourage seemed a happy prospect. Ever since I had been working the idea had been hammered into me that I must be economical; if I used the firm's letterheads to figure on or failed to weigh a mail package for exact postage or sent a telegram of over ten words someone higher up was ready to speak to me about it. But now I was handed out a twenty-dollar bill with no instructions except to blow it in. I felt quite like the hero of some of our most successful plays who must spend so much money every day until it is all gone so that the girl won't have the humiliation of marrying a rich man.

"The man from Montana got a good dinner, a front-row seat at the theater and another meal after the show. I felt like a regular man about town, ordering taxicabs, tipping waiters and everything. I didn't turn any change back to the cashier next morning.

"That was a good many years ago, and I have been entertaining ever since. There are some buyers who don't care to have money spent on them, but a great many fancy it. It is interesting to see how some men who walk or ride in the street cars back home take to the taxicab habit when being entertained in New York. When ordering a meal they never even look at the right-hand side of the bill of fare.

"Some of the youngsters here in the office envy me my position as official entertainer, and when I think one of them can handle it right he certainly is going to have the job. Even though I am a member of the firm I am supposed to get to the office reasonably early, and that isn't always easy when I have been out until one in the morning with a buyer, and then commuted over to my home in Jersey. I usually have to see the same shows half a dozen times a season, because even in New York there aren't enough to go round when one goes to the theater three times a week.

"And occasionally I have to handle buyers who aren't quite up to scratch in social matters. One night I took a fellow in tow who was in New York to buy a lot of goods; he hadn't placed the order yet and so I wanted to show him a particularly pleasant time. The plan was for a dinner somewhere and theater afterward. The gentleman made a pretty good appearance; he had on a nice suit of clothes, ready-made but fitting well, and his hair had been cut fairly recently. His conversation was mainly about affairs back in his home town, which was not particularly exciting, but I am used to that; small-town folks like to impress on us New Yorkers that ours isn't the only place on the map. I decided to chance the dinner at the dining room of a certain palatial hotel on upper Broadway.

"All went well at first; he wouldn't give his hat up to the hat-check girl, but I did not have it in my heart to blame him for that. But a small complication soon rose: my buyer had an unfortunate habit of chewing tobacco, and he kept it up after we had got into the dining room. With all their thoughtfulness for guests Broadway hotels have overlooked the convenience of tobacco-chewing dining-room patrons, and my friend was hard pressed until he found a clear space of floor between his feet.

"Aside from this all went well until he began to notice that a lot of the ladies present were smoking cigarettes. The only ladies he had ever seen smoking were past seventy at least and used only pipes; but here they were at it from eighteen up, puffing away with the studied self-possession always shown by ladies who smoke in public places.

"I can account for his subsequent actions only by the fact that this unusual sight went to his head. He did fairly well with the soup considering that it was probably the first time he had ever tried to handle a spoon with a round bowl, but when we got to the fish course he threw off all restraint.

"It was the kind of fish that has a lot of little bones in it, a difficult thing to handle even by the most expert. The way my buyer managed it was to shovel in until his mouth got full and then begin to chew vigorously, with a sort of rotary motion. After a while the fish would be gone, leaving only an assorted lot of bones; these he would let fly on the floor in any direction in which he happened to be looking.

"It wasn't a pleasant meal for me. There were several people in the room whom I knew, and it would be hard to convince them that I lived the double life of a private citizen and a commercial entertainer. A man who was dining with two ladies at the table next to ours looked as though he might make trouble when some of the fish bones fell uncomfortably close, and I had to slip over to him and explain. Being a good sport, he said he would forgive me if I would promise not to order any custard pie for my guest. A five-dollar bill fixed the head waiter up all right. When we had finally got through and were leaving, my buyer took one last look at some girls who were sitting with their escorts on a divan with some food before them and puffing industriously at their cigarettes to show how thoroughly European they were.

"'The table manners of some folks,' remarked my buyer, 'certainly is fierce.'"

The Effect of Prohibition

Just what effect prohibition is going to have on the high cost of commercial entertaining is hard to predict. It is impossible to take a buyer out and buy him wine, but some are managing it another way. I was allowed a peek into the storeroom of a big importing house recently. There stood row on row of little half-pint bottles full of good old liquor, just the size to tuck into the inside pockets of visiting buyers. Customers of that importing house are not going to go thirsty for a long time when on their buying trips. But at that, liquor tastes better served on a hotel table in an atmosphere of bright lights, music and handsomely gowned women than in the back room of a wholesale house where there is no ice or ginger ale, and one must take the choice of using warmish water out of the faucet or just turning up the bottle and pouring it down, raw and biting.

But it doesn't require the false stimulation of hard liquor to work up a buying spirit if the commercial entertainer is a real artist and his heart is in his work. The following story was told me by one of those present; he is the head of a prosperous retail concern doing a yearly business of more than a million dollars. The moral he drew from the incident was summed up in the justly celebrated adage: The bigger they are the harder they fall.

Half a dozen merchants of the Middle West formed themselves into a buyers' association and visited the Eastern markets twice a year. Wherever there were bargains to be had, these Middle West merchants were on the ground. All were high

(Continued on Page 75)

When the last pillow is thrown, and the last laugh only an echo, they settle down at Her knee —

Through their half-closed eyelids they catch the play of light across Her face, its caress as it touches Her hair—and the picture is etched on their memories forever.

Sensitive films, those walls of childish memory. The pictures they register cannot be changed.

It will pay you to remember that, in the lighting of your children's rooms. Let sunshine flood them by day, and the light of Edison MAZDA lamps by night. For the light that shines in children's rooms is magic stuff – the stuff of which memories are made.

Backed by MAZDA Service, centered in the great Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, and by forty years of continuous development, Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest and best in lighting.

Each lamp is wrapped in a distinctive "His Only Rival" wrapper—and this as well as the name Edison MAZDA etched on each lamp is your assurance of lighting quality and service. Use Edison MAZDA lamps for every lighting purpose.

EDISON MAZDA

EDISON LAMP WORKS OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

To Owners of AC-Equipped Cars

This advertisement is directed especially to the owners of those motor cars which are factory-equipped with AC Spark Plugs.

Our dealers tell us it is usually the new motorist who is prevailed upon to experiment with various plugs—that the veteran driver insists on getting AC's when he asks for them.

The chief engineer who designed your car did not specify that *some* cylinders should carry AC's and other cylinders other plugs.

He equipped your engine with a full set of AC's.

A special AC Spark Plug has been carefully designed for the car you drive. It has the full approval of the factory which produced that car.

Isn't it logical that you will secure the best results if you take care that your engine is always full-equipped with AC Spark Plugs?

Champion Ignition Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

These manufacturers use AC Spark Plugs for factory equipment

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Atco Trucks
Auburn
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Buda Motors
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Economy
Elmira
Essex
Excelsior Motorcycles
Fairmont Ry. Motors
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Flour City Tractors
Frontmobile
F-W-D Trucks
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Hackett
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Meteor
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Mitchell
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Monroe
Moreland Trucks
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Netco Trucks
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Pittsburgher Trucks
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Sanford Trucks
Sawyer Massey Tractors (Canada)
Saxon
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Tioga Tractors
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Tower Trucks
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Wisconsin Motors
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Woolery Ry. Motors
W. S. M. Motors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,725, April 13, 1915 U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139 Feb. 13, 1917 Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 72)

up in the rating books; there was no weak sister among them whose poor credit might prevent a manufacturer from quoting bedrock figures. They shopped round the markets and when an item was found that appealed to all they were in position to buy in big lots and get lowest prices.

One morning these buyers were assembled in the office of a New York manufacturer of ladies' ready-to-wear. The manufacturer had never sold them before and he wanted their business; six prosperous, prompt-paying retail concerns can use a lot of goods.

The manufacturer was playing the game with the skill of a veteran, using all the frills of salesmanship. He invited the buyers to go out to lunch; he said he had a friend who stood in, and who could get a box at the most popular show in town for that very night, and it certainly would be a pleasure to have the buyers as his guests. There was no hurry about getting down to business; why not all go up to the ball game that afternoon and make a day of it?

But the merchants were veterans too. They understood the disadvantage a buyer lets himself in for when he allows a salesman to spend money on him.

"Much obliged for your offers of entertainment," said one of the Westerners, "but we are in New York strictly for business. If you want to spend money put it into extra discounts on your merchandise."

The manufacturer came back at them with equal frankness. "It is a pleasure to talk business with gentlemen like you," he said. "So many of these hired buyers come to market who figure all the free entertainment they can get is so much gained, and then maybe they don't buy after all. But with high-class proprietors like you gentlemen are it is only the merchandise and prices that count. Have a good cigar, gentlemen."

Good cigars are not considered a bribe in the wholesale trade and the visiting buyers accepted.

"I must tell you the truth, gentlemen," the manufacturer continued. "I don't want to show you my line to-day, because some of the numbers ain't quite ready. That is why I spoke about the ball game and the theater show. But to-morrow morning it will be complete. Please don't place any orders until you see mine. No matter what anyone else shows you I am ten per cent cheaper."

The telephone bell rang and the manufacturer answered, first asking the visitors not to go until he was through. He grew quite excited as the telephone conversation progressed, several times asking to have the information repeated and demanding to know if it was really true. He ended up by saying earnestly that he would take two hundred dollars' worth.

A Horse That Never Ran

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he said apologetically, turning to his visitors, "for mixing up my pleasure and business. I don't play golf or any sport like that, but once in a while I place a little bet on the horse race when I have got a sure thing." Then as an afterthought he said: "Would any of you gentlemen like to place a few dollars on a real cinch?"

There was a chorus of refusals, more or less hesitatingly given, for even the most businesslike of business men have a dash of romance in them outside of business hours.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," pursued the sporting manufacturer earnestly; "I am going to invest a ten-dollar bill for each of you gentlemen on my sure thing. No, I don't want your money now. You can't lose, but if you do you can pay me when you come to look at my line to-morrow."

If any one of the retailers had been by himself it is more than likely he would have refused this unconventional chance to gamble. But when traveling in packs men have a terror of appearing as pikers, particularly when the amount involved is only a five or ten dollar bill. The tempter had been clever in naming just the right amount to be risked. None of the visiting buyers refused to chance a ten-spot on the real cinch.

Next morning each of the Westerners was called up in his hotel room to be informed that he had been lucky and that his money was waiting for him at the office of the sporting manufacturer. One by one they drifted down to get their dividends. The manufacturer was flushed with success and excitedly joyous at having been able to do a service for friends.

"What did I tell you?" he shouted as the first speculator appeared. "Thirty dollars you make, and not a cent invested. The bookkeeper will make out the check while you and I step in the showroom and look at some of my late models."

After that there was nothing to it. He had them under obligations to him. More than four thousand dollars' worth of merchandise was billed up to the merchant from Dallas. Columbus and Omaha bought more. That night at their hotel for dinner they talked it over a little sheepishly. All told, the sporting manufacturer had booked them for more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of merchandise.

From strict business the conversation got round to more lively topics, and someone wondered what the name of the horse might be that had carried their money to victory. One of the buyers resurrected a copy of a morning paper and looked up the race results. No horse appeared that had been a three-to-one shot. The manufacturer had been a sport indeed. He had invented a new kind of commercial entertainment, involving some outlay, but very efficient.

A Woman Buyer's Story

Out in one of the larger cities of California a young woman operates a millinery store and has managed to make some money. Though the demand for chic and modish hats is strong the millinery business is not considered by financiers to be the most solid line in the world. Milliners as a rule cannot issue a lot of notes when they need money and send them off to the financial centers to be eagerly bought by investors. There is too much of a speculative element about it.

But the young woman with the millinery store in the California city discounts her bills; on the thirtieth day of every month she sits down and writes out checks in payment of all flowers and ribbons, shapes and linings that have come into the house within the month. Her rent has crawled upward until she now contributes four hundred dollars a month toward her landlord's support, but she manages to pay that too; so far she has never been obliged to send him a check dated ten days ahead and then hustle to get under it before it falls to earth, as less fortunate merchants sometimes have to do.

Have you ever noticed that when a woman makes a business success she usually does a better job than her male rivals? There are a good many contributory causes to this outcome; she doesn't have so many distractions. She never has to take an afternoon off to march in a parade, to act as judge in a city election or to go out on committees appointed to raise money to build the new auditorium. Even the committees are easier with her. She is let off with a ten-dollar subscription for the spring carnival while her next-door neighbor, a male, is sternly held up for fifty, under the thinly veiled threat of losing the trade of every member of the carnival association.

And the business woman is usually more conservative and economical in her advertising appropriation. Did you ever see the ad of a woman merchant on the elephant in the circus parade? Or in the program of the street-railway employees' annual picnic? Or painted on the judges' stand at the county fair and race meet? A lot of money may be saved in the course of a year by letting someone else patronize such advertising mediums.

The young woman who runs the successful millinery business in the California city realizes the advantage of all these things, and more. Before opening up she did what a great many of her brothers in storekeeping fail to do; she went to the bank and arranged for enough credit so that if there was a dull month she could still send off checks to all expectant wholesalers. It is much easier to arrange for credit with a banker before the money is needed than to dash into his office some day and tell him excitedly that there is a draft to be met before three o'clock, and will he please loan the money to meet it with.

Concerns that have been in business several years and have never missed discounting a bill are great favorites among the wholesale trade. The man who takes six months on his purchase and then has to be nagged into closing the account with a sixty-day note may have to pay for a lunch occasionally out of his own pocket when he is in the wholesale centers; or even go to the theater on his own money; but the buyer who discounts his bills has no such expense. Every wholesaler delights to do him honor. He may choose his own shows and the tickets will be produced if there is a speculator to be found; he can ride round in taxicabs the livelong day without a cent of cost to himself; he can have a quart bottle of good old stuff handily hid away in his hotel-room closet even though the wholesaler has to buy it at the exorbitant bootlegging price of eighteen dollars a quart.

All this of course is for men buyers. I have often wondered what little courtesies are extended to lady buyers in the wholesale markets to make them feel thoroughly at home and prosperous. The young woman from California answered the question in the following words—which explain perhaps why she has been more successful than many of the male merchants in her home city:

"I don't get entertained at all when I go to Chicago and New York on my buying trips," she said. "I find that it is too expensive. I don't accept theater tickets, flowers or boxes of candy. I don't let anyone buy me a lunch or dinner.

"The great menace in almost any kind of business is the accumulation of old stock. If I carry ten thousand dollars' worth of merchandise from one season to the next, that ten thousand dollars is just as tightly tied up as if I didn't have it at all. Even though I do sell it the second season I probably have to sell it at a loss. The difference between success and failure lies in being able to buy just as much merchandise as can be sold each season, but no more than can be sold.

"Of course the main object of commercial entertainment is to make business people buy more liberally; a person would be fatuous indeed to believe that the wholesale trade was spending money on him for sheer personal affection. When you have been entertained at luncheon by an agreeable salesman, urged to choose your food without even glancing at the prices, and then carried to the salesroom in a comfortable taxicab, how can you have the heart to become suddenly brusque and businesslike, turning down one bargain after another or saying that you can buy the same goods somewhere else ten per cent cheaper?"

Counting the Cost

"But there is a deeper reason than that for my not accepting favors at the hands of the wholesale trade. When I am at home the burden of business is on me all the time. I know how hard it is to produce the four hundred dollars every month for rent and to have the money in the cash drawer each Saturday night for the help. Even the freight bill of seven dollars or a couple of dollars' worth of postage stamps is a serious item during some periods of slack business. There is never a day when I do not have it driven home to me that I must be economical if I am going to have a profit left over after paying expenses.

"But when I take the train to leave home for the big cities these burdens sort of fall away and the farther I get from home the lighter they are. When I sit at a table in the dining car comfortably eating food at railroad prices, with the landscape slipping pleasantly by, the payment of my electric-light bill for the store back home seems a very trifling and remote matter. The idea of easy opulence is further carried out at my hotel in Chicago or New York; I don't stop at expensive hotels, but even the most modest have luxuries that ordinary folks are not accustomed to at home. I am not used to riding in an elevator at home when I want to go upstairs; or to ring for a bell boy when I want a drink of water; or to have a uniformed maid make up my room every morning. All round me I see other people spending money and taking life easy and the idea that I ever worried over the payment of my advertising in the newspaper back home seems quite ridiculous.

"Even before I go down into the wholesale district to place a dollar's worth of orders I am in a way a changed woman. I have a different viewpoint; life isn't the hard matter that I thought it was. Surely it is easier to make money by plunging a little than by tedious economy.

"The people in the wholesale trade are glad to see me. After feeling a little lonesome alone in the big city, here at last are people who know me and go out of their

(Concluded on Page 77)

Why Worry About Punctures?

Put a Shaler Vulcanizer under the seat—when you start on your trip.

Then, if you have a puncture, you can permanently repair the tube and be on your way, with no delay or annoyance—assured that your tube is perfectly repaired—that the patch will not come off.

In any weather—anywhere, on the road or in the garage—your Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer is always ready to vulcanize tube punctures in 5 minutes—with a permanent, heat-welded repair—all you need is a match.

Complete Outfit $1.50 At All Dealers'

Price slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Includes 12 Patch-&-Heat Units, 6 round and 6 oblong.

C. A. SHALER COMPANY
1400 Fourth Street Waupun, Wisconsin

SHALER
5-Minute Vulcanizer

No finger pricking or slip-ups with the ARGUS PAPER CLIPS

Vise-like form holds papers with Bull Dog grip. Flat shape fits them best to go through mails. Curved **shield** *prevents* contact with sharp point—wonderful

IMPROVEMENT

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Boys make big money

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your town. **30 Days' Free Trial** allowed on the bicycle you select after riding test. EASY PAYMENTS if desired at a small advance over our Special Factory-to-Rider cash prices.

Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-to-Rider prices. TIRES, LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. T-55, Chicago

KISSEL Custom-Built Six

ELEGANCE in finish and appointments, the result of unmistakable quality. A bit of poetry went into the making—a splendid blending of colors that emphasize [illegible] the exclusiveness of the custom-built motor car—

Simplicity is coupled with dignity—with originality held in leash by what is due utility, service and comfort.

Both open and closed models are mounted on the new Kissel custom-built chassis, equipped with the new Kissel custom-built motor.

Brochure "The Aristocrats of Motordom" on request

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO.
HARTFORD, WIS., U. S. A.

"Originators of the ALL-YEAR Car"

(Concluded from Page 75)

way to make me feel that I am someone after all. They show me the expensive goods that are being bought by merchants in Boston, Buffalo and Seattle, and suggest that I could sell such high-priced merchandise too if I would put in a line of it.

"You see I am getting a long way off from my normal back-home ideas and atmosphere; then the official entertainer of the house finishes the job. He asks me to go out to lunch with him, and I accept. Of course we go in a taxicab; at home I walk or ride in a street car. The best is none too good for a customer of the house, and we go to the dining room of a famous hotel which I have read about in the newspapers, and I am thrilled with the feeling that I am a part of the great, gay metropolitan world. Easy prosperity seems the natural heritage of everyone in sight. Natural good taste prevents me from peeking at the check which the waiter finally brings my host, but I notice that there isn't a great deal of change left out of a twenty-dollar bill. Thus mentally primed I am ready to buy merchandise for my store in California.

"As I have said, I don't accept commercial entertainment at all now, but I used to do it when I first started in business; I thought it was lovely that those big business people should go out of their way to be hospitable to a comparative stranger. My conversion took place when I learned who really paid the bills.

"The traveler for a certain New York concern had called on me in my store at home a number of times, but I thought the line was too high priced for my trade; I did, however, promise to visit their salesroom the next time I should go to New York. The salesman made a note of my promise in his order book. I suppose my arrival in the city was announced in the trade bulletins, because I had not finished dressing on the second morning in town when there was a knock at my door and a maid handed me in a five-pound box of candy and a bunch of long-stemmed roses, each bearing the card of the big millinery firm. Going downtown that afternoon I stopped in their office to thank them for their courtesy, but still of the mind that their merchandise was too expensive for me to sell.

"My reception was all that could be desired. The sales manager said that his Western traveler mentioned that I usually came to New York about that time and he had sent the little remembrances up to my hotel merely as a courtesy due one member of the craft to another. He didn't say anything about buying goods, but told me he was to meet his wife at six o'clock for dinner and theater afterward; he added that they would be more than pleased if I could go with them. I went."

The Voice of the Tempter

"We had dinner at the most expensive restaurant in New York, attended a Broadway musical comedy and had another meal after the show. Any distance of more than three blocks we covered in a taxicab. The plain realities of my store back home seemed very remote indeed. I began to see myself as a part of a picture where everyone wore good clothes, had an easy time and spent money with gay carelessness.

"The feeling had not worn off when I went downtown the next day. I really didn't intend to buy much, but when I thought of the courtesies that my sales-manager friend had shown me it seemed only right that I should patronize his house for a few of their less expensive offerings. The sales manager waited on me himself. After I had selected the goods I thought I could use he took me into a room where the firm's really gorgeous creations were displayed.

"'Why don't you buy stuff like this?' he suggested. 'No one ever makes big money by being conservative. There are plenty of people in your town who will pay a hundred dollars for hats if you only will display such merchandise. Why waste your time selling ten-dollar stuff when it doesn't take any more time to slip over an article for ten times as much?'

"His argument appealed to me. Still under the spell of Broadway I reflected with a little feeling of mortification that perhaps I had been somewhat of a piker in business. If people would spend money in New York the way I had seen it spent the night before, surely they would spend it more freely with me back in California if I would only give them the chance. But merchandise has to be paid for, and I was no millionaire.

"'I would like to plunge,' I said, 'but I really can't afford it.'

"'Why, yes, you can afford it,' replied the sales manager. 'Anyone with a rating such as you have can buy anything. Just go ahead and pick out whatever you want. I'll give you ninety days on the bill, and at the end of that time send us a check and take off your cash discount. You will have all the goods sold before you have to pay for them. That is the way to make money. Work on the other fellow's capital.'

"It did seem like an awfully liberal offer. I reflected that we sometimes worked hard in the store all day to take in a hundred dollars; how much easier it would be to sell one or two pieces and have the same amount of money in the cash drawer all at once. And three whole months to pay the bill!

"When I got through buying, the invoice amounted to about twenty-five hundred dollars. The goods were shipped and arrived at my store about the time that I myself got home. Business had not been very good while I was away and I felt just the least bit uneasy over my speculation, but when we got the boxes opened up and the stock arranged for the grand opening my courage had come back. I would show these people who went away to the big cities to spend their money for expensive things that here was one store at least that could supply their wants right at home.

"The opening was a great success from an artistic standpoint, but we didn't sell a single hundred-dollar hat. And after a woman had tried on one of the expensive ones it was pretty hard to make her see a twelve-dollar one in a favorable light. I had sent out personal letters to all the wealthy women of the city; many of them came and admired, but I found that a woman doesn't spend money unnecessarily even though she runs an electric, wears tailor-made clothes and keeps a butler."

The Souvenir Hat

"My plunge into high-priced luxuries was a failure. I had gauged my customers through the glamour which my sales-manager friend threw about me by the judicious spending of money on a Broadway show and a couple of extra-good meals. In the whirl of the metropolis I forgot one thing—that even in New York the selling of high-priced luxuries is confined to a narrow strip of territory twenty-odd blocks long.

"But I had twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of merchandise on my hands that was too high priced for my trade. I cut the prices down to cost and robbed the exclusive creations of aigrets and plumes to scatter thinly round on less expensive shapes. But the inexorable time for payment rolled round. I did do business on someone else's capital as the sales manager said I would, but it was the capital of my banker. When the bill fell due I confessed all to him, and borrowed the money to pay.

"Altogether it cost me about a thousand dollars net cash to eat two first-class New York meals and go to a Broadway musical comedy. I suppose the sales manager spent twenty-five dollars on my share of the entertainment.

"I have kept one of those hats all these years. It is an original creation, large and flat, designed in Paris, made of fur and gold lace. I have never taken the lace to the jeweler's to see if it is solid gold, but it ought to be, because the hat set me back exactly eighty-seven dollars, wholesale.

"Every time I look at that hat it brings to mind a certain night in the long ago: a chorus girl in the Broadway musical comedy wore one just like it while I was having the time of my life and thought someone else was paying for my fun. That hat is a reminder of the time when I forgot how hard it is for the average person to earn the money that is spent among us storekeepers.

"But the good old hat is useful in another way. Sometimes a nice young salesman will come in here, and handing out his card say deferentially, 'I have got my line over at the St. Agnes Hotel, and if I might have the pleasure of your company at lunch we could glance over the samples afterward.'

"In such a case I give one look at the historic old bonnet and say, very business-like and repressed, 'Many thanks, but I am too busy. Just bring a few of your best sellers over here. You can spread them out on that table in the back room.'"

Paige Car Equipped with Atwater Kent Ignition

ATWATER KENT

Ignition, Starting and Lighting

PAIGE CARS are equipped with Atwater Kent Ignition—adding one more to that rapidly-growing list of discriminating manufacturers who have adopted Atwater Kent Ignition as standard equipment.

The desire on the part of the Paige Company to equip its cars with the best ignition possible, and a recognition of the high standard of quality and performance inherent in all Atwater Kent products dictated the selection of this system.

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY
Philadelphia

DRYCHECK CHARLIE

(Continued from Page 7)

He found Cayuse in his shack, a flimsy frame cabin of two rooms on top of a knoll. The old man was taking a nip of homemade corn whisky when he knocked at the door, and hid the bottle before responding. Bleary-eyed and with matted hair and beard, he was an unlovely object, but Charlie speedily discovered that he had cut his wisdom teeth early in life.

"Five dollars an acre?" exclaimed Drycheck, aghast at such audacity. "Why, I can buy all I want for fifty cents. And your land's nine miles from the nearest producing well."

"There's oil on this place," replied Cayuse obstinately.

"How do you know?"

"A lady told me I'd strike it."

Drycheck's eyes glistened. The oil speculator doesn't live who will not fall for a fortune teller. However, he contrived to laugh, for his technic was always good.

"Shucks!" he cried. "If a fortune teller told you you was goin' to be hung, would you believe her?"

"I'd be right uneasy," Cayuse confessed.

They dickered a while and at last Charlie said: "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take a look round your land and see for myself. I'm some pebble pup on my own account and if there's oil near here I reckon I'll locate it. She said the northwest corner, didn't she? Fine! I'll just go over it with my oil finder."

The following three days he spent in carefully stepping off the entire northwest corner of Cayuse's property. Jealously cupped in both hands he held a small metal instrument on which he kept his gaze. From time to time Drycheck would stop and eye this mysterious contrivance, shaking his head and betraying an excitement he could not repress.

Once he stopped and seemed to be muttering an incantation; his face grew red; he clasped his forehead convulsively. These signs were not lost on Cayuse, who trailed him every minute.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed with the utmost satisfaction.

"It's wonderful—wonderful! How she knowed beats me, but there's a pool here. I can feel it. Mr. Laferrière, you're a rich man—a millionaire and then some. Now I want to see the rest of your land."

This inspection did not last long. Evidently the other acreage in the tract failed to show the symptoms he was seeking, for Charlie walked faster and faster, occasionally shaking his tiny instrument and giving vent to exclamations of disappointment. Cayuse never took his eyes off him. It was plain that he was profoundly impressed.

"How many acres in this northwest corner, did you say?"

"A hundred and forty," was the reply.

"All right. I'll take it—five dollars an acre."

But if Cayuse had spent too much time fox hunting and drinking corn whisky to make his land profitable, that was due to laziness and not to any lack of greed.

"It was five. It's fifty now."

Followed a long and bitter argument, Drycheck calling him every name he could think of that wasn't a fighting word, but it ended in his yielding.

"All right! It's out and out robbery, but I'll give you fifty dollars an acre for this northwest corner, and one-quarter royalty."

"And you'll put down a well."

"Sure! I said I would, didn't I?"

They went back to the shack and there Charlie filled in a lease form, B–P, and wrote out a check on his bank for seven thousand dollars. It was more money than Cayuse had ever seen in his life. He signed and the deal was closed.

"Better put it in quick," suggested Charlie, laughing.

Of course Laferrière was immediately reassured. He answered: "I'll go to town to-morrow; but I reckon it's good."

At that precise moment Drycheck had a dollar and eighty cents in the bank and about four hundred and fifty in his pocket. An oil speculator of his type is wary of bank accounts; he prefers to carry his money on him. A bank account can give lots of trouble, what with garnishees and other devices employed by soreheads.

"Well, now that it's all over," said Charlie, tilting his chair comfortably as he rolled a cigarette, "I don't mind telling you somethin'. I got a confession to make. I didn't buy this land for myself. I'm chief scout for the Toro Company."

Old Cayuse cackled and slapped his leg.

"I knowed it! I knowed all along you didn't want that for yourself, or you'd never have paid me my price."

"Listen!" Drycheck continued, leaning forward confidentially and placing one hand on the old man's knee. "I got a proposition to make. You'll admit I've done the right thing by you, won't you?"

"I ain't complainin'," said Cayuse cautiously.

"Well, then, why not give me a chance to make a li'l' piece of money too?"

This was different. Sensing a touch for a commission, Cayuse began to grow frigid.

"What I ask of you is very simple. I won't make a nickel out of this deal except my pay, and I'd kinda like to pick up some acreage on my own account. Why not sell me the balance of your land here? It ain't good for nothin'. The pool's in the northwest corner, like I outlined."

"Then what do you want it for?"

"Well, I thought maybe I could find some pore fish who'd pay me a li'l' profit on it after this northwest corner come in."

It takes a rascal to catch a rascal. Charlie's announced intention was in line with what Cayuse would have done under the same circumstances, and his respect for the lease hound's shrewdness rose accordingly.

"What'll you pay me for it?"

"Aw, shucks! Why not throw it in with the other, Cayuse? There's been one dry hole on it already. You know as well as I do it ain't worth a nickel."

"Maybe it ain't and maybe it is. Anyhow, it will be worth somethin' to you. I want fifty cents an acre for that land." And he blinked his little red eyes.

They disputed a while over this price, but again Drycheck gave in. He made out a lease on eight hundred and sixty acres for a cash consideration of four hundred and thirty dollars and the usual one-eighth royalty. No other consideration was mentioned; there was not the slightest reference in the lease to the other transaction.

"I'll just pay this in cash," remarked Charlie. "I got that much on me."

"Suit yourself. I never refuse real money," Cayuse replied with a chuckle, and he felt so good over the day's work that he invited his guest to have a drink.

Of course Charlie's check was turned down at the bank next day and Cayuse went looking for him.

"The company throwed me down," Drycheck told him. "They said I'd been done and they wouldn't pay the price."

"You've got to pay it. You got the lease and I got your check," shrilled the old man.

"And you still got your land, too, ain't you? If I don't cover that check then the lease is dead and you can sell it to somebody else."

"But you've got a lease on eight hundred and sixty acres of my land too. I'd have asked five dollars an acre for it only for this other deal."

Charlie surveyed him tranquilly.

"I can't help that," he said. "They was separate transactions."

And so they proved to be when Cayuse consulted a lawyer. There was no question that a fraud had been perpetrated, but he had no witnesses to prove it and the document Drycheck held stated plainly that the consideration was cash, which had been duly paid. Consequently the lease on the bulk of the acreage was good, and as for the precious northwest corner, recovery of payment on that deal would involve a civil suit. Did the party of the second part have any property? inquired the lawyer. Then what was the use of suing him?

Cayuse returned to his shack, cursing and vowing vengeance. A couple of days later he filled up on white whisky, saddled a mule and rode to town. Meeting Charlie on the street, he attacked him with a knife and before they could pry the old man loose he had carved Drycheck in half a dozen places.

The younger man refrained from shooting the farmer; any time he killed a man Charlie wanted to be in a locality where the victim's friends did not make up the jury panel. It took a doctor a couple of hours to sew Charlie together, and he retired from the marts of trade for a week to give his wounds a chance to heal.

While visiting his injured friend Abe Rosenfelt learned something of the causes leading up to the fracas.

"What," he asked, "do you aim to do with that wildcat stuff, Charlie? Tain't no good. It's condemned."

"I'm fixing to organize a comp'ny and drill a well."

The other scrutinized him silently for a full minute. "I see," he said at last. "Let me in on it. How much capital stock'll there be?"

"I calculated to organize a fifty-thousand-dollar comp'ny."

"With eight hundred and sixty acres?" cried Abe in horror. "You're nothin' but a busher, Charlie, and won't never be nothin' but a busher! Why, all that acreage is good for a couple hundred thousand easy! Let's make it a hundred thousand!"

Drycheck looked properly ashamed.

"All right, fix it to suit yourself. But how'll we raise the dough to drill?"

Abe flapped his hands scornfully.

"That's easy! I know the very bird we want. But we'll have to put up a few hundred dollars in advance and let him in on the clean-up."

"Fair enough," said Charlie, and the bargain was made.

They decided to name the company the Roosevelt Oil and Gas Company—after Abe. To be sure, his name was Rosenfelt, but he said he would change it for the good of the project and if any investors were misled by the name Abe and Charlie could not be blamed.

"Nothin' illegal, mind!" was his parting caution to his partner. "I'm not goin' to get in bad when there's so many ways of makin' money without."

"You never had to bail me out, did you?" Drycheck countered. "No, and nobody else did neither."

The driller to whom they put their proposition came down to cases at once.

"It'll cost pretty near as much to fake like we're drilling as it would to drill. I got to pay my crew, ain't I? If you can get the derrick, like you say, then the main expense'll be the pipe. And Abe can rustle that—or steal it. A few hundred feet'll do."

"How much—your lowest figure?"

It was Abe who inquired with the nervousness he always betrayed when confronted with an expenditure.

The driller pondered a moment and then announced that six thousand dollars would be the very least they could get along with.

"Zowie! Why not say six millions?" cried Mr. Rosenfelt.

"Because I know you've got that much. Yes, you have too! No use bellerin', because I know it."

And when Abe hooted at the very idea and denied it with profane heat the driller sprang a surprise by proving it.

Driven into a corner, Rosenfelt finally agreed to lend the new company six thousand dollars at ten per cent, taking a mortgage on all its assets as security.

"Well," said the driller, "that's settled. And we split three ways."

"It's a holdup!" declared Drycheck, looking as though he would cheerfully have strangled him. "But I reckon it goes. So let's sign."

And in this fashion the Roosevelt Oil and Gas Company was launched.

They decided on a location as far removed from Cayuse's shack as the limits of his property would permit and a derrick a hundred and twelve feet high went up in short order. The old man was for running them off with a shotgun, but in the course of an afternoon's persuasion the three of them managed to make him see the immense value a well would be to his property.

"You got everything to gain by lettin' us go ahead, Mister Cayuse," Abe argued, "and everything to lose if you don't." So Laferrière sullenly withdrew.

The driller had a crew of five roughnecks, a rotary rig and all the necessary tools. They spudded in, and the clanking grind of the grief joint soon gave daily assurance to the inhabitants for miles round that work on Come Eleven was being pushed.

During the first month after drilling began Drycheck and Abe returned to their regular calling and made no attempt to sell any of the company's stock. They joined the swarms from all parts of the continent who jammed the sidewalks of the oil town and made a babel of the hotel lobbies and pool rooms and lease offices. For with the opening of new fields in the Southwest adventurers had flocked there by the scores of thousands, like flies to sugar, drawn by the prospects of easy money.

They traded in the streets, in flivvers out on the roads, at meals and in their sleep. They talked, ate and breathed gushers. If a well came in it was

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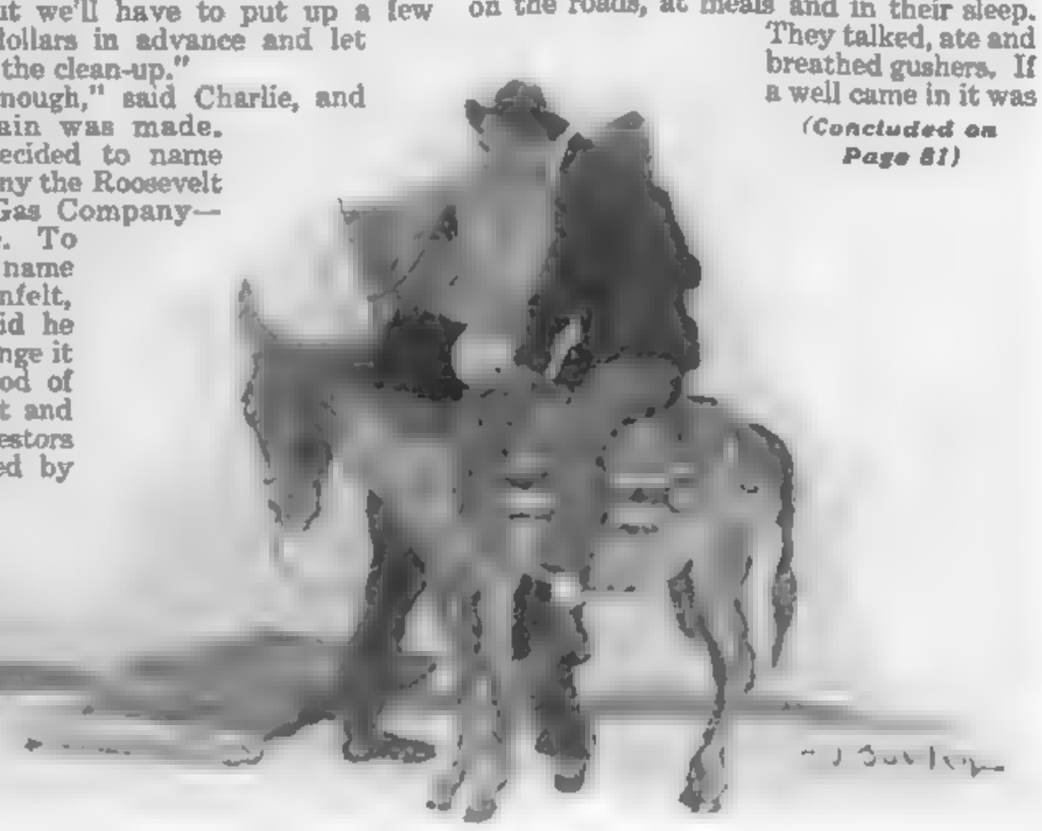


"O so ee-easy!"

-to make!

[SHE] Why it's so simple!
I don't see how they do it
My! how mother used to
hate to make pancakes-with
all that flour-eggs-milk and
stuff to mix every time-all
I have to do is mix Aunt
Jemima flour and water
fifty-fifty-it's done-o!

-to eat!

[HE] Easy to eat? ask me!
my favorite music in the
morning is the jazz of the
mixing spoon in a bowl of
Aunt Jemima batter but
Man o Man when those cakes
begin sizzling on the griddle
-my appetite knows no pity!

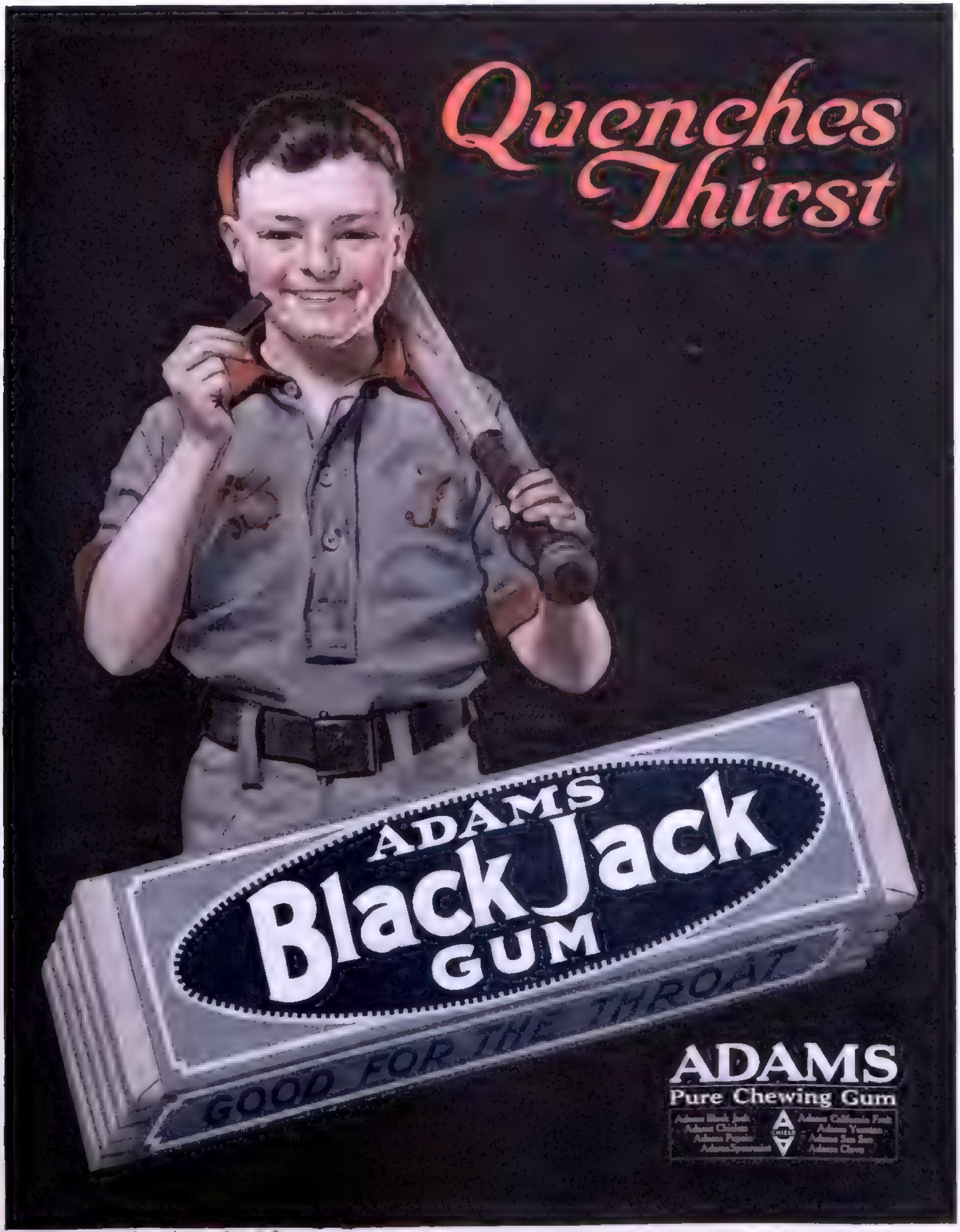
-and to buy!

Say sweetie, what's the idea?
Somebody's trying to slip
some joy into the old Gloom
Book. I knew we were having
a treat every time we had Aunt
Jemimas but I didn't know the
bank account was get-
ting in on it, too! Those
cakes certainly hit me
where I live!

"I'm in town, Honey!"

-the easy wholesome economical breakfast for us all-

Copyright 1931 Aunt Jemima Mills Company St. Joseph, Missouri



Painted for American Chicle Company by Norman Rockwell. Copyright 1920.

(Concluded from Page 78)

always rated in the thousands of barrels by the rumor mongers. I've spent enough time in various oil fields to know that a thirty-thousand-barrel well will usually register round six thousand in a genuine test and is then likely to dwindle in a short time to a few hundred, after which they put it on the beam or pump. And whenever you hear about a two-thousand-barrel gusher rate it at three hundred—and then keep your money in the bank.

Oil gamblers are the most credulous species on earth. They will believe anything—and tell anything. What's more, they will risk real money on what a wild-eyed stranger hoarsely assures them he got from a flivver pilot who heard a couple of geologists from Oshkosh whispering together in the back of the car. And the woods are full of geologists, or rock hounds, or pebble pups, as they are variously known.

Genuine geologists are scarce, but in the oil fields any man who's out of a job can set up for one. And about eighty per cent of the lease experts who talk glibly of Arkadelphia clay and Nacatoch sand and the worth of close-in stuff never saw any oil except when it was being poured into a motor and couldn't distinguish between a sluice pit and Red River. Two or three months ago they were earning their living behind a counter somewhere, or juggling dishes in a beanery; they ought to be doing it now, but living off the other fellow has a stronger appeal than work, in which respect they assuredly run with the majority in the United States to-day.

Drycheck and Abe bought and sold leases at no risk, on a commission of ten per cent. They were strictly curb dealers, without any investment or sources of information except rumors, and no responsibility whatsoever. In other words, they belonged to the hordes of parasites on the oil business—for there is a legitimate oil business, highly organized and engaging the services of trained, experienced men, both in production and leasing. Indeed, the real oil business is almost as efficiently organized as the packing industry, but the men engaged in it don't ballyhoo the public with wild promises of fabulous profits but raise the money they need in the same way a manufacturer would raise it. Why should they donate profits to people they never saw or heard of if they are even reasonably confident of profits?

Equipped with maps and blue prints, the worthy pair nailed every stranger who entered the hotel's portals. Appearance was no guide in spotting prospects. A red-neck in topboots and soiled cotton shirt, whose calloused hands suggested a pick, might be in better shape to take a flier with a few thousand than the smooth, overly groomed person of prosperous air with the marks of the city all over him.

The place was full of lease hounds, both men and women. The latter's competition was a serious handicap, for their sex aided them in plying their business. But Charlie and Abe had a fair run of luck, due to a couple of false rumors stirring up a market. Each made several thousand dollars out of commissions on sales.

Rumors!—rumors!—rumors! On these they fattened.

Were a couple of real oil men from production companies seen conferring together it was quite sufficient to start a stampede among the lobby lice.

At the end of thirty days people were beginning to talk about Come Eleven. It was wildcat territory, but rumor had it that they had obtained oil showings at a depth of fourteen hundred feet, and the next report was that gas had been struck. As this was considered a favorable omen in that region, Abe and Charlie received bids on small blocks of stock.

"Let's sell some," said Rosenfelt. "I want that six thousand back, and it'll give us the money to keep on drilling without putting up any more of our own."

Accordingly they sold a little stock at two for one. Perfectly unfounded rumors tilted the price up to that figure. With the proceeds of these sales they were able to make the advances the driller required.

As time went on and the clank of the grief joint at Come Eleven was only stilled when they had to pull the pipe—and they're always pulling the pipe to fix something or put in a new bit—the countryside was set tingling with expectation. From nobody knew where seeped wonderful tales of Come Eleven. They were right on top of the oil sand—they were purposely holding up the work until they could grab more leases in the vicinity—they had struck oil and only needed to blow the well in.

Scouts from fifty miles round made the road to Cayuse's place impassable with their flivvers in a couple of days. They reported that there was some oil in the sluice pit—not much, but some.

"Go easy on that stuff," Drycheck cautioned. "I knowed a guy once who put oil in with the bailer, Abe, and he et next Christmas dinner as the guest of Uncle Sam."

Abe started to bluster.

"I don't know nothing about it," he asserted with a fine show of indignation.

"All right, all right—but quit it. We want to do nothing illegal—didn't you say so yourself? Besides, leave it to me! I know a trick worth two of that."

His claim was justified by action which showed that Charlie was no mean psychologist. No clumsy, bungling, crude doctoring for him; he relied on the universal tendency to succumb to curiosity. Under his orders a high stout fence was built round the derrick. Guards were hired to keep off visitors; day and night they watched the well, repelling with automatics the hardier scouts who persisted in the face of threats.

The result was a riot of excitement. If the Roosevelt Company didn't have a real well, why did they take such precautions to keep people at a distance? There was some big mystery here. It was going to be a gusher, sure—probably the biggest in the history of the oil fields—and those shysters, Abe and Drycheck, were holding it back until they could get leases on the whole parish. Didn't the way they clung to the company's stock prove something was up? Only a few had been able to buy any shares—friends of theirs, you might say—and even they had had to pry it off'n 'em.

Followed a mad scramble to buy. Abe and Charlie were out at the well when it started and the first hint they had of the trend of popular favor was when Madam Tabasco, the copper-haired owner of the leading pool room, met them in the road halfway to town and stopped her car for parley.

She said she was out to take a squint at Topsy Number 7, but of course they knew she was lying and she knew they did. Very casually she referred to their well and inquired what progress had been made.

"Oh, we're movin' along," answered Charlie, registering uneasiness.

"Well, I been thinkin', boys, we might work up a market for that stock. What d'you say? Suppose I start a buyin'-and-sellin' campaign and turn my girls loose on it too. Hey? And we'll split three ways."

"No-o, thanks, Miz Tabasco," answered Drycheck respectfully. "We wouldn't choose to sell any right now."

The pool-room queen eyed them sharply a moment and her thin lips met in a straight line.

"Oh, cut that out!" she snapped. "D'you think you've got me fooled too? I ain't been doin' business with my eyes shut all these years, and I got you boys' number, don't you make no mistake about that. Now come on and loosen up. I can boost that stock up to a thousand if you do what I tell you—and we'll split three ways."

A polite cough behind his bediamonded hand, and Abe intervened.

"We ain't anxious to sell right now, Mrs. Tabasco," he said firmly. "But when we do we'll be glad to pay the regular commission—no more and no less."

The woman's face flushed and the veins on her neck stood out. She cried furiously: "All right! Just wait and see, that's all! You two'll be sorry!"

And she drove on.

"Good-by, ma'am," they chorused in honeyed tones, and continued gleefully toward town.

"All the same, Abe, we'd best sell," said Drycheck. "I reckon now's the time, or that ol' buzzard wouldn't have made us an offer. And besides, it's like she'll git after us now and blow the whole thing."

The hotel and pool rooms resembled a mob scene in a movie, for a scout had come in with hot news from Come Eleven. It would be a thousand-barrel well at the lowest estimate, for she had run three hours at that rate and then they had shut her off! High grade oil, too, testing forty-one degrees!

"Here they are now!" yelled the crowd when Charlie and Abe stepped out of their flivver.

There was a rush for them. Men fought to be first with bids for the stock. They clawed their way through the press of struggling humanity to get at Drycheck and his partner.

A woman broker fainted, and Come Eleven stock instantly rose fifty dollars a share. The hotel lobby became a howling, surging, smoking welter.

The pair managed to force their way to the stairs and escaped to Abe's room, whose door they locked. Then they sat down to plan the campaign.

"Ol'-timer," said Drycheck in a hushed religious voice, "we're millionaires—if we play it right."

"Charlie," cried Abe, shaking his hand and almost weeping with excitement, "you're the best friend I ever had. You're the best friend any man ever had. You done this for me. I think more of you, Charlie, than I would of my wife if I still had one. If ever ——"

"All right, Abe, all right! We'll let it go at that. But don't cry; it'll make your nose red. What we got to do now is git busy—git busy and let some of the boys turn loose our stock."

All that afternoon and late into the night Come Eleven stock was sold at prices ranging from four to ten for one. Four for one—six—eight—back to seven—nine—back to six—up to ten. With wash sales and the dissemination of rumors they forced the figures upward and ever upward. By one o'clock in the morning they had disposed of the bulk of it and had cashed in close to five hundred thousand dollars. And then the driller arrived in a profuse perspiration with an automatic pistol in his hip pocket. He had got wind of the boom and came to claim his share before the two could decamp.

Efforts to stall him off were futile. He was a coarse, plain-spoken individual, and after he had shoved the automatic against Abe's vest the partners admitted the justice of his contention and turned over what was due him from the spoils.

"And now," said he, "if you'll take my advice you two'll blow. The bottom is goin' to drop out of this thing by mornin' and then people will begin to ask questions. It's like I'll have to come out with a statement of the truth—or leastways tell 'em we ain't struck oil yet."

Abe gave vent to a jeering laugh.

"And I suppose they won't do a thing to you—oh, no! You'd best join us, Bull."

The driller placidly lighted a cigar.

"Why should I? They don't know I've got any interest in the deal. Besides I aim to begin real drillin' to-morrow."

This was a thunderbolt. They gaped at him.

"Go on! What you givin' us? Who'd pay you for it?"

"Well, the parish has offered twenty thousand dollars to anybody who'll bring in a well over there. I figure it won't cost me more'n eight thousand additional to go twenty-nine hundred feet, and now I got the money to do it I feel like gamblin'."

The partners exploded into boisterous hilarity.

"Well, well, well! Ol' Bull's fixin' to git out on a limb at last! Why, I never thought a driller done such a thing, Bull! I always thought they played it safe."

"Don't you guys worry about me none. I'm fixed for life," retorted Bull, grinning amiably as he patted his wallet pocket.

It still lacked three hours of dawn when Drycheck and Abe climbed into a hastily purchased flivver and departed for parts unknown. They took the least-frequented road and Drycheck drove. Their way carried them close to Come Eleven. The last thing they saw in that parish was the twinkle of the light at the tip of the derrick.

Next day the town regained a wisp of sanity. The driller came out with a denial that any oil had been struck and a statement that they were not yet deep enough to warrant any guesses, and the shorn speculators started to unload. Come Eleven stock slumped from a thousand to par. Within twenty-four hours it could be bought for fifty cents on the dollar and a lot of it changed hands at that figure, being taken up by farmers living in the vicinity of the well. And for three months the Come Eleven scarcely figured in the talk. Bad weather set in and drilling in that region was frequently shut down.

One sparkling May day Drycheck Charlie legged it into a new oil town not forty miles from the scene of his former activities. He looked seedy and depressed. His clothes were frayed, he wore an unkempt beard and there hung a general air of desperation about him which told the story.

Charlie was now an enthusiastic booster for intervention in Mexico. Having no wife to persuade him to go to a city and horn into society, he had bought a peck or two of diamonds, the largest and reddest automobile money could command, and took up residence in El Paso. There he distributed diamonds with princely hand among his lady friends and frequently crossed to Juarez, where he spent hectic days and nights playing the wheel, guzzling booze and trying to prove Anglo-Saxon superiority to the Latin in the science of stud poker.

After nine weeks he ended up in the cuartel, following a winning night, a fight and considerable big talk. In the jail they frisked him of everything he had on him and before he won freedom the balance of his bank account across the bridge was being written in red.

Right on top of these troubles had come an appeal for aid from Rosenfelt, who had backed a fake automobile company promotion, only to be left by a New York promoter to hold the bag.

"Just when I was figurin' on makin' a touch too," exclaimed Drycheck bitterly. "Damn him! Just like him to fall for a skin game. That's Abe all over."

So now he was back in the oil fields to pick up another fortune if luck were kind. As he entered the hotel, with a peculiar furtive watchfulness vastly different from the breezy confidence of his old manner, there was a sudden commotion, and a hatless farmer burst through the crowd with a wild yell of exultation. His eyes were rolling, his vest was open and he waved a telegram on high.

"Hooray, fellers! Yip-yip-yip—yow! I've struck it! Millions—millions! Come Eleven was brung in this mornin' at seven o'clock. Twenty thousand barrels a day if she's a barrel! Blowed the tools to hell and is pourin' over the crown block. Whoopee!"

LIVES depend on the sure performance of Gould Storage Batteries in signal system service of great railroads.

Equally dependable performance in an automobile battery may not be as vital, but why not have it?

Over 2000 Gould Sales and Service Stations can supply you with a Gould Quality Battery of correct replacement size for your car, made by the same men who build railroad signal and submarine batteries. Why not have it—this spring?

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WITH THE
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THE Dreadnaught Plates in Gould *Starting* Batteries are produced in the same way and from the same Gould-made lead oxide as the plates in Gould Batteries that are used in submarines of six nations, railway signal systems, fire alarm systems, mine locomotives and farm lighting plants.

THE SAME OLD GAME

(Continued from Page 4)

Barring this important detail, the Republican situation and the Democratic situation are identical. The Democratic leaders are—so far as they can—distributing their favors among the favorite sons and logical successors to Wilson with the similar idea of having a field with no one predominating in it for their manipulation in San Francisco.

Republican leaders and Democratic leaders, as they exist at present, differ only as to the label. They think alike, work alike and have the same view, which is that party is supreme, partisanship the highest and noblest prerequisite for a President, and power for themselves the great goal to strive for. To be sure, Brother Bryan has left the reservation for pastures of his own selection, but that is an incident in the game—a bunker along the course. Give the Democratic leaders a convention unbossed by the President, and they will figure out a way to get a candidate bossed by them, Brother Bryan notwithstanding. And if perchance they should be beaten by Bryan they know what to do with him. They have had long practice at the solving of that problem of elimination.

There you have the brass tacks of the political presidential situation on February first, regardless of the side shows, honky-tonks, ballyhoo, merry-go-rounds and balloon ascensions; unmindful of the speeches, the claims, the hot air, the press agents and the propaganda. Wherefore, we come now to the consideration of the popular presidential situation, which is vastly more important to the average American, and which may be worked out in a manner that will be vastly more beneficial to the average American, provided the average American will take an intelligent hand.

Who is to Blame?

The one political fact that it seems impossible to get into the consciousness of the American people is that the political bosses, as they are termed, are not bosses at all—nor leaders nor masters of the political destinies of the people, but are really the servants of the people. Americans apparently will not assimilate that simple fact. They have been bossed so long, led so many years, that they have supinely granted the powers claimed by the bosses and leaders, submitted to their dictation without question; and now, it would seem, have come to a state of mind when the asserted power of these men has all the authority of conferred power. They submit without protest. They meekly take what is handed to them. They dumbly acquiesce in what is pronounced at them.

This situation does not betray lack of national intelligence. It betrays lack of national thought. The average American has been so busy with his own affairs that he has let his political affairs drift to the control of others. He has elevated his own personal matters above his own governmental matters.

When by this negligence his governmental affairs have come to the pass they are in at present, when all government is by party, for party and of party, he has contented himself to stand aside with the comment that politics is rotten and not even to attempt to disinfect it.

Politics is rotten—rottener even than most of those suspect who have none but casual knowledge of the insides of it. But the reason politics is rotten is because the very people who complain loudest of its putridity have allowed it to decay as it has. Intrinsically there is no greater or more important vocation for a patriotic citizen than politics, because politics is the foundation and mainspring and constructive element of our government. There isn't a person living in this Republic whose daily life, success, failure, mode of living and entire habit of life is not affected directly by politics, regulated thereby and assessed thereon. The character of our government is reflected immediately upon our people and through them. Their happiness, prosperity and comfort depend on the sort of government we have. And the sort of government we have depends entirely on the sort of politics we have. The sort of politics we have depends on the people themselves; not on any other factor whatever. That is all there is to it. If the people want better politics, better representation, better government, they can have them. All that is necessary is for the people to assert themselves.

During a period of somewhat detailed and intimate knowledge of national politics, which began with the conventions and campaigns of 1892, I have never known a time when conditions were so feasible for such popular assertion; nor has any other political observer or practitioner. Every person familiar with the trend of national political thought; with the upheaval caused by war conditions and aftermath; with the disintegration and decay of the two great parties as mediums for the expression of political principles to the mere function of tags for voting purposes; with the growing if as yet but partially articulate disgust with the partisanship of the party leaders and the overshadowing influence of that partisanship; with the fact that the two—at present—dominant parties present nothing at all adequate in conformance with new conditions and hark obsoletely back to former policies and procedures—every person even partially so informed knows that *per se* republicanism means nothing, stands for nothing, represents nothing but a tradition and a fetish, and that democracy bears the same attitude toward the living problems and questions and necessities of the day. The situation is so plain that none will deny it save the very politicians whose political existence depends on keeping up the fiction that republicanism does mean something now better than democracy in a governmental, economic and American way, and the politicians who seek to hold on through the claim and pretense that democracy merits the support of the people for the same reasons.

The proof of this need not depend on my assertion, nor the assertion of any other. Ask yourself, if you are a Republican, to state five reasons why you are a Republican at this present moment, and why it is better in any way for you to be a Republican than it is for you to be a Democrat. If you are a Democrat ask yourself the same questions. Search out the reasons. And when you get beyond the reason that you are a Republican because your father was, or because your environment induced it, or because of some other sectional or hereditary reason, and not because republicanism or democracy means anything as applied to present national and personal conditions, and are stuck for a reply that is logically up to date, ask your neighbor or your friend or your leader or any person whatsoever of enough intelligence to give the matter thought.

Why Stick to Either Party?

You will not have any reason—save those set forth above—that has the remotest connection with present-day conditions. You may find yourself a Republican because you believe in protection, but what has protection to do with present-day conditions? Nothing! You may find yourself a Democrat because you believe in tariff for revenue only, or in states rights, but where do those doctrines impinge on what is pressing now? Nowhere! These are new times, and new conditions confront us, and neither the present professional Republican Party nor the present professional Democratic Party is in tune, in step or in touch with these conditions or the handling of them for the greater good of all the people.

To be sure, there is a vast partisanship in this country, but mostly for the reasons set forth above, and for the further reason—if it may be called a reason—that exists among the least intelligent, which is that this portion of the voting community is partisan, because being partisan, belonging to a party, is the only way they have of being anything or belonging to anything, and they hang on with the formula: "I wouldn't vote for a Dimmycrat for nothin'," or "No Republican can git my vote—never." There are plenty of that sort and a lot of such representatives of the theory and practice of free and untrammeled suffrage may be found among the higher reaches of the voting population also.

However, despite the protests of the politicians who desire to continue as leaders and bosses and the attempts to define and exalt party excellences as contrasted with party deficiencies of the opposition by the press agents and party press, the great underlying fact of the present disturbed political condition of this country is that there is coming to be a sort of a national sensing of the truth among the bulk of the voting

(Continued on Page 85)

ROTHSCHILD

Star Hats Longley Hats

On the Easter promenade, in the smartest new styles and colors, Rothschild's Star and Longley Hats distinguish the men who wear them.

Smart dress and comfort

are the first requirements of Spring time. With the Rothschild Mark of good style in your hat, you may be sure of the comfort and good looks that come of *good* make.

The mark of sixty years' hat-making satisfaction for men well bred and well groomed. Look for the hatter who can show you Rothschild's Star and Longley Spring Hats of good value.

ROTHSCHILD BROS. HAT CO.
"All the new ones all the time"
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The New Allen Touring Car
Five Passenger (Series 43)
$1495 f. o. b. Columbus, Ohio

WONDERFUL POWER

This new Allen is a powerful car.

Wherever it is driven, people are passing surprised comment that a car of moderate size can show such brutish pull on hills and in all severe road work.

Its four-cylinder power plant—built in Allen's own factories—is a real engineering attainment, amply meeting the requirements of the seasoned driver of even bigger and higher priced cars.

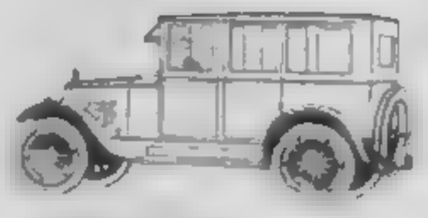
This high-powered engine has forced us to build a chassis of exceptional strength. It has demanded staunch axles—a sturdy frame—a rugged drive system. Allen has provided these essentials without stint. Furthermore, this smaller fine car is remarkably comfortable and good looking.

Don't take anybody's word for what Allen is or can do. Ask your Allen dealer for a test ride, and *take the wheel yourself.*

And your chances of getting prompt delivery are better now than they will be a little later when the call of the open road is heard.

Primarily a business roadster, whose performance ability and stamina put it under the head of "good business." The luggage space is unusually generous and conveniently placed.

Price, $1495, f. o. b. factory
Touring car at the same price



The Allen Four-Door Sedan is a finely appointed and very substantial car. It has the advantages of the new Allen chassis, and the comforts that only a well designed closed car can give.

Price, $2145, f. o. b. factory
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(Continued from Page 82)

population; that it will be far better for the individual, the community, the state and the nation to have a man for President during the next four years whose great and outstanding qualification for the office will be that he is best fitted for the place, regardless of his politics, than to have a man for President whose first qualification is that he is a Democrat or a Republican, which is the basis the leaders are operating on at present.

There is a gradually awakening popular conception of the important and undeniable premise that what a President will mean in terms of the needs of the people is vital, rather than what he stands for in terms of partisan democracy or partisan republicanism. That is, the thing that counts is what a man stands for, not whom he stands for.

Thus the problem is how to crystallize this thought into action; how to enforce this premise to a conclusion; how to get results.

Every American who has the power of connected thought, who is alive to present conditions, who thinks politically in American terms instead of in partisan terms, and even the great mass of those who sense conditions without really understanding them and sense the ineptitudes and deficiencies and obsoleteness of the present party mediums for needed political action, must admit the truth of these conditions:

One: The men who hold on and operate as party leaders do not represent the real thought, the real needs, the real desires of the great bulk of the American people, and do represent nothing but their partisan conceptions of those thoughts, needs and desires.

Two: The two present dominating political parties mean nothing, stand for nothing, offer nothing that entitles one to any preference over the other.

Three: The leaders of these parties, who are self-constituted leaders, are seeking to bolster their own political fortunes and the political fortunes of the parties that give them sustenance by the selection of candidates for the Presidency who shall represent them and their political affiliations rather than the needs of the people in the mass.

Four: Conditions that at present exist, and conditions that are surely predicated for the future demand a new deal.

Five: That new deal will not be forthcoming unless the present leaders are forced to make it.

Six: The power to force those leaders to make the new deal and the square deal rests in the people themselves.

Leaders by Sufferance

On January third I set forth these ideas in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and since that article was printed I have had a very large number of letters from people in all walks of life and living in all parts of the United States. Ninety-nine per cent of these writers agreed with my conclusions and one hundred per cent of them asked the question: What can we do and how can we do it?

The procedure is simple. All that is required is the enforcement of public opinion on the political leaders, who unless thus commanded will disregard public opinion and operate on the lines of their own private and partisan opinion.

The bosses will go only as far as they can go. They will put it all over if they are allowed to. They will put over as much as they can if hampered. They will obey the public mandate if that mandate is made effective and universal. The bosses have no standing that they have not usurped—grabbed. They have no tenure of office that is not the outcome of absolute failure to use their own power by the people. They amount to nothing and are nothing, except as the people allow them to be something. All the bosses in the United States can be thrown down overnight or brought to heel by the people if the people will concern themselves sufficiently in their own political affairs to bring them to heel.

The bosses know that. They lead merely by sufferance. They have no status that is not conferred.

If the people of the United States, feeling that any one man is the proper man to be President for the next four years, will merely voice that conviction the bosses will heed the voice immediately and hurry to execute its commands.

There are in every community, whether large or small, a few men and a few women who know or should know these facts. All these men and these women need to do is to get together and organize, state their principles and desires, and two things will happen. The unorganized and unthoughtful in their community will seize on this opportunity for the expression of their own ideas, hitherto inarticulate and hitherto without organized medium of expression. The human race in the bulk fights against thought, for thought wakes them from their easy and accustomed sloth. The easiest way is to do what one is told to do rather than to think out a plan for one's self, regardless of the fact that what one is told to do usually is not what one should do but what the teller conceives should be done. The bosses shout for party fealty because party fealty is the foundation of their own power and leadership. They maintain themselves by the fetish of party loyalty regardless of whether party loyalty is best in the circumstances for the people. It is best for the bosses, and they work it from that side.

The Opinion of Silent Millions

Eight or ten million people in the United States read this periodical every week. It has been the experience of the editors, as well as my own experience, because much of my writing has been more or less controversial in nature, that where many readers agree with what is set down in an article, or disagree, not more than a very small per cent—a negligible per cent—of those readers will go to the trouble of writing to the editor or the writer to set forth the items of his or her agreement of disagreement. Therefore when—as has been the case often and as was especially the case after my article of January third: "Have Populi a Vox?"—when great numbers of readers write in in indorsement of any article or editorial, that means that a tremendously larger number of this eight or ten millions are in agreement with the basic facts set forth in the article or editorial. And that means further that even a larger number of Americans, not readers perhaps, are also in agreement, because the American mind on such matters runs very true to form—and what ten millions think a hundred millions think to a great measure also.

Furthermore, when this knowledge of how the American people are thinking is reenforced by other demonstrations, brought about by other publications and by other similar lines of thought; by letters to editors; by talk in public places; by exchange of thought in the usual forums of public discussion; by the widely sensed expression that something is wrong and that now is the time to right it—when this knowledge is reënforced by evidences of what is going on in the minds of the people, discernible everywhere, there can be no escape from the conclusion that the people can get what they want if they will only take the small trouble to go after it. And going after it is the most important thing the American people can do at the present time.

Five or ten men and women in any community can start the movement. All that is needed is a call for a meeting, a formulation of the demand and the proper publicity for it in their community. Recruits will come from every quarter. And once started in various communities, it will be taken up in other communities, and the demand will soon become so insistent that the political bosses will bow to it. Otherwise they can be thrown out.

Suppose, for example, in the highly political state of Indiana or Illinois or Ohio or in any other state—let us take Indiana. Suppose there should be organizations formed in Evansville, in Bloomington, in Greensburg, in Shelbyville, in Rushville, in Indianapolis, in Anderson, in Muncie, in Richmond, in Lafayette, in Logansport, in Terre Haute, in South Bend, in Fort Wayne and in Valparaiso, just as a starter, and that these organizations voiced a demand that John Doe should be supported by the Indiana delegates to Chicago or San Francisco for President. Instantly that movement would gather to its support similar organizations in many other Indiana communities. Would the Indiana politicians neglect to take cognizance of that demand and still try to shove over on the Indiana people their own hand-picked choice for candidate? Not in one million years! They would bow to the popular command, and bow so low that they would have their ears to the grass in no time.

So it would be elsewhere and everywhere. The people have the power if they will exert it. The people are the judges. A start with one man would soon develop into a tidal wave for the man.

Surfaces

Every one of your tangible possessions has a surface. It is these surfaces which are exposed. They have to bear the brunt of wear and tear, and the attacks of rust and decay. They should be protected.

Without protection your woodwork becomes marred and scratched. The wear and tear of indoor life—the children's play, the moving of furniture, and so on—is what does it. Give that woodwork a tough protecting coat of Acme Quality Varnish and you preserve its original beauty and provide a surface that can be kept fresh and clean.

It is cheaper to walk on paint or varnish than on bare floors. Bare floors absorb moisture and suffer from grinding dirt. They warp, splinter and decay. A coating of Acme Quality Floor Paint or Varno-Lac would save them.

ACME QUALITY
PAINTS & FINISHES

Outside surfaces have to be protected against the elements. All rust and decay start at the surface. When you realize this then you will realize the real dollars and cents value of surface protection. It is cheaper to paint than to repair.

A single exposed surface on your house, barn, car—on anything you own—is a prey to the destroying elements, and decay, while slow, is inevitable. But *save the surface and you save all.*

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer or write us.

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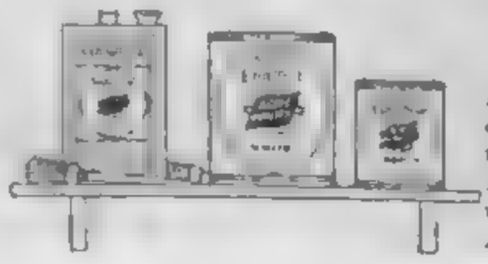

Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

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SOFT, fleecy and warm. Made from the same long fibre, north country wool that has made all Patrick Products famous.

In pattern, quality and attractiveness these new Patrick creations take their place with the finest imported rugs and robes.

Look for the Patrick label. It identifies Patrick Wool Products. If your dealer does not carry them let us direct you to one who does.

We have two books. The Patrick Style Book shows Greatcoats, Mackinaws, Outing Garments, Caps, Hosiery, Sweaters, Rugs, Auto Robes and Blankets, also "Bigger than Weather"—a book by Elbert Hubbard. Both sent free.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILLS
No. 11, Avenue A, Duluth, Minn.

Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

I can give a concrete idea of what can be done, citing the Commercial Federation of Los Angeles County, California. The name of this organization is not a happy one in the circumstances, and it has ramifications that may not apply to such a movement as I have outlined. However, what the Commercial Federation of Los Angeles County has done is typical of what may be done in any community, and its procedures may be modified easily or adapted to the securing of a popular candidate for President, a candidate who shall represent the demands and needs of the people rather than the needs and demands of the politicians.

The Commercial Federation of Los Angeles County has a board of directors consisting of forty of the leading citizens of the county, and its president is H. L. Haldeman, a business man. Mr. Haldeman described the beginnings of the federation and its work to me as follows:

"Several years ago two bills were introduced in the legislature of California which if they had become laws would have struck at the vitals of all classes of business in California. They affected agriculture and horticulture just as much as they affected manufacturing and merchandising. We formed a committee in Los Angeles, made up of ten or twelve citizens representing the leading commercial organizations, and that committee went to Sacramento, the state capital, to see what could be done to prevent the passage of these bills.

"When this committee of leading business men of Los Angeles arrived at Sacramento it was discovered that not a member of the committee, not one of these leading business man, was acquainted even casually with a single member of the legislature. We did not know a man of the lot we had sent there to make our laws for us. A banker on the committee after much thought remembered that he knew the state treasurer slightly, and the treasurer took us round and introduced us to the attorney general, whom many of us did not know by name even. The attorney general called in the authors of the two bills in question and we discovered that those legislators came from our own home county, and none of us knew them, though a good many of us had voted for them."

A Cold Reception

"This committee made three trips to Sacramento, sitting round the hotel lobbies mostly, and observed that the professional politicians and the labor leaders were treated by the legislators as if they were the lords of creation, while our pitiful committee of business men received scant consideration.

"On our way back home from the last of the three trips we had a consultation on the train and concluded we were suffering from the bad citizenship of a lot of intrinsically good people; that we as business men had been so busy trying to make money for ourselves that we had neglected our duty to our city, our state, our country and to ourselves, and had allowed the professional politicians to become intrenched and our masters instead of our servants. Consequently it was decided that if we were to do our part as good, patriotic, red-blooded American citizens it was necessary to organize and take active part in local and state affairs, especially political affairs. As a result of three years' pounding to get this fact into the minds of all simular people in our city and county, we succeeded in building up an organization styled the Commercial Federation strong enough to take part in politics, operating on nonpartisan lines; on governmental rather than party political lines.

"We indorsed a full legislative ticket from Los Angeles County in the state election of 1918 and twelve of the sixteen indorsed by our organization were elected. These men went to Sacramento pledged to fight all class and ultraradical legislation. They were told their first consideration was to be the best interests of all the people of the state, and not any selfish interest of ours or of any other organization. We backed this legislative delegation with a legislative bureau which analyzed more than two thousand bills introduced at that session. The work of this bureau was open to all legislators of the state, and the result was that members from other sections of the state than ours were impressed with the fairness and reliability of our analyses and digests, and cooperated with our Los Angeles members in sufficient numbers to enable us to kill all proposed and detrimental class and radical legislation.

"We went into the last city campaign in Los Angeles. Six of nine candidates for the city council indorsed by us were elected, and four out of the seven candidates for membership of the school board."

Condensing Mr. Haldeman's further description of the work of the commercial federation, it proceeded along these lines: A speakers' bureau was established which sends out speakers to all sorts of club, business, civic and other organizations, and to talk to employees of factories, shops and stores. They talk Americanism and the necessity of organization to combat all devious influences and propaganda. The federation published a book called Mutual Relations of Capital and Labor, which it sells at cost and which goes out by thousands to both employers and employees. It is about to establish a research bureau to investigate all the different plans that have been proposed throughout the United States looking to the establishment of better relations between employers and employees. It advises with all local labor and other organizations. It is raising a fund of one million dollars to be used in carrying out its work in Los Angeles County alone on the basis of two hundred thousand dollars a year for five years, and it is getting the money. The federation has done much missionary work and has started similar organizations in eleven counties in California thus far. There was a meeting in San Francisco in the latter part of January at which all the states west of the Rocky Mountains, except Montana and Colorado, were represented. The objects of the federation were explained to the delegates, and work of organization will be taken up in these states.

Organize and Fight

"The idea," said Mr. Haldeman, "is to get organization work started throughout the United States to the end that we may exert enough influence in the election of senators and representatives this fall to get men in Congress with enough backbone to stand up for the interests of the country and the people as a whole rather than the interests of any class whatsoever."

Now there is a plan of organization that may easily be adapted to the needs of the present and of the people politically and that will serve to bring the requisite pressure on the politicans and compel the nomination of proper candidates for the Presidency, and not hack politicians of favorite sons or amenable partisans who will do as the bosses dictate. There is a concrete example of what a body of determined American citizens can do, not only for their own community but for all communities, and for the nation. All that is needed is organization, the forming of a medium through which the thought and demands of the people can be expressed. Just so long as the people say nothing, or confine what they do say to individual discussion, so long the politicians will continue to run things as they run things now. An organized expression of political opinion will bring them to taw instantly, and that is the only thing that will bring them to taw.

This is self-evident: Unless the people do take a hand and enforce their thought and desires for an American President rather than a political President, the President the people will get will be a political President, and political in the meaner sense of being a partisan Democrat or a partisan Republican first and before he is any other sort of a President, beholden only to the bosses who nominate him and held to strict accountability by those bosses. That has always been the game, and it is the game now.

If the people, as they may easily and effectively do, enforce the demand that exists nationally that the next President shall be a President who represents, understands and is in sympathy with the needs of the people rather than the needs of party politicians—enforce that demand by organized expression—they will get the man they want. Politicians scoff at this, but that means nothing. They scoff because they daren't admit it, though there isn't one of them who does not know it is true. Admission would spell retirement for them. And the old guard and the old gang will surrender, crawl, obey and even anticipate such orders rather than retire. Organize and fight. That is all there is to it. And a fighting organization that is even half of what it might be will win, for there is no greater coward than one professional politician except two professional politicians—and so on until all are included.

Shape-holding Easter Scarfs

TIMELY for Easter and open weather, 10,000 leading men's-wear dealers are now showing the new Spring patterns in Wilson Bro's "Strate-Cut" Neckwear.

Do you wear "Strate-Cuts"? Try one, and you'll agree they're the improvement of a dozen years in neckwear.

"Strate-Cuts" take the pull lengthwise of the silk instead of on the bias—hold their shape instead of warping and crinkling—slide easily in the collar instead of binding—set into place cheerfully—look well—wear long.

For Easter morning, you'll want a formal "Strate-Cut" something like this—in solid color, narrow stripe, or figured pattern in self-color. For business wear, we have the richly flowered Jacquard patterns from France. There are "Strate-Cuts" for young men and old—for social occasions and the hard grind of daily wear.

Has your latest bias-cut tie already pulled out of shape? Wear "Strate-Cuts" and be thrifty. Make your selections early—from the full assortment your dealer is now putting on display. Every scarf gold-stamped on the slip band:

Complete your Easter outfit from among Wilson Bro's Dress Shirts and Negligees in silk crêpes and broadcloths, durable fiber silks, fine poplins and hard-woven madras. Amply tailored, famous for fit and comfort, reasonably priced—always. Under this same mark of quality, you'll find a complete line of Men's Underwear, Neckwear, Gloves and other Furnishings

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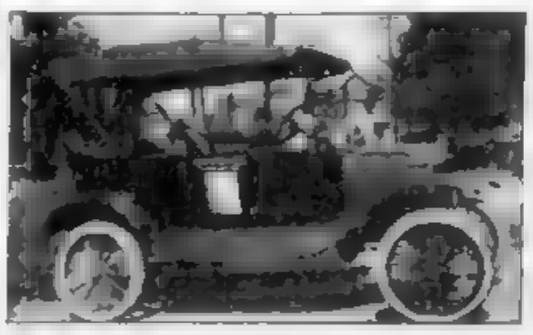
CHICAGO • "THE EASIEST NAME FOR A MAN TO REMEMBER" • NEW YORK

HIS SPARE TIME PROFITS BOUGHT THIS



THAT Mr. H. N. Wallace of Portland, Oregon, finds his spare-time work as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* a source of liberal profit is shown by this letter which recently reached us from him:

"It may be of interest to you to know that I have purchased a home from my Curtis earnings and expect entirely to pay for it with them. I have also bought and worn out one Ford, and I have now been able to purchase a new one."

Your own opportunity is just as good as that of Mr. Wallace, who in spare time alone has been able to earn over

$200.00 in one month

CLIP HERE FOR YOUR CHANCE

The Curtis Publishing Company,
727 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen: Without incurring any obligation, I should like to learn about your spare time work.

Name _____

Street or R F D _____

Town _____

State _____

THE DIAMOND THAT SHRANK

(Continued from Page 9)

What could he do? How could he show her the impossibility of it? It must be left to Time, the stern enlightener.

II

THAT night Elsie Mae as she settled herself in a hall bedroom reflected upon the occurrences of what she considered a well-spent afternoon. To begin with, she had a job as stenographer at twenty-five dollars a week, obtained on the strength of her Red Cross references. Richard, as soon as demobilized, was to go to work as messenger in a broker's office at twenty dollars. While Colonel Southwood was out she had got her trunk from the hotel, leaving a note reminding him that she, too, was a Southwood and that when he was once more at Southwood Mansion, Alabama, he would receive information that she was safe and well. Finally she congratulated herself on getting the hall bedroom at six dollars weekly. It was clean and at least bigger than the stateroom in which she had returned with two other women. After spending two winters without fires or running water and being night-bombed at Bar le Duc and Nancy she could see nothing to complain of.

Toward midnight she got out her typewriter and composing a letter to the Secretary of War, inclosed the pay check and a copy of a duly executed power of attorney authorizing E. M. Southwood to act for and in behalf of Capt. R. W. Van Eltynge in the matter in question. Then she regarded a framed photograph of a broad-shouldered young captain in khaki, kissed it and put out the light.

About the same time in another hall bedroom six blocks away Captain Van Eltynge was according similar treatment to the framed photograph of a girl. He was praying also that light would come to her and she would give up the idea of exacting apologies from the powers that be, and without more ado marry him.

Ten days later Dick got his discharge and went to work. The same day a letter from the War Department arrived.

Elsie Mae handed it to him without comment as they sat in a cheap restaurant dining on beef hash crowned with poached eggs. He read as follows:

"1. Referring to your letter of the 13th inst. addressed to the Secretary of War and forwarded to this office for action your attention is invited to the decision of the Controller of the Treasury in which he states as follows:

"'When payment of pay of officers serving with American Expeditionary Force in France is made in francs no question of gain or loss on exchange can arise with the Government.'

"The check doubtless was sent to the address given by you. The number of francs stated in the check represents what you were entitled to on the date on which it was drawn on account of your previous month's pay. Any national bank in your vicinity will cash the check at the present rate of exchange. Your request that there be sent you from the Treasury Department a check in American currency covering the amount of your pay for the month in question at the rate of exchange at that time is denied.

"By authority of the Director of Finance,

"J. W. Smith.

"Major Quartermaster Corps.

"Inclosure 23,456,865,432."

Richard smiled grimly and handed the document back to her.

"Did you ever read such a letter!" she exclaimed. "They lose the check in their old mail and then write you a thing like this. They're as bad as your grandfather and my uncle."

"Perhaps we'd better cash it," he suggested. "Exchange is 7.10 now, and they say it's going lower."

She shot him a wrathful look. "This time I'm going to write to the Secretary of the Treasury," she announced, "and if that doesn't fix it I'll write to the President."

"You are running this show," he said. "But take it from me that diamond is shrinking daily."

Another month passed, during which no mention was made of the subject. And then one Sunday when they were sitting on a suburban beach she passed him two official envelopes.

"The first is the answer to my letter to the Secretary of the Treasury," she explained; "and the second to my letter to the President."

He read the first, and a perplexed look crossed his face.

"But this is the same letter you got from the War Department six weeks ago."

"It is; and so is the answer from the President. They forward them, without reading, to J. W. Smith, Major Quartermaster Corps, and he shoots his same old letter back at us. Can you beat it? The fact that it was their fault and not yours that prevented you cashing it when it was good doesn't interest them."

"I don't see that there's anything to do about it," he observed, "unless we overthrow the Government."

"Turning Bolshevik is cheap," she said thoughtfully.

She lay back in the sand, gazing up into the blue sky. Suddenly she sat up and looked at him with a triumphant expression.

He was in the act of lighting his pipe. He let the match burn out.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I have an idea," she answered. "It's the solution."

"I have an idea too," he said dryly, "and it is that we're goats not to get married and let the Government and our families go to the devil."

She seemed not to hear him. She sat looking off to sea, and suddenly she giggled as if amused by her thoughts.

Before the summer was over each in his own way discovered that making good in New York was a grim business. There was more prose and less poetry than they had anticipated. In the August hot spell Elsie Mae's color began to fade and there were circles under her eyes that made Richard alternately uneasy and indignant at the social order that ground people up in its great mill. Though physically the work told on the girl more than on the young man the spirit of the adventure survived more successfully with her than with him. She was a stranger in New York without traditions there. With him he was constantly running across trails of his former life which brought the dinginess of existence on twenty dollars a week into vivid and depressing contrast. However, neither ever suggested to the other any idea of surrender.

They developed a routine of meeting one another at the Subway entrance between five and six and coming uptown together to dine as well as possible for forty cents, and afterward if it was fair spending the evening together in the park. On festivals and high days, also on rainy evenings, they patronized the fifteen-cent movie palaces. They told each other they were seeing life. But after the novelty wore off each felt secretly that seeing life in a country house with motors and linen sheets and white bathrooms and clean air and sootless trees was preferable.

One afternoon toward the end of August as she came up to him in the crowd round the Subway entrance she was startled by his aspect of gloom.

"Lost your job?" she asked, trying to be gay, but in reality a little anxious. The dread and anxiety that prevail about jobs in industrial centers had begun to get their grip upon her.

"No," he answered, "but I expect to. Duncan wants to send me to the branch office in Chicago."

"Well," she said, "you're going, aren't you?" There was a little quaver in her voice which only Richard would have detected.

"And leave you alone in this rotten town? I think not."

"But if it's a promotion," she said, looking him steadily in the eyes, "you have got to go. We have to play the game, Dick."

"I don't call it playing the game to go off and leave you alone," Dick answered.

"We'd write each other every night. Besides, it wouldn't be forever," she insisted.

The upshot of it was that he went.

III

THE summer slipped away. The event of one week was a raise of three dollars for Elsie Mae; the event of another was a telegram from Dick saying he had been made assistant manager of the Chicago office. A letter followed explaining it was only temporary, but that his return was postponed till September. In September there came the news of another postponement and his threat to throw up the job.

"You've got to stay!" she answered by wire, and so he stayed.

Her letters kept him going. They recited the details of her daily life and the other things that lovers write about, but there was never a mention of the check nor of Uncle Southwood nor of Grandfather Van Eltynge. He reflected with a grim amusement that her great idea had gone the way of many others. She'd see before long that she had been foolish, and then she'd marry him.

One afternoon in October just after the ticker had stopped for the day the office boy handed Van Eltynge a telegram. He tore it open.

"Your grandfather ill and wants you," it said. "Come at once. Aunt Grace."

The manager was standing by. "No bad news, I hope?"

"It seems that my grandfather is ill," Richard answered. He showed him the telegram.

"You can get the five o'clock if you hurry," said the manager. "Get what money you want from the cashier."

Richard thanked him. He still had no idea of going. His grandfather had chosen war; well, let him have it. At the same time the old man must be pretty well broken to have sent for him. Perhaps it was only decent as well as sensible to go on and see how the land lay. If his grandfather wanted to surrender he would accept it. But what decided him was the thought that he would see Elsie Mae in going through New York. He would surprise her. He would call her on the phone and she would think he was in Chicago and begin to scold him for his extravagance.

"I really oughtn't to go," he said "You're loaded up here."

"You've got to go," said the manager. "Beat it or you'll miss the train."

The next afternoon Richard hurried from the train to a telephone booth in the central station of Manhattan and called up Elsie Mae's office.

"Miss Southwood's out of town," was the answer.

"Out of town?" repeated Richard. "When did she leave?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Can you give me her address?"

There was a delay, then came the answer: "She left word that she would send a forwarding address for her mail, but nothing has come."

He jumped into a taxi and drove to the house where she lived. The woman who let the rooms answered the door herself.

"Miss Southwood went away last night," she said, "leaving word she might be gone several days. She left no address."

Was there ever such luck? Of course she must have written him about it. The letter probably had just reached Chicago. Until it came on to him at Newport he must wait. But where could she have gone, and why? He looked at his watch and told the cabman to hurry back to the station. He could make the five o'clock for Newport.

It was half past ten when he drove up to Fairlawn. The house was lighted in the usual manner.

"How is my grandfather?" he asked of the footman who let him in.

"About the same, sir."

"Is my aunt downstairs?"

"In the library, sir."

He crossed the hall; a dozen steps took him to the library. In the lamplight he saw his aunt knitting in her accustomed place by the table, and in his armchair before the fire his grandfather. He had been deceived. There was trickery somewhere.

"I thought you were ill, sir," Richard began.

"I am," said his grandfather defiantly.

"He's better to-day," said Aunt Grace.

"I am glad it's nothing serious," said Richard. "As there seems to be nothing that I can do I suppose I had better return to Chicago, where I have a job."

"Sit down!" bellowed the old man. "Can't you see I want to talk to you? Can't you be reasonable, just as I am."

Richard sat down.

"The trouble with you is that you've always got a chip on your shoulder," the

(Continued on Page 91)

Lexington

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But it is by its performance under difficulties, its dependable service on trying roads and grades, that the Lexington Touring Car wins the instant and lasting allegiance of owners.

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Equipment includes many items such as motor meter, cord tires, engine-driven tire pump, and inspection light that are usually listed as extras.

Let the Lexington dealer show you this practical, serviceable family car.

All Series "S" models equipped with cord tires

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It Does the Wringing Too

FIRST the washing, then the wringing—two jobs hard on hands, arms and back—are now made easy with the Gainaday.

Merely tumble the clothes—heavy blankets, delicate shirt waists, or even rag rugs—into the big revolving, reversing zinc cylinder. Then press the button, and twenty minutes later you can start wringing them through the sturdy electric wringer into the rinse water. Next swing the wringer to *any* position, and take the wash into the blue-water—another swing and they're into the basket.

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(5 turns each way)
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Complete Guarantee

Do your washing at home for sanitary reasons

Gainaday

Washer Wringer

(Continued from Page 88)

old man went on. "You're exactly like your Uncle Frank."

"He's no more like Frank than I am," said Aunt Grace.

"You're more like Frank than he is," the old man retorted. "What I was going to say," he continued, "was that we both were hasty in the spring when you came home. I shouldn't have refused to see Miss Southwood. I ought to have reserved my judgment. And you on your part ——"

"Well, sir?"

"If you'll keep a civil tongue in your head and answer my questions we will get along faster. In the first place I take it you are still interested in the lady in question."

Richard nodded.

"And she in you?"

He nodded again.

"And you still intend to be married whether I approve of it or not?"

"Yes."

"How much are you making?"

"The first of next month I shall be getting fifty a week."

"That's a great deal of money," said the old man ironically and looked toward the fire.

"Grandfather," said Richard, "what is all this leading up to?"

"A common-sense view of the situation. Don't you think it's time?"

"Do you mean you give your consent and approve of my marriage?"

"How can I approve of a person I've never seen?" he answered querulously. "What good is my consent when apparently Miss Southwood's parents withhold theirs?"

"You know nothing about Miss Southwood's parents."

"I know something about you. If they had not objected you would have been married before this."

Richard smiled in spite of himself. Then he said severely: "I wish you would come to the point, and tell me just why you sent for me and what you are going to do."

"How do I know what I'm going to do?" the old man answered vaguely. "Will you send for your young lady and let me see her?"

"Certainly not!" said Richard. "And if I did she wouldn't come."

"And why not?"

"Why should she? Have you done anything but insult her by your attitude?"

"Youth and inexperience," said the old man as if talking to himself. "They take everything personally, never make allowances for the wisdom of the old and for their good motives." Suddenly he glanced at the clock. "I must go to bed," he said. "I'm breaking up. The doctor has ordered me to take a great deal of rest. I'll see you in the morning, boy."

And with that he went out.

Richard turned to his aunt.

"What does all this mean? What's happened?"

"He's been having a hard time," she answered. "Not that he doesn't deserve it. He misses you."

"But why did you wire me? He isn't sick. Has anything definite happened?"

"I was really worried about him a week ago," said Aunt Grace. "He had an emotional crisis on top of his gout."

"Emotional crisis?" Richard repeated. "Has he been drinking too much?"

"No," said Aunt Grace doubtfully. "Of course he ought never to touch anything, but what I mean was emotional. Haven't you ever seen him when he listens to sentimental music or hears someone recite Chiquita?"

"I've seen him blubber a bit."

"Well, he got that way over a story that he read in one of those weekly magazines, and I thought he was going into fits. It was about some young people who have a hard time because their parents oppose their getting married.

"I thought myself it was silly, but it seemed to upset your grandfather worse than I've ever seen him. The next day he began to hint that he was very ill and that I ought to send for the family, and finally the doctor told me I ought to telegraph you. As soon as I did it he seemed to be all right again."

"That's all very interesting," said Richard, "but I'm not coming on from Chicago because he reads sentimental stories and suffers from gout and a bad conscience. Do you know what time the first morning train goes up to New York?"

"You can't go to-morrow."

"I must," he answered. Then the idea came to him that it would be foolish to leave till he had found out where Elsie Mae had gone. "I must go on sometime to-morrow," he added.

"You don't think she'd come on if you asked her?" said his aunt.

Whether it was coincidence, telepathy or her habitual irrelevance he never knew, but the question startled him.

"Of course she wouldn't. She's the kind of woman that would die before she set foot in this house; at least till after we were married and grandfather had apologized for the way he's acted."

Aunt Grace sighed. "I had hoped that you and he might fix it up before you went back."

He shook his head. "It's up to him. There's nothing I can do."

She made no answer, and presently rang for the footman to put out the lights.

The next morning he was dressed and down before the postman came. But there was nothing for him. After all he could hardly have expected it. There is always a delay in forwarding letters. People let them lie over a day or two without realizing it. After his breakfast he decided to go downtown and call up her office on the long distance. It was probable that by this time they would have received her address.

As he was passing the stable his attention was attracted by a large and very new-looking automobile in the carriage room.

"It's been waiting for you," said the old coachman, "since you were here in the spring. Why don't you stay and use it? You know they never will."

"Business," answered Richard, and he went on.

"Aren't you coming to see your horses?" the old man called after him.

"When I come back," was the answer.

It was an hour before he got New York, and then only to be informed that nothing had been heard from Miss Southwood. There would be another mail about three. He decided to wait for it. As the idea of a family lunch did not appeal to him he telephoned that he was lunching out.

About half past two he came back and sauntered up to the stables, intending to take a look at his old hunter. As he entered he saw that the automobile was gone.

"Where's the car?" he asked.

The man who answered him grinned. "They have gone out in it."

"Who?"

"The family—the missus and Mr. Van Eltynge."

"When?"

"About half an hour ago."

Richard went on to the house. As far as he knew it was the first time his grandfather had ever driven in a motor vehicle. Saunderson answered the bell.

"I hear they've gone motoring," said Richard.

"To Narragansett, sir," the old man added. There was a gleam in his eye.

"Narragansett?" Richard repeated. His grandfather had the old Newporter's view of the place. It was twenty-five years since he had set foot in Narragansett.

"They'll be back for dinner," Saunderson added reassuringly. "Are you dining in, sir?"

"I expect to if I don't leave before," the young man answered. "I think I'll go up to my room. I didn't sleep much coming on from Chicago. If any mail comes for me send it up, please."

Ten minutes later he was fast asleep on his big sofa with an unopened novel beside him.

He was awakened, it seemed but a few minutes later, by a knocking. Still half asleep he called, "Come in." It was the mail he thought. He opened his eyes with a start. The room was in darkness.

At the same moment the door opened, and in the light from the hall he saw his grandfather.

"Are you dining at home to-night?" asked the old gentleman.

Richard sprang up.

"Why, yes," he said. "I must have fallen asleep."

"Well, you had better hurry and change. Dinner has been announced. Put on a white tie and a proper coat. I have guests. Colonel Southwood and his niece are dining with me."

"Colonel Southwood?" Richard repeated.

"I said, Colonel Southwood and his niece."

Richard switched on the light. "Are they here?"

"They are."

"How did you find them?"

"Find them? Have they been lost?" snapped the old man. "Colonel Southwood communicated with me this morning and I called on him."

He turned to go.

"One moment, sir," said Richard in a daze. "Will you tell me what this means?"

"Certainly. Colonel Southwood and I are going to decide whether we approve of this arrangement or not. I may add that Miss Southwood is entirely ready to abide by our wishes."

The boy looked blankly at him. He started to speak, but his grandfather was gone.

"It's a lie," he muttered. "She never would have given in. It's a frame-up."

Yet here she was in the house with the enemy, her uncle and his grandfather.

As he hurried into his clothes he tried to think it out. Old Southwood had evidently come North, picked up Elsie Mae in New York and come on to Narragansett. He had done the obviously sensible thing from his point of view. He had figured out that Grandfather Van Eltynge was opposed to the marriage as much as he was, and had come on to join hands with his ally. But why was Elsie Mae with him? He certainly couldn't have compelled her to come. She must have come voluntarily. The fact that she had sent him no wire looked bad. Had she tired of the fight and weakened? He couldn't blame her, yet it was so unlike her. She had always seemed to possess the quality of unconquerableness. Nothing could down her and yet she was here on Uncle Southwood's leading string.

He got as far as this as he tied his white tie. Grandfather abominated the ubiquitous dinner jacket. Then he slipped on a swallow-tail coat and hurried down.

Voices from the dining room indicated that they had gone in. He set his jaw. It was two months and more since he had seen her, yet he would have to meet her before people, unable to talk, unable to clear up the situation if it was capable of being cleared up. A moment later his heart stopped beating. He was in the room. He saw her. She was talking to his grandfather and did not look up.

"Colonel Southwood," said Grandfather Van Eltynge dryly, "may I present my grandson, Richard Van Eltynge?"

A tall lean man with white mustaches and imperial rose and bowed ceremoniously, and Richard dropped into the vacant chair beside him.

The girl was looking at him then, and smiling, but as a stranger might have looked and smiled.

"Good evening, Captain Van Eltynge," she said.

"Good evening, Miss Southwood," he replied.

Grandfather Van Eltynge turned to her and took up the threads of his interrupted conversation.

"I ha'dly realized that you had such good oysters no'th of Baltimore," Colonel Southwood observed to Aunt Grace; and Richard alone, ignored and dumb with inward rage, sat staring at the six Cape Cods in their shells before him.

Could anything have been more inhumane, indecent, revolting? There across a dinner table sat the woman he loved, the woman for whom he had given up everything, the woman he had been separated from for never-ending weeks, and they meet like strangers. The five feet of linen cloth between them might have been the five continents, and the bowl of roses the island of Australia. He could not have been more completely separated. He believed in good form, but this was all wrong. His fishy-eyed grandfather was unspeakably wrong; this drawling, pompous old Southwood was unspeakably wrong; his material-minded parrotlike aunt was unspeakably wrong. And Elsie Mae, amazing and beautiful as she was, she was wrong too. It was unbelievable, but it was true. In all the universe he seemed the only being in whom coursed the red blood of humanity and loyalty, the only being that was right-minded and just. He swallowed one of the oysters and set his face like a Christian martyr.

With the soup Miss Southwood looked at him pleasantly, but there was nothing in her look that sent a message or conveyed the private understanding that he demanded. He glowered at her, and she turned to Grandfather Van Eltynge and began telling him darky stories. She was inimitable at this, and presently the old man began to shake and presently he wiped his eyes. Richard's rage deepened. Her conduct was disgusting. Why should she throw herself at the head of the old man who had insulted her, whom she had vowed to humble and make apologize? If she was trying to win his favor for them both it was indecent. If it was true that she had consented to give him up if her uncle and his grandfather so decided, it was infamous. In any case how could a woman be in such high spirits when the man she loved was suffering and humiliated?

The dinner wore on. Elsie Mae and his grandfather chattered incessantly. Colonel Southwood when he was not eating directed a monologue at Aunt Grace. No one paid the least attention to him. He might have been dining at a table by himself. In a sudden flash of memory he recalled how he used to be brought to the lunch table in his high chair for the benefit of visiting relatives, and admonished that children should be seen and not heard. He was less ignored then than now.

Presently Richard was aware of Saunderson standing at Colonel Southwood's elbow, murmuring, "Port or Madeira, sir?"

"Madeira," said the colonel.

He was aware too of his grandfather's gaze shifting from Elsie Mae to her uncle.

The Colonel lifted his glass. As the bouquet reached his nose a shade of wonder came into his eyes. He tasted reverently.

"Why, suh," he said, "this is Rapid '17!"

Grandfather Van Eltynge nodded carelessly, but Richard saw the gleam in his eyes. "At last a gentleman!" it seemed to say.

"I had not supposed there was any of this great wine no'th of Charleston," the colonel continued.

"My grandfather bought two pipes the week it landed," said Grandfather Van Eltynge. "I have still a few bottles."

"I advise you strongly, Charles, not to drink that wine," said Aunt Grace. "You know what the doctor told you."

"The doctor be hanged!" was the answer.

Colonel Southwood smiled approval.

Aunt Grace rose majestically. Elsie Mae followed.

"Richard," she called as she swept out of the room, "we shall be glad to have you join us."

Richard hesitated.

"Go on!" said Grandfather Van Eltynge.

Then the boy rose and followed. As he entered the drawing-room Aunt Grace was seating herself before the newly lighted fire. Elsie Mae was standing beside her. She had not looked round.

"Richard," said Aunt Grace abruptly, "why don't you take Miss Southwood out on the veranda and show her the sunset over the harbor?"

It was nine o'clock and pitch dark.

"I should love to see it," said Elsie Mae.

"Get my fur cape for her," directed Aunt Grace.

Richard went into the hall, returned with the cape and put it about her shoulders. He opened the French window and together they stepped out into the darkness.

Many lights glimmered in the harbor. The curtained house windows shed a dimmed radiance upon the terrace. As their eyes adjusted themselves to it they looked at each other in silence.

"Whatever is the matter with you, Dick?" she demanded. "All through dinner you looked like you had the colic."

"Nothing is the matter with me," he answered. "Perhaps I was surprised at seeing you."

"Didn't your grandfather tell you I was coming?"

"When he came into my room before dinner he said you were here. You might have left your address in New York."

"Now how could I know you were comin' on from Chicago?" she retorted.

"You might have wired me that you were coming here."

She shrank back from him, but said nothing.

"Of course it's all right," he said stiffly. "There doesn't seem to be much sunset."

She turned away and walked down the veranda.

He watched her bitterly. It was their first quarrel. He knew he was right, yet he was miserable. She was evidently hurt, yet how unreasonable it was. How could she expect him to be the same when without a word of explanation she had joined the enemy. All the same he wished he had not hurt her. Perhaps he should have

(Concluded on Page 93)

The appeal of beauty

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Resinol Soap

(Concluded from Page 91)

tried to show her her mistake, how impossible it was to treat with these cold-hearted old people. He moved slowly after her.

A slit of light from one of the dining-room windows fell upon the veranda. The casement was ajar, for the night was not cold. He came upon her peering into the room, and looked over her shoulder. The two old men were still at table with their pipestem glasses and the bottle of Rapid '17 between them.

"We must finish the bottle," his grandfather was saying.

The colonel refilled his glass.

"It is a great wine, suh," he observed meditatively, "but it is now largely a blessed memory. The last of mine went New Year's Eve two years ago. Sometimes I find it ha'd to forgive my ancestors for sellin' any pa't of it."

"Did your family control it?"

"My maternal grandfather, Judge Mae, suh, made the importation."

"Judge Mae?"

"Yes, suh; Judge Pickens Mae. He was a ve'y good judge of wine. We have honored his memory in the middle name of my niece."

Grandfather Van Eltynge leaned forward. "M-a-e?" he demanded.

The colonel nodded. Grandfather Van Eltynge leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling. In spite of himself Richard almost laughed. There was life for you. All this row and trouble and months of unhappiness over a petty something that never existed. He could read his grandfather's thoughts, his struggle to justify himself.

Then the colonel spoke, and Grandfather Van Eltynge's gaze came back from the ceiling.

"It is a ve'y strange coincidence about that story," the colonel was saying. "You tell me you received a marked copy, the same as I did?"

"Yes. I'd give somethin' to know who sent it."

The colonel sipped his wine. "I am not what you would call a religious man, Mr. Van Eltynge, but I am a great believer in fate. I believe that the books and readin' matter intended fo' you reach you, suh."

Richard started. He thought he heard something like a suppressed giggle come from the girl in front of him. He peered round at her side face, but she was standing intent and expressionless.

"Perhaps," Grandfather Van Eltynge assented doubtfully. "At any rate as we grow older we appreciate more the influence books have upon us."

"That is true, suh," said the colonel. "After good wine I suppose books have a ve'y great influence on our lives. Take this little story, for example. You chance to read it far in the No'th, I chance to read it far in the South. You write me, a total stranger, and I write you; and heah we are sittin' at table together ovah a bottle of Rapid '17. That's what that story has done fo' us."

"True," said Grandfather Van Eltynge. "Did you ever read anything else by the same author?"

The colonel shook his head. "John Holloway is enti'ly unknown to me. But then there are so many young authors nowadays who write for the weeklies and magazines, who are totally unknown—and write ve'y well, suh."

"It beats the devil how he was able to describe a pair of old fools that he had never known," said Grandfather Van Eltynge.

"And how he happened on the story of our young people," said the colonel. "I gather what they have been through is exactly like what he tells about, exeept of course those details about the correspondence with the Government and about the engagement ring. An extraordinary feat of the imagination."

This time an unmistakable giggle came from the figure in front of Richard, and then he saw her throw open the window and step forward.

"Imagination, nothin'!" she said excitedly. "Every word of that story was true except that Uncle Jim, our senator, had to get the pay check cashed. An' if you don't believe it, there's the ring with the diamond that shrank."

A profane ejaculation expressing amazement escaped from Grandfather Van Eltynge. The colonel gazed blankly. The girl with a peal of silvery laughter turned to escape.

"Hey! Don't you go!" called Grandfather Van Eltynge. He rose stiffly, and the colonel did likewise.

"Colonel Southwood," he said, "with the last glass in the bottle, I give you Fate, alias John Holloway, alias—Elsie M-a-e."

"Happy days!" said the colonel.

Richard saw two old hands tremulously lift their glasses, two pairs of old eyes grow misty, and then Elsie Mae broke by him and fled down the veranda. It was on the lawn by the cast-iron stag that he caught her.

"My dear," he whispered, "what can I say? It is all you, your great idea that I laughed at. What do you think of me?"

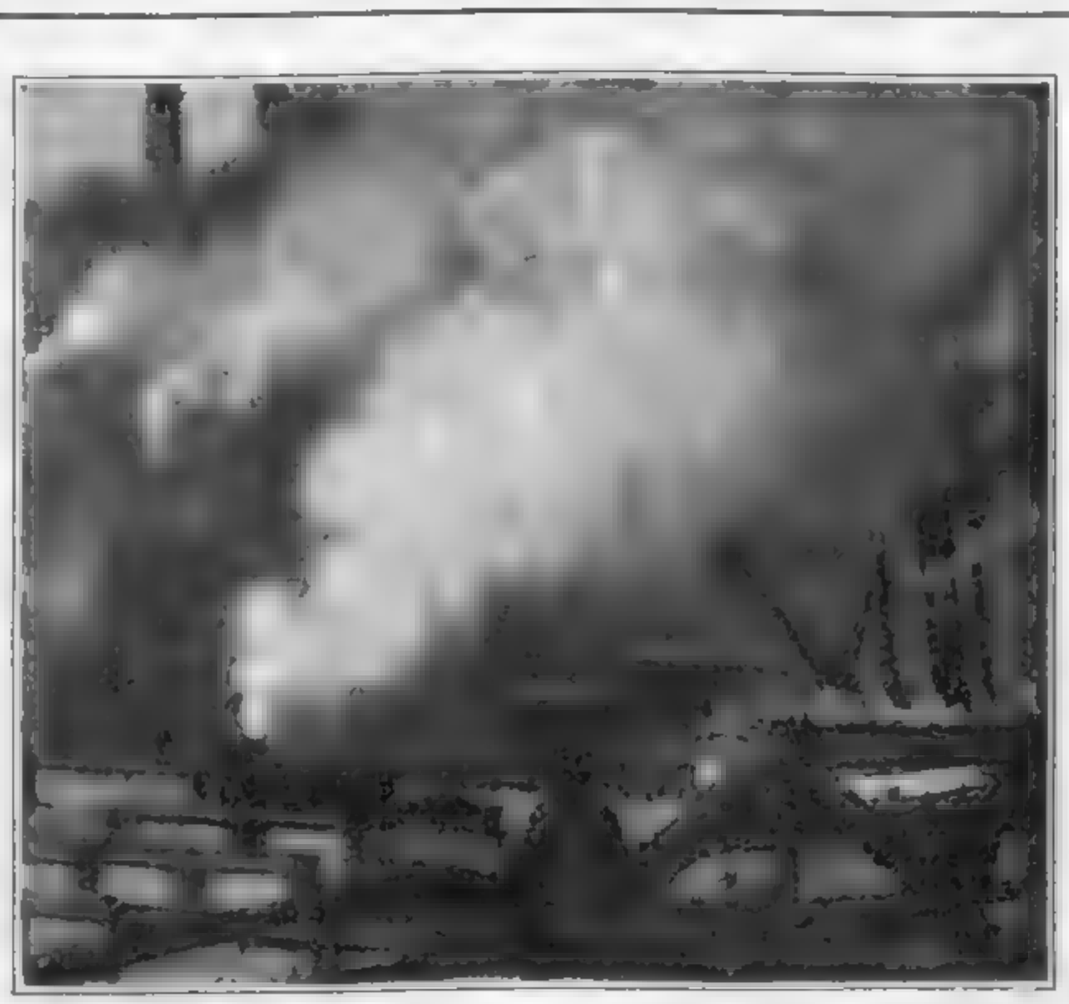
"Very little, as usual," she answered.

And then because the dew was on the lawn and her slippers were thin she was whisked up and carried bodily to the Grecian summerhouse surmounting the artificial mountain.

Ten minutes later intelligible conversation began again.

"But I don't understand," he said. "That was the six-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar one; the one I wanted to give you and couldn't."

"Well," she said, "an' why not? Four hundred for the story, two seventy-four, thirty-one for the check and sixty-nine cents that the pawnbroker threw off because he liked my looks."



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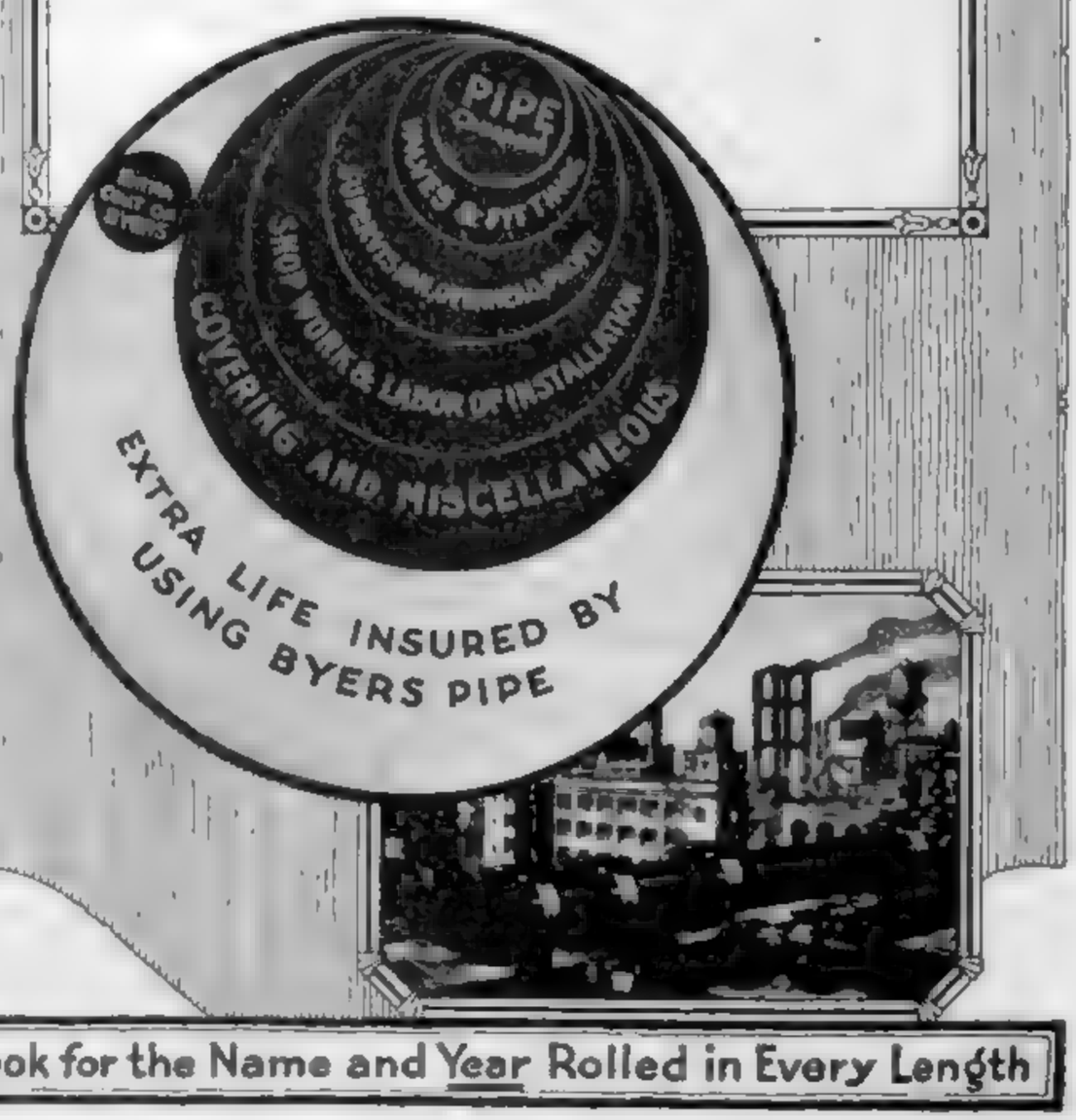
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TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 19)

"They're all leg," he grunted. "Who's that little chickadee-dee?" pointing to the reproduction of a juvenile Don Antonio in tennis flannels made from a photograph taken in Barcelona before his emigration in 1889.

"That's the murderer," grinned Terry.

"Alas! Poor brother!" commented the D. A. "He must have taken a lot of two and three-quarters before he got his nerve up to commit homicide! What sort of a case is it—really?"

"It looks all right," answered Terry, accepting a cigarette. "Anyhow, it's a good yarn. Old Ramirez is a wholesale wine and liquor importer and stands way up in New York Latin society, whatever that is. He has, as you perceive, somewhat of a wife. He also had, as you perceive, some sort of a friend. Well—Paolo and Francesca—Spanish-American triangle stuff. But—and here's the point—it really is medieval! Do the beautiful Isabella Villa Villa Perfecto and her Don Antonio Intimidad Corona hire the Pearl Button Kids or the Gas House Gang to punch the lights out of the venerable Ramirez? Does the gay Spanish cavalier beat out the brains of the doddering husband with his guitar or puncture him with an automatic? Nay, nay! Not by no means! In the best historic manner of the Borgias and D'Estes he hies him to an apothecary and purchases a malignant poison to kill—as he poetically puts it—a rat, and then dumps it in his victim's coffee. Only—and there's the merry mockery of it—being old and tough and used to the *table d'hôte Espagnole* the victim doesn't die! Instead—he hustles off and has his coffee analyzed."

"Motive, premeditation, deliberation and malice aforethought!" nodded Peckham.

"It ought to be a cinch," the Deacon assured him. "They say both the apothecary and his assistant positively identify the prisoner as having bought acetate of lead on two separate occasions."

The D. A. looked appreciative.

"Ah!" he murmured. "The papers will eat it alive! 'Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth!' If it's as simple as all that I don't see why we shouldn't put it on before Recorder Williams and try it right off the bat."

"I wish you would," approved the Deacon. "We're as dry as the Sahara out in the pressroom and there hasn't even been a Syrian murder in six months. The public have forgotten there's such a thing as a district attorney's office. This will keep us going for a couple of weeks anyhow. All the preliminary matter, you know—interviews with Señor Ramirez Claro Invincible and Señora Isabella Pippinetta Colorado—famous murder trials of the past—Buchanan, Harris, Molineux et al.; historic stuff about kings, Spanish or otherwise, murdered by their wives or mistresses and the latters' lovers; popular articles in the Sunday sup. on poisons, ancient and modern—preventive measures taken by state and municipal authorities to preclude purchase; the trial; the conviction; the sentence; the—er—execution! We couldn't ask anything better, and we'll guarantee to deliver you the entire Hispano-American vote, conservatively estimated at one hundred and forty-nine."

"All right!" nodded the D. A. "Tell Mooney I want to see Fitzpatrick; I guess I'll let him try it. He's a good exhorter."

"Why don't you try it yourself? It's a big case," suggested Terry. "You ought to get into the ring occasionally."

"Who's defending him?" meditatively inquired Peckham.

"Tutt & Tutt," replied the Deacon. "And old man Tutt says he's going to win in a walk!"

"How on earth can he think that?" demanded the D. A. "But of course he always says he'll win in a walk!"

"And sometimes he does!" warned Terry. "Look out for him, chief!"

The district attorney hesitated while he lit another cigarette.

"I guess I'll think it over a bit," he decided. "You needn't tell Mooney anything except to have the papers sent in to me."

"You better not take any chances," advised the veteran reporter. "Meantime I'm going down to find out if Mr. Tutt will make a statement about the nature of his defense."

"A statement! A statement!" repeated Peckham. "A lot you'll get! Tutt's the noisiest clam in the business!"

"I observe by the papers," remarked Tutt, as they foregathered at tea time about the small round table presided over by MissWiggin, in Mr. Tutt's office, "that our firm has been retained to defend Don Antonio Castadandos. Is that correct?"

"Quite so!" replied his partner. "We have not only been retained but what is more to the point—we've been paid in advance."

"Does that indicate that we have or have not got any defense?" smiled Miss Wiggin as she arranged the cups.

"It looks bad to me," said Bonnie Doon, pulling up a chair. "However, as the first duty of a lawyer is to see that he is properly paid, I am glad to see that Mr. Tutt has not been remiss."

"He hasn't said how much he got!" retorted Tutt. "Make mine strong, please, Miss Wiggin. According to the press it's quite a snappy case and our client hasn't got a chance."

"Anyhow there'll be a heap of advertising in it!" commented Bonnie. "Just look at that!" He unfolded the frontal display of two afternoon editions.

"Let me see!" cried Miss Wiggin. "How exciting. So there's a woman in it!"

"There is," replied Mr. Tutt grimly, carefully amputating a stogy and unsuccessfully attempting to light it from the alcohol lamp underneath the teakettle.

"I should say so!" ejaculated Bonnie. "Some chicken, eh? Just look at her, Miss Wiggin."

The managing clerk paused in her functions of hostess long enough to study the youthful reproduction of Señora Ramirez.

"She's quite beautiful—I should say. Did he try to murder the husband on her account?"

"That's what they claim," answered Bonnie. "Fed poison to him three times. They've found the apothecary that sold it to him."

"Great Cæsar!" whistled Tutt. "No wonder we're paid in advance."

"Will someone contribute a match?" asked Mr. Tutt disconsolately. "This stogy——"

"It's just like all the others," retorted Miss Wiggin. "I don't understand how you can bring yourself to smoke such things!"

"Habit, my dear, habit!" he replied. "To me their aroma is more exquisite than that of the rarest of Habanas!"

"Well, what is our defense?" demanded Tutt as he received his cup. "Attempted suicide?"

Mr. Tutt shook his head mysteriously.

"That," he returned, "you will learn at the trial."

The chief duty of any lawyer—next to that indicated by Mr. Doon of being promptly paid—is to be noncommunicative about his client's affairs. In this Ephraim Tutt, after a lifetime of experience, was particularly skillful. For he had learned that most priceless of all lessons that to be silent is by no means to be successful in concealment. Not for nothing had the district attorney referred to him as "the noisiest clam in the business." The diplomatist who achieved fame by being able to remain silent in seven languages was a child in subtlety compared to Mr. Tutt. He never apparently had anything to conceal at all. Any knowledge that he had belonged to anybody who desired it. He would discuss his cases with the utmost freedom but without imparting one jot or tittle of information. His cardinal principle was never to remain silent, for he had discovered early in his career that silence is indeed golden—to an astute interlocutor. And yet he never made a misstatement. He was a voluble sphinx, who never by silence gave assent.

"Piffle!" said Tutt peevishly. "What's the use——"

"May Mr. Terry come in?" asked Willie from the doorway.

"Certainly! Certainly! Delighted!" answered Mr. Tutt. "Show him right in," while the others looked at one another significantly, anticipating the skirmish sure to follow between the wily old practitioner and the shrewdest reporter attached to the Criminal Courts Building.

"Deacon" Terry—origin of said name of Deacon unknown—was an old hand and wise in his generation. Once and again he had pulled off a stunt of his own that had made him momentarily famous. He respected and had a pronounced admiration and affection for Mr. Tutt—never betrayed his confidence—always played fair with him—but he was a newspaper man, first, last and always—and he had come for a specific purpose. So as he crossed the threshold of the office he threw up his hands above his head and exclaimed jocularly: "No quarter!"

"Have a cup of tea?" invited Miss Wiggin.

"Thanks," he replied, "as long as it's fully understood that I'm in the camp of my enemies. No confidences! This isn't murder—it's war!"

"As you like, as you like," agreed Mr. Tutt. "Now I wonder what on earth you can be down here for? Can you guess, Bonnie?"

"Can't imagine!" said Mr. Doon blandly. "Perhaps Deacon saw something in the papers about that Spanish case——"

"Naturally I want to find out what your defense is going to be in the most sensational case in years. Is it going to be a denial of the purchase of the poison? They have two reputable witnesses?"

"What would you advise?" countered Mr. Tutt blandly.

"It would somewhat depend on whether your client gave his correct name and address at the time of purchase," replied Deacon. "It's good tactics, isn't it, to deny everything?"

"Not if it can be proved," said Mr. Tutt. "Did he give his correct name and address?"

"I don't know. Of course motive is very important. If Señora Ramirez wasn't such a beauty it would be difficult for Peckham to prove why Castadandos would want to kill Ramirez—but a woman like that!"

"Is she so wonderful?" inquired Mr. Tutt innocently.

"Don't you think so?"

"Her picture in the paper would make her seem so. Still, you know how little they usually resemble the original."

Mr. Tutt exhaled a wallowing ring of blue-gray smoke.

The Deacon chuckled.

"The fact that your firm is retained by Señora Ramirez is rather damaging, isn't it?" he asked carelessly as he handed back his cup for more tea.

"I haven't seen any such statement as that in the papers," mused the old lawyer without betraying the slightest sign of concern. "If she had, perhaps——"

"Oh, I don't know that she has!" hastily added the Deacon. "But when a lady visits the house of her lover's lawyer late in the evening, one naturally—eliminating the idea of a rendezvous—jumps to the conclusion that she is interested."

He emptied his cup and put it down in the most matter-of-fact way imaginable. It was a shot in the dark but, as sometimes happens, it hit a cat.

"Well," retorted Mr. Tutt, "supposing she has retained us?"

"It wouldn't make for much harmony in the family," hazarded the Deacon. "Aren't you willing to make any statement regarding the nature of your defense? The public would naturally be pleased to know that Don Antonio was innocent. I'd be glad to help you in creating sentiment for him and all that! Why not frankly admit that Don Antonio loves Señora Ramirez? By heck! Why not have her take the stand and testify that she did it—and not Castadandos?"

"Perhaps I will," replied Mr. Tutt, stroking his long chin. "Perhaps I will!"

"By the way," concluded the Deacon, "what does the lady look like? Does she actually to-day at all resemble this picture, which I have ascertained was made in 1905?"

Mr. Tutt suddenly realized that somehow or other he had betrayed himself; just how he could not precisely determine.

"Deacon," he answered sternly, "Señora Isabella Ramirez looks no more like that illustration than than a Brontosaurus!"

Terry regarded him suspiciously. Mr. Tutt gave every indication of sincerity.

"Well," queried the Deacon as he rose and picked up his hat, "where does that let you off?"

"You'll have to work that out for yourself," growled Mr. Tutt.

The Deacon twirled his bowler between his fingers.

"After all," he remarked blithely, "that isn't official. And maybe you are no judge of feminine attractions. For the rest of us—for the public at large—Señora Isabella Ramirez will remain one of the most beautiful women in the world—until we know different!"

Deacon Terry, the dean of New York's Criminal Fourth Estate, like most experienced reporters, was a cynic in that he realized that the lust for publicity is in most men more potent than the love of women or the lure of gold. He was prepared to condone those slight distortions of exactitude whereby every actor in any drama, however mild, becomes under the artistry of the write-up man a "leading" something—a "leading" society man or woman, a "leading" butcher, grocer or laundryman—at the very least a "leading" citizen. The Deacon discounted ninety per cent of what he read and all that he heard, and he had been known to assert that there was no such thing as truth, since it was incapable of human interpretation. Moreover, he held strongly to the thesis that just as most people are highly complex in their natures and neither wholly idealistic nor wholly selfish, so their motives are apt to be intricate and involved.

That a love motif was the key to the Ramirez mystery—if it could be called one—seemed obvious, yet to the Deacon there was something about the whole affair that gave it an air of artificiality. Was it the ludicrous, almost ridiculous personality of the characters? The simple-minded crudity of the methods employed, that suggested the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent? Or was it the inability of a Yankee newspaper man to grasp the ferocity of the fires latent in the Latin temperament? The Deacon did not take much stock in temperament; he thought it was worked much too hard.

Besides, he had never covered a case where there prevailed such a general air of nonchalance. Mr. Tutt did not seem to feel the least anxiety over the outcome, and the Deacon knew the old lawyer well enough to feel convinced that he was not acting. As for Don Antonio, it almost seemed as if he enjoyed being in the Tombs. Queer! What sort of game could they all be up to? A bluff like that would be simply too preposterous. No! There was something. Yet the Deacon's doubts did not prevent him from playing the case up for all it was worth.

Soon the Ramirez murder case began to be a common subject of conversation and a wave of sympathy, fostered by the sob sisters in the evening editions for Señora Ramirez and Don Antonio, swept over the city. This, however, did not disturb the district attorney. The case was absolutely impregnable—cast iron; the evidence incontrovertible.

"Don't you think so yourself, Deacon?" he demanded the day before the trial as Terry lingered on after the daily five-o'clock interview accorded to the press.

The Deacon pressed his lean cheeks together with his thumb and middle finger and hesitated.

"Well?" repeated the D. A. a trifle impatiently.

"To tell the truth, chief," answered the Deacon, "this blooming case has got my goat. It looks like a cinch, but—it's almost too good. I have a hunch you may find that it's loaded."

"Nonsense!" snapped Peckham, annoyed, because he valued the Deacon's opinion. "What makes you feel that way?"

"Don't know!" replied Terry. "I guess it's the way that little jacksnaps of a Don Antonio snaps his thumb-nail under his front teeth and says 'Tck!'"

Meantime, all remained quiet in the offices of Tutt & Tutt. Never had anything like it been known before upon the eve of a legal battle, particularly such a battle as this, where public interest now approached frenzy and where cards of admittance to the court room were being as avidly sought as had been those to the receptions given by the city authorities to General Joffre, Cardinal Mercier and King Albert of Belgium.

"Seems to me you're taking things pretty easy," observed Tutt as he came in just

(Continued on Page 99)

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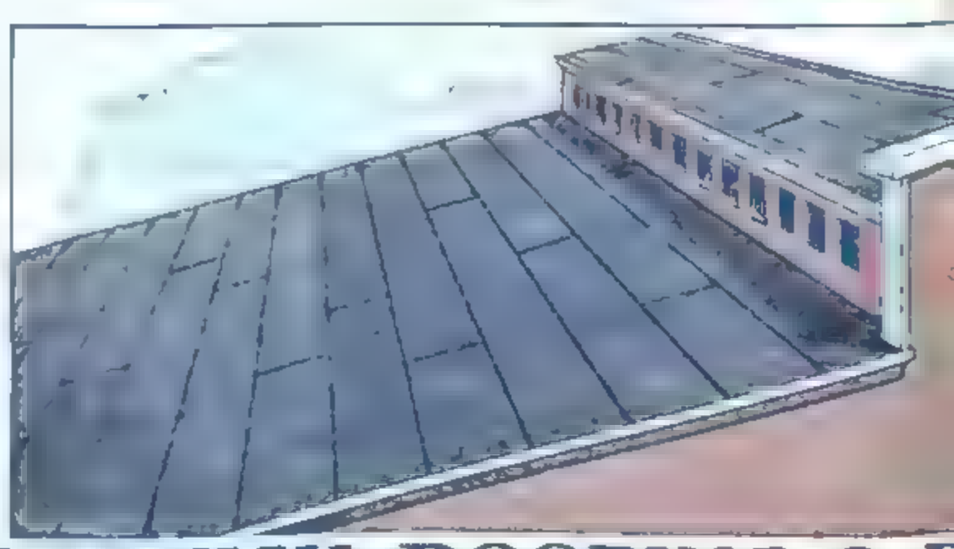

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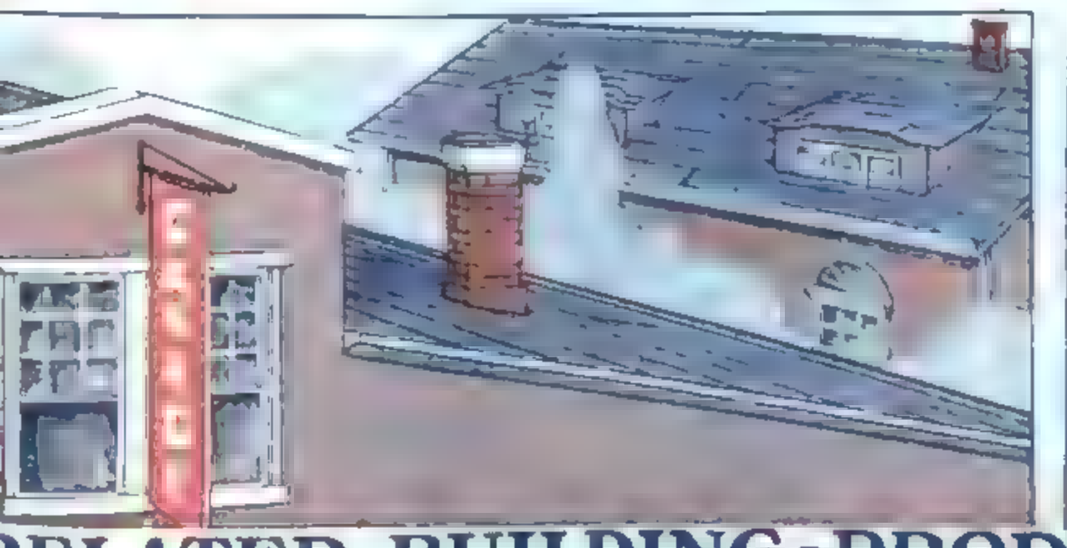

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Along the Great White Way

SELZNICK
SELZNICK
SELZNICK

(Continued from Page 94)

before tea time on the eve of the combat. "I don't see that you've done anything at all in the way of preparation."

"I haven't," answered Mr. Tutt. "There's nothing to do."

"In that case I don't suppose you want any help," replied the junior.

Mr. Tutt laid down the Law Journal and took off his glasses.

"Yes, I do," he said. "I want you to get the jury."

"Me?" inquired Tutt. "Why, I thought you liked to get acquainted with 'em that way."

"I do, usually. But this time I'm going to keep out of sight until the case gets really started."

"What sort of jury do you want?" asked his partner.

Ephraim Tutt regarded his legal other half with solemnity.

"I want," said he deliberately and with emphasis, "a jury of middle-aged married men—old enough to have exhausted the possibilities of the joy of living—depressed, anxious, worried-looking men—and I want 'em small. Not one over a hundred and twenty pounds."

"What do you expect me to do?" jeered Tutt. "Weigh 'em?"

"I'm quite serious!" the elder partner rebuked him. "Quite serious! Remember—no bachelors—nothing over one hundred and twenty, and the lighter the better—the mournfulest pick of the panel. Do you follow me?"

"No!" retorted Tutt. "I don't! But I understand that you want a jury of crape hangers—twelve featherweight melancholy benedicts."

"Precisely!" nodded Mr. Tutt. "I want twelve middle-aged adventurers in matrimony who look as if they hadn't a friend in the world."

"It's too bad I can't serve!" remarked Tutt with feeling.

When Mr. Tutt the following afternoon forced his way through the crowd in the court room and took his seat beside the freshly barbered Don Antonio at the table reserved for the prisoner and his counsel he would have been captious indeed had he felt dissatisfaction with the jury which Tutt had selected. With meticulous observance of his senior's field orders the younger member of the firm had breezily challenged without explanation every unmarried talesman and all those others who in any way showed by their appearance that their lives were anything but a burden. Moreover, they were all diminutive—like Don Antonio. In fact, they resembled a group of undersized acidulated undertakers.

The place was jammed. There hadn't been a genuine high-class murder case for years! And not since Albert T. Patrick faced the jury that convicted him of the murder of old man Rice had any such gathering crowded the benches and overflowed inside the rail. Even the steps leading up to the bench were occupied by highly interested lady friends of His Honor, who simply would not be denied the privilege of attendance. Four cartoonists with full-fledged easels unblushingly caricatured for their respective journals the judge, the jury, the defendant and his counsel. An extra force of court officers had been installed to preserve order, and the only persons allowed access to the room were a constant succession of small boys who, waiting breathlessly while the reporters dashed off trenchant comments upon the progress of the trial, pounced upon them as completed and rushed to the telephones below. The court room smelled like a menagerie. Not a window was raised even the fraction of an inch, for the judge had an aversion to drafts. But it was a great occasion and District Attorney Peckham, appreciating his opportunity, had condescended to leave his official pedestal and personally to enter the arena.

He was a celebrated trial lawyer, was the Honorable Peckham, and his articulation was the wonder and envy of the criminal bar. Each syllable fell from his thin lips a perfect thing, meticulously separated from its predecessor. His language was beautiful, majestic, full of dignity. No door to Peckham was such a base thing as a door; it became a "means of egress"; the poor old earth was always "God's green footstool"; a primrose on the river's brim a primrose never was to him, but "a delicate blossom nestling modestly in retirement upon the grassy banks of a placid rippling stream flowing gently to the sea." This in his moments of sentiment, pathos or reflection. But when it came time in the carefully ordered course of forensic events to assail the cowering defendant the Honorable Peckham's whole nature seemed to change. His eyes flashed fire, his dilated nostrils quivered with righteous anger, and his voice trembled with horror and rose in a wild shriek of denunciation.

"And so, gen-til-men!" he concluded, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper, "at the con-clu-sion of this, the most im-por-tant pros-e-cu-tion of my term of of-fice, I shall ask yeou, much as my nature re-volts at the in-car-cer-a-tion of a fel-low hu-man be-ing, to find this would-be as-sas-sin guilty of at-temp-ted murder in the first de-gree!"

There was a murmur of applause as the Honorable Peckham sat down. But the defendant and his attorneys had listened undisturbed by his invective and they continued to listen with equanimity as one by one the witnesses were called, sworn and gave their testimony. Mr. Tutt interposed not one objection, the witnesses told their stories without interruption. The serene progress of the trial was marred by no acrimonious encounter between counsel. Even Peckham began to feel slightly worried. The thing was going too well, too darn well! He wished Tutt & Tutt would hurry up and unmask their batteries.

But Tutt & Tutt didn't. Unhindered, they permitted each witness to wend his way as he chose among the verbal flowers of Peckham's rhetoric, to paint Don Antonio as black as his imagination permitted. Witness after witness told of the attentions showered by Don Antonio upon Señora Ramirez; the druggist and his clerk both identified him as twice having purchased the poison later discovered in the coffee; and Señor Ramirez grandiloquently described the actions of the viper who had warmed himself at his fireside in order to steal the affections of his wife. And while Señora Ramirez, her face purple with fury, glared malignantly at him across the inclosure he depicted the scene in the Natural History Museum, where from behind the pelicans he had observed the pair as they sat in the recess adjoining the flamingos.

Finally Peckham sprang the surprise which he had so carefully concealed. From the distant confines of the state of New Jersey he produced the missing waitress who had so strangely disappeared immediately after the poisoning of Señor Ramirez, and from her he elicited the momentous fact that on three consecutive Thursdays she had observed Don Antonio place something in Señor Ramirez's cup and, being of a somewhat suspicious nature, had carefully preserved the same intact. These cups—the dregs of each of which had been analyzed by the chemical expert retained by the state, were now offered in evidence—three innocent after-dinner coffee cups, of turquoise blue, adorned with yellow and golden butterflies.

"Looks like nothing to it!" muttered Charlie Still to the Deacon. "He's sewed up tight! Halfway up to Briarcliff already!"

The Deacon regarded him placidly.

"The ball is still rolling," he remarked enigmatically. "You can make your bet!"

"The People rest," announced the Honorable Peckham with a gesture toward the jury as if to indicate that the People had earned it.

The recorder looked down at Mr. Tutt.

"The case is with you," he said pleasantly.

Mr. Tutt rose and felt in a leisurely manner in his waistcoat pocket for the huge old-fashioned turnip watch that he always carried.

"Your Honor," he said in an unconcerned manner, "it's twenty minutes past twelve. No doubt the jury are tired. Might I suggest an adjournment until after lunch—say, two o'clock?"

"How long do you expect to be with your side of the case?" asked the court.

"Oh, I think about twenty minutes will be enough," replied Mr. Tutt.

A gust of astonishment blew across the benches.

"What!" ejaculated the Honorable Peckham. "Twenty minutes! Well, if the trial is going to wind up as soon as that he can lunch as long as he likes!"

"No doubt Mr. Tutt knows his own case," smiled the court. "I will adjourn until two o'clock."

Deacon Terry, a curious flicker playing about his mouth and eyes, sat immovable, parting the struggling throng as a projecting bowlder divides the current of a brawling river.

"I'm on!" he whispered delightedly to himself as the crowd surged about him. "I'm on!"

Two o'clock came and the corridors emptied themselves into the court room again. The crucial moment had arrived. The newspaper men, the district attorney's staff, the distinguished representatives of the Spanish colony, the melancholy jury, and the recorder reassembled in their places.

Last of all placidly strolled in Mr. Tutt, much as if to say: "Well, boys, here we all are again. What's the next thing on the program?" The atmosphere was tense with eager expectation. It was the zero hour of the trial. And the crowd breathlessly awaited the instant when Mr. Tutt and Don Antonio would go over the top together.

At the left of the inclosure the dignified Señor Ramirez sat with his hands upon the head of his cane, the living presentment of a betrayed and rheumatic husband, his eyes fixed entreatingly upon the jury. Behind the press table Señora Ramirez, her figure tightly compressed in a costume of yellow and black satin, her hands gripping the arms of her chair, her abundant bosom pulsating with emotion, leaned forward intently. There was that about her suggesting the tigress about to be deprived of her cub, ready to spring upon the first who should lay a hand upon it; and the resemblance was heightened by the fact that from time to time her upper lip, with its thin line of black, twitched nervously. She was the incarnation of indomitable will—irresistible; a formidable human battle-ax, a man-woman!

"We are ready to proceed, Mr. Tutt," suggested the judge.

Mr. Tutt coughed, pushed back his chair and obediently rose. If the crowd had expected any burst of forensic oratory it was disappointed, for glancing along the double line of dejected countenances before him, the lawyer merely remarked in a casual tone:

"My friends of the jury: This is a very simple case—very simple! No man can be convicted of a crime which he did not intend to commit. My client, Don Antonio Castadandos, is accused of attempting to murder his old friend—I might almost say his benefactor—Señor Ramirez. He never attempted to murder him—never wished to harm him. But I will let Don Antonio tell his own story. Don Antonio—please take the stand."

Don Antonio, resplendent in a new purple suit with a black velvet waistcoat bound with pink braid, straightened, flecked a bit of fluff from his lapel, twirled his mustache and jauntily followed the officer to the witness chair. He walked proudly, for in ten minutes the words presently to fall from his lips would be flashing under the rolling ocean to Madrid, Bilbao, Barcelona. His name would be tossed from mouth to mouth in the public squares of Avila, of Segovia, of Salamanca. For twenty-four hours at least the story of his romance with Señora Ramirez would fill the columns of the Spanish newspapers, together with the announcement of the jury's action. It was his supreme opportunity. For one crowded hour he would stand upon Fame's tottering pinnacle.

As he stood there preening himself before the jury Señora Ramirez, the woman for whom he had sacrificed everything, fastened her eyes passionately upon his face. But he did not look at her. Rather he sought the glance of Señor Ramirez, his erstwhile friend, whose death he was accused of seeking to encompass. So Don Antonio bowed in courtly fashion to the recorder, murmuring the word "Excellentissimo," bowed to the jury, and then magnificently to the multitude.

"Is he not a *caballero grande!*" whispered Señora Amontillado.

And all the Spanish colony without exception felt that even if he were a would-be murderer he was nevertheless a gallant specimen of the patrician caste of ancient Spain, and was doing them proud.

"*Caramba!*" replied Señor Amontillado. "He is truly a *caballero!* What a pity that he must be kept in the *calabozo!*"

Deacon Terry meanwhile was scribbling furiously, tearing yellow sheet from yellow sheet and crunching it into the fists of the waiting messengers.

Don Antonio with an air of amiable condescension gazed about the room, according proper recognition to his various friends among the audience, gave a final pat to his mustache and crossed one glossy boot daintily over the other.

"Don Antonio—or perhaps I should say Mr. Castadandos," began Mr. Tutt, also in the courtly manner of old Castile, "you are charged with having attempted the murder of Señor Ramirez."

"Incredible!" protested Don Antonio lightly. "I—kill—Señor Ramirez! *Dios!* Inconceivable!"

He smiled at the jury as if the suggestion were too utterly preposterous to be entertained for a moment by anybody—even a juryman.

"Did you attempt to kill Señor Ramirez?" went on the lawyer.

"I did not!" replied Don Antonio with calm urbanity.

"Did you, in fact, entertain any ill feeling for Señor Ramirez?"

"I? Nevair! I lova-ed him—I lova him now!"

Señor Ramirez half started from his chair, brandishing his cane.

"Assassin!" he shouted contemptously. "Thou—lova-edst me! *Nombre de Dios!*"

"It is true, nevertheless!" affirmed Don Antonio, as if considerately asking the jury to overlook Señor Ramirez's outburst.

Mr. Tutt waited until the excitement had somewhat subsided and then proceeded:

"Did you put acetate of lead, or any other poison, in the coffee of Señor Ramirez?"

Don Antonio shot his cuffs and stroked his mustache as if giving the question the consideration it might be supposed to deserve.

"Yes," he replied in a judicial fashion, "and *no*."

"Come, come!" interrupted Peckham. "That's no answer. You either did or you didn't!"

"Pardon me, Señor!" answered Don Antonio patiently. "Thou art in error. I am correct in saying that from one angle of eyesight I did place poison in the coffee cups of Señor Ramirez, but from another angle of eyesight I did not."

The recorder raised his brows and looked over his spectacles at Mr. Tutt. Was the lawyer going to permit the defendant to confess his guilt?

"Kindly explain yourself to the jury!" directed Mr. Tutt with entire unconcern.

Señora Ramirez's face quivered with agonized bewilderment. Why in heaven's name should her Antonio admit that he had given poison to her husband?

"Excellentissimo—and señores," said Don Antonio, facing the jury, "it is true that I gave poison to Señor Ramirez—three times, just as has been testified, but"—and he uttered the words defiantly—"I each time also administered the proper antidote—sulphate of soda!"

"Holy Mike!" suspirated the Honorable Peckman. "That's the weirdest defense I ever heard of!"

"I could do nothing else," explained Don Antonio. "The excellentissimo and señores will appreciate my position most unfortunate. I could not repulse the advances of Señora Ramirez—for she was a lady, and I a nobleman of Spain. But I did not lova her! *Nombre de Dios*, no! My love was all for my old *amigo*, Ramirez! Struggle as I would I became with her more and more involv-ed. I feared of her love the very intensity! I could not go back! And I could not go on!

"At last she demanded that I poison her husband in order that I might marry her. If I did not, she swore, she would kill both herself and me. What could I do? I did not want to die. Neither did I want to marry her. Fate might not permit me to live peacefully without her, but, *por Dios*, I could not possibly live with her!

"*Caramba!* Could one love a woman like that? Four times my size! An Amazon! A female rhinoceros—*usi abada!* un' elephante! I trembled—for she filled me with terror. Her very love suffocated, stifled, smothered me. I could not escape from her! She pursued me like the bloodhound in the Cabin of Uncle Thomas!

"She hovered over me like the vulture. I was overcome with lassitude! I was exhausted. I dared not refuse when she conducted me to the chemist for the poison. And she—ah! she waited outside to observe that I bought it. Twice we did it. But afterward I went secretly to another chemist and purchased the antidote. Ah, what relief! Some angel must have told me what to do! Then happily—with entire satisfaction—I administered the poison before her very eyes! Thrice did I! Never did she suspect for an instant I ——"

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A weird cry suddenly emanated from Señora Ramirez.

But it was quickly submerged in another. Señor Ramirez had struggled to his feet and, abandoning his cane, had staggered across the inclosure toward the witness chair.

"*Amigo!*" he shouted, holding out his arms, while tears of joy streamed down his mottled cheeks. "How could I have doubted thee! Forgive me! Forgive me! Embrace me, Antonio!"

Don Antonio descended gracefully from his platform in the Hall of Fame and clasped Señor Ramirez convulsively to his bosom.

"I forgive thee, *amigo!*" he answered graciously. "I cannot blame thee for what thou hast done. Thou knowest women—this woman!"

"Here! Here, you two! Take your seats! Take your seats!" ordered the recorder brutally, and the two *caballeros* disentangled themselves and reluctantly resought their places.

The Honorable Peckham beckoned furiously to Fitzpatrick, his assistant.

"Where's old Horowitz, our expert? What got into him, anyhow? Why didn't he tell you there was an antidote?"

Mr. Fitzpatrick disappeared hastily, returning just as the tableau of reconciliation had been concluded.

"Horowitz says he's sorry, but that you only told him to analyze the coffee for poison—not for an antidote. He found the poison all right—and didn't go any further."

"Well, now he can go to hades!" hissed the Honorable Peckham. "This ain't a case, it's a joke. Where do we all get off? What the dickens am I to do?"

From the reporters' table came a noise like the scratching of a thousand hens. A ceaseless stream of small boys tore to and fro between it and the door.

The Señora Amontillado wiped her eyes spasmodically.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed brokenly to her husband. "I knew that he must be innocent—a man like that!"

"Bah!" retorted Señor Amontillado rudely. "You women are all alike!"

"That is the defense," finished Mr. Tutt mildly. "I have my own chemist, who will testify that the compound administered was practically harmless. In any event it is clear there was no homicidal intent. Moreover"—his eye searched the jury significantly—"my client acted under duress—actual physical fear. The district attorney may cross-examine."

But the Honorable Peckham's feet had been swept from under him. The witness had admitted everything; there was nothing to cross-examine him about. Don Antonio had confessed and avoided, ducked, side-stepped—leaving the prosecution helplessly hanging in mid-air. The district attorney roared a few questions at him, which Don Antonio answered with the utmost punctilio. He even conceded his amorous dallying with Señora Ramirez beside the flamingos.

"That is all!" lamely ended the Honorable Peckham, sitting down with mingled feelings of wrath, disgust and chagrin, fully realizing that the prosecution had made a fool of itself, and that he was himself largely to blame for not having taken the Deacon's hint. "Go on! Call your expert!"

So Don Antonio gave place to Mr. Tutt's chemist, who also had analyzed the remains of the fluid in the coffee cups and who testified that he had found therein not only sulphate of lead but also acetate of soda, which he explained would be the reaction when acetate of lead was combined with sulphate of soda, the antidote made use of. The purchase of this by the defendant was promptly established by another witness.

"That is the case!" bowed Mr. Tutt. "I have nothing to say. I will leave the matter entirely to the jury."

The district attorney looked pathetically at the bench. The recorder was trying to hide a smile behind a huge copy of the Criminal Code, which he seemed to be studying assiduously.

"Oh—well!" stammered Peckham, flushing, "I'll do the same. We both submit on Your Honor's charge."

The twelve little husbands in the box raised their chins expectantly.

"Gentlemen," began His Honor, "I will first expound to you the law governing the various degrees of homicide." And he did. Then, closing the statute book, he cleared his throat and went on: "This is an unusual case. The law requires an intent to kill—without it you cannot convict the defendant of attempted murder. If you believe the defendant's story he had no such intent. At most he could be convicted only of assault in a lesser degree. Do you wish me to charge the law of assault, Mister District Attorney?"

Peckham hesitated.

"No," he answered finally, wisely perceiving that the glory of his office would not be heightened by bringing down a mosquito in pursuing an elephant. "I prefer to go to the jury on the murder count."

"Then," continued His Honor, "if you have a reasonable doubt whether the defendant intended to cause the death of Señor Ramirez by administering the poison you will acquit him."

"But there isn't any doubt!" interrupted a thin voice from the back row. "If he'd wanted to kill him he wouldn't have given him the antidote, would he?"

His Honor smiled affably.

"That is for you to say, gentlemen. You may retire."

The uxorious twelve filed slowly out, but the door had hardly closed behind them before it opened and they came in again.

"How say you?" demanded the clerk. "Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty!" answered the foreman eagerly.

And all twelve nodded their confirmation.

"The defendant is discharged!" declared the court.

Don Antonio, having first made a low obeisance in the direction of the recorder, seized Mr. Tutt's hands in both of his and covered them with kisses.

"*Gracias! Gracias!*" he cried and, turning to the jury: "*Gracias, señores! Gracias!*"

Then his eye rested upon the massive form and determined features of Señora Ramirez. Coldly he returned her stony glance. A faint smile curled his lip. Placing his thumb-nail beneath one of his front teeth, he snapped it toward her.

"TCK!" said he.

Fuller-Built Landmarks

1. Grain Elevators at Quebec, Canada.
   Harbour Commissioners Engineers.
2. West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co. Plant, Tyrone, Pa.
   F. G. Ten Broeck, Engineer.
3. Addition to Ford Motor Plant, Detroit, Mich.
   Albert Kahn, Architect. Ernest Wilby, Associate.
4. Kipawa Co. Pulp, Paper & Sulphite Plant, Temiskaming. Canada.
   H. S. Ferguson, Engineer.

~When we build by the Acre

The covering of acres of country, with the many widely different types of structures that go to make up modern industrial plants, is an important part of the building activity of the Fuller organization.

The four plants here shown cover a large total of acreage—but even more important, they give some indication of the vast diversity of our building operations.

The economy of building at any time lies in building right.

The Fuller Industrial Engineering Corporation supplements the building service of the George A. Fuller Company with expert engineering ability capable of handling the designing and equipping of industrial plants of all kinds with maximum speed and economy

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Boston	Baltimore	Detroit
Philadelphia	Pittsburgh	St. Louis
Montreal	Cleveland	Buffalo
New Orleans	Kansas City	*Shipyard* Wilmington, N. C.

THE NEST BUILDER

(Continued from Page 25)

going to be difficult. The candid truth could not be told to a kindly little person who meant so very well. Joanna was rested and refreshed, and so ready to call her past impatience unreasonable. Mrs. Roberts—giving the captain a lovely time, making a spot of brightness that drew neighboring eyes away from the drama—was a remarkably nice little soul, and the one way not to hurt her was to get out unseen.

"I am going now," she whispered, slipping out of her seat. "Don't follow. I would rather you did not."

"But it isn't time—you have hours!" He was protesting in a resounding whisper.

She literally ran.

Joanna did her conscientious best by Monday's work, but Tuesday found her preoccupied, troubled. On Wednesday morning she went to her chief.

"I feel exactly like a cat that is shut away from her kittens," she told him distressfully. "Heaven only knows what the carpenters are doing to my house! There is a pile of work I can take out with me. If you don't let me go I shall die."

The chief laughed and bade her run to her kittens; and on the way out Joanna faithfully read manuscript. But at the journey's end her heart was beating as though a lover awaited her instead of a little old brown house. She took the nearest cab, forgetting to look for Jones, and was out at her gate before it could stop.

The house was there, safe and sound—but curiously still. The work inside had boiled up against the windows, and even here and there through the roof, and then stopped short. Joanna felt a pang of fright. Her step on the gravel roused no stir. The front door opened on the confusion she had left Sunday night; in the dining room the pachisi board still waited by the ashes of Sunday's fire.

She hurried on to the kitchen, and there at least was life. A fire glowed in the stove and the captain was in the act of putting a pan of biscuits into the oven. His happy welcome took the sinister hush out of the quiet.

"Well, now, that's fine!" he greeted her. "We wasn't looking for you till Thursday night. I'll have lunch ready in half an hour if my sody biscuits ——"

"Where is Mrs. Roberts?" Joanna cut in.

The captain met the name with affectionate chuckles. "She sure is a sleepy little lady! She likes her breakfast about when most folks like their lunch. I guess she'll be down pretty soon now."

"I guess she will!" Joanna muttered, and left the room with a strong step.

The housekeeper was on the stairs, looking ridiculously young in a white middy and short skirt. She cried out at sight of Joanna, a joyous carol:

"Oh, I have been so lonely I nearly perished!" She rushed down to shake hands. There was not a cloud on her rejoicing. "How did you get away? Can you stay?"

Joanna's righteous wrath was fading to a feeble glumness. After all there was no especial reason that the housekeeper should get up. And anyway, that could wait.

"Where are all the carpenters?" she broke in.

"Oh, the carpenters!" They were a trying memory. "They kept asking me questions; and how could I answer? You had not explained your plans to me." That was a bright reproach. "So I told them they had better knock off till Friday. I was nearly dead of their noise; it did feel good to have a breathing spell. They were glad to go," she added, seeing storm in Joanna's face. "Someone else had been trying to get them."

"Exactly. And will probably object to giving them up." Joanna spoke very distinctly. "Don't you think that to dismiss my workmen was a little out of your province?"

She had to say it. She knew that she would be made to wish she had not, but the bitterness of having lost her carpenters could not be swallowed without a sign.

Mrs. Roberts' voice rose in wailing protest: "Oh, and I meant so well! How could I tell how the door ought to open and which way you wanted the bathtub?"

"Right side up," said Joanna grimly. "Why didn't you telephone?"

"But you kept telling me to economize! And ——"

"Economize—yes. We didn't need squabs for breakfast! But not ——" Joanna gave her up with a large gesture of despair. "Where are they working?"

"Oh, miles from here—the Italian villa you can see from the road. Oh, I have spoiled everything for you! You must simply hate me! I will never dare decide anything again. And yet it seemed so dreadful to let them make mistakes and ——"

It was the familiar lament of the salad. It would go on and on for days if measures were not taken. Joanna forced herself to a smile.

"Well, it was a mistake, but I need not have been so savage," she said. "Let me have a sandwich and I will go up and snatch them back. Two days isn't a killing matter."

"Ah, if you are so sweet about it I shall feel worse than ever," Mrs. Roberts mourned.

She was so upset that Joanna had to make her own sandwich. The grief followed her through the gate.

"If you would only let me go I know I could get them back for you," she cried.

A suspicion that perhaps she could where Joanna herself might fail did not add to the general harmony. Her militant mother could not have gone forth more strongly or come back more successful. A trail of sheepish carpenters followed her.

All that week the work seethed. Joanna added plumbers, more carpenters and an electrician. Her capital was gone, her salary mortgaged. A passion as real as the gambler's or the drug fiend's held her silent, brooding, intent on the perfecting of her nest.

Mrs. Roberts might have stayed in bed all day and Joanna would not have noticed; but she appeared, somewhat martyred, shortly before breakfast and fled the house soon after.

Had Monday followed directly on Saturday Joanna would not even have remembered the office; but the sudden hush of Sunday gave her a chance to wake up. The fever died down, conscience struggled back to life. She put from her hand the yardstick, magic rod of all her creating, and sat herself down in the sun with a pile of typed manuscript.

Joanna worked as absorbedly as she dreamed, and a disturbance had to be very positive to reach her attention. The high indignant voice had been going on for some minutes before she was aware. It was a strange voice, hearty in its wrath, and she could hear the captain arguing soothingly against it, with recurrent gurgles of laughter. He gradually gave in; there was a tolerant "All right, Pussy, all right!"

Then he came round the corner of the house alone, his round face rueful, yet a rising sun of mirth. He paused close to Joanna and spoke cautiously:

"I got to go, I'm afraid."

"Oh, no!"

The grieved protest went straight to his good heart.

"I'm real sorry! It isn't that I'm tired of you ladies or the place—I like it fine. But my daughter" -his thumb indicated the unseen presence round the corner "she won't go without me, I guess. She's kind of upset."

"Didn't she know you were here?" Joanna asked.

"Know it!" A middle-aged woman, hot and exasperated, was bearing down on them through the lilacs. Her black brows were not derived from the captain, but her hat had the same tendency to coast about on her head. One hand mechanically pushed it to a precarious straightness as she faced Joanna. "Wouldn't you think a man over eighty, who had a good home and a family that thought the world of him, would know enough not to run away?" she demanded. "That's the third time he's done it. He says he is going to visit my brother, and he sneaks off and takes a job! Wouldn't it make you sick?"

Joanna mournfully admitted that it would. "But I can't get along without him!" she cried.

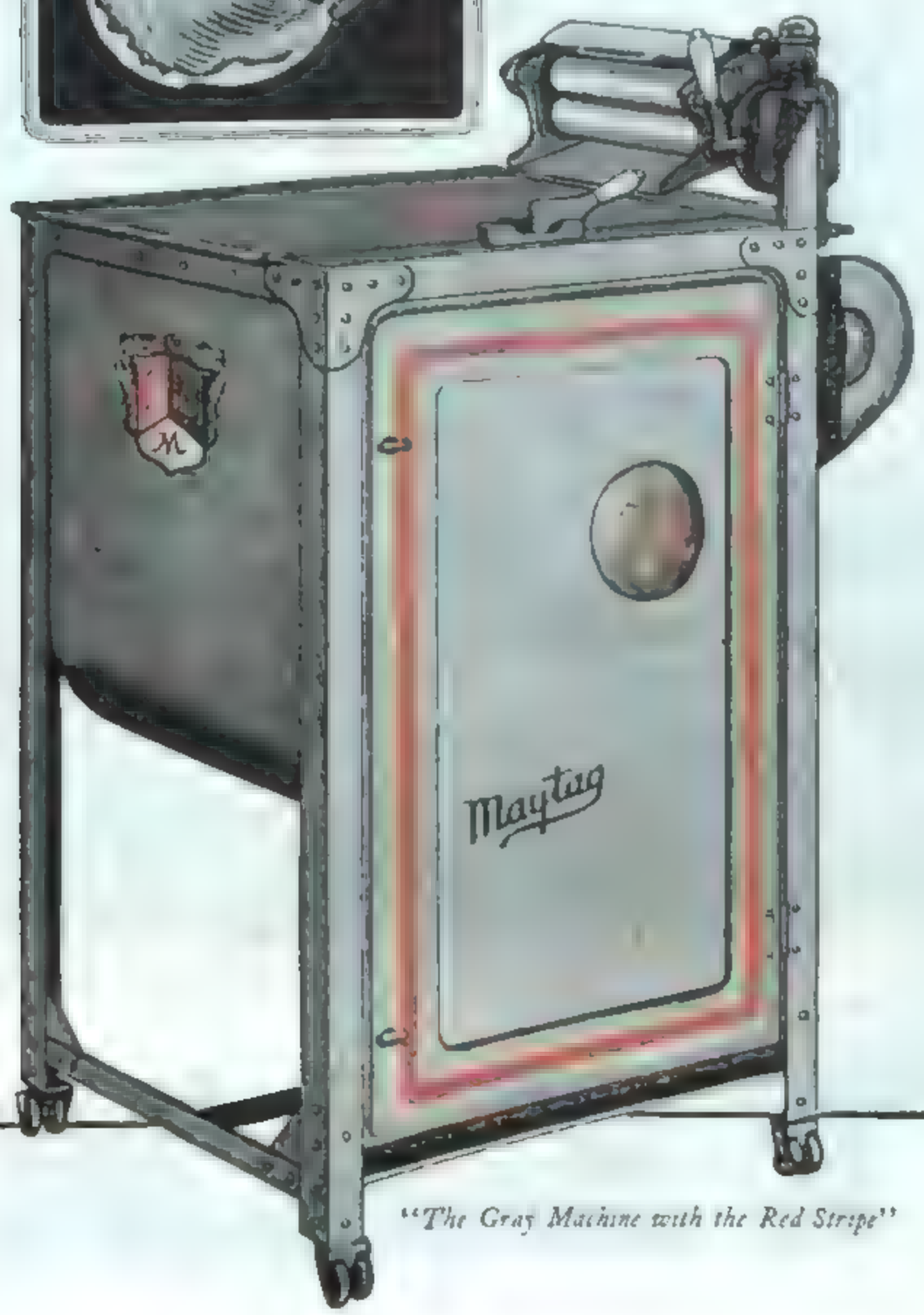
Pussy relented a little, her hand falling on the captain's shoulder. "No more can we. My, we've had a time finding him! You can just pack up your bag and come along this minute!" she issued her

(Continued on Page 106)

Fluffy and Golden Against the Light Passed the Effervescent Head of Her Housekeeper

The Maytag Cylinder has only five openings—each one designed on the principle of the millrace. As the cylinder revolves, the water rushes through these openings with increased velocity, which causes the flushing action

Note carefully the patented, all-metal, electric wringer on the Maytag. It is the only power wringer of its kind. Absolutely safe. A mere flip of the lever releases tension on rollers—*instantly*



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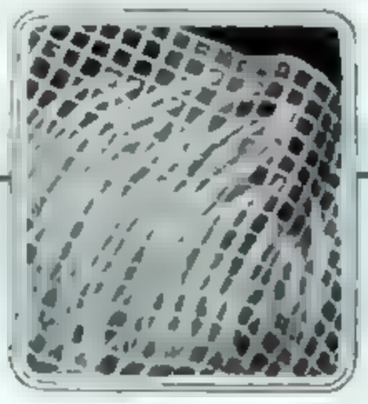

(14)

"The Gray Machine with the Red Stripe"

Un-retouched photograph showing Goodyear Cord Tires after 15,000 miles of hard and fast driving over the Peerless Manufacturing Company, Louisville, Kentucky

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GOODYEAR

What the Country Has to Say About Pneumatics

"The adoption of Goodyear Cord Tires in our trucking has proved a great economy because, while increasing our hauling ability tremendously, it minimizes repairs, depreciation and load breakage. In addition, the Goodyear Cords serve at moderate tire-mile cost. After 15,000 miles, they look good for much more hard work."—Paul F. Semonin, Vice-President and General Manager, Peerless Mfg. Company, Louisville, Kentucky

THE experience related above expresses the same kind of all-round success with pneumatic truck tires that is reported by users everywhere throughout the country.

The diversified improvements and savings effected with Goodyear Cord Tires, in many different branches of hauling, reflect the immensely increased fitness and ability of motor trucks shod with these tires.

In place of the slower and otherwise restricted action of the solid tire, their owners now take advantage of the traction, cushioning and spryness of the perfected pneumatic truck tire.

These obvious superiorities have been rendered entirely practical by the development of Goodyear Cord construction, as has been demonstrated by millions of miles of heavy duty.

It is this construction which has been the basis of Goodyear's pioneering of the employment of pneumatic truck tires, just as it is today the basis of many betterments in hauling methods.

For years Goodyear's fleets, shod with Goodyear Cord Tires, have been freighting over long and arduous routes and carrying passengers through all such weather conditions as seriously hinder solid tires.

The operating and cost records of these fleets and of others, owned in varied lines of business, afford direct comparisons of pneumatic vs. solid truck tires and can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

(Continued from Page 102)

orders; and the captain turned meekly to obey.

"I kind of like to feel I'm some good yet," he confided to Joanna.

Pussy would not stop even for a cup of tea; she had kept the car that brought her up from the station, and Joanna waving them off received a sober salute from Jones. She thought that he looked more at peace; but not ten minutes later the car was racing back again, and Jones came up the path at a limping run. He was breathless, wild; and Joanna fearing an accident hurried out to meet him.

"Have you filled his position? You haven't taken anyone else?" he cried, nervous hands clenched, lifted face all ready for despair.

Joanna abruptly sat down on the front steps.

"I thought you had killed the captain," she scolded him.

Jones had a single-track mind; only one idea could go through at a time.

"I could do anything that he did," he urged, the little sea-blue eyes clinging to her drowningly, yet without hope, as though he had no general luck to count on. "You would only have to show me once what you wanted. My knee is getting better ——"

It was kindest to cut him short.

"But I did not pay the captain," she explained. "I really can't ——"

"Splendid! Then I would have several hours a day for myself, wouldn't I? Now I get only nights."

"But you are too young," she objected.

"I am thirty."

"Yes; but my housekeeper is young too."

"But I don't like her," he said with simple candor.

Joanna's heart warmed to him. "Why not?"

He was not interested in his reasons. "Oh, she is always in the post office. I can't stand that post-office bunch," he disposed of Mrs. Roberts. "Couldn't you try me for a week?"

The voice of Rosalind spoke through Joanna's lips: "But I don't know anything about you."

Color rushed to his forehead, and before his eyes fell Joanna saw the lost-soul look that had so wrung her on their first meeting.

"They will tell you at the garage that I don't drink and that I'm a hard worker," he muttered. Then his head jerked up; he struck his cap across his knee as though he struck away something noxious. "I tell you myself that I am truthful and decent! Won't that do?"

"Yes," said Joanna, and put out her hand.

"Thank you," was all he said, but his hand clung to hers and for an instant his chin trembled.

Then Joanna had an inspiration. "Do you know anything about building? Could you oversee carpenters and keep them going?"

"I'd be better than nothing," he said, brightening. "My father was an architect and he tried to make one of me. It couldn't be done, but at least I know the lingo. I can understand a plan."

"Heaven has sent you," said Joanna solemnly.

They went over the house together; over the plans; over the house again. Jones was gloriously inflammable; his single-track mind saw house and house only for a flying hour, and he knew the difference between an inspired and a plain idea—he did not miss one of Joanna's inspirations. They might have kept at it all day but for a sobering interruption. The garage telephoned to ask if one of its cars had duly appeared when summoned, as it had not returned.

"Oh, yes—yes, it is here," Joanna said with an embarrassed memory of the forgotten car at the gate.

"Thought the driver might have skipped with it; we don't know much about him," the garage explained.

Joanna hung up in depressed silence. Jones had heard enough to send him down the path at a limping run.

"Well, there isn't much to steal here and he doesn't like Mrs. Roberts," she argued against a vision of a disapproving Rosalind.

Mrs. Roberts received the announcement of the new protector without enthusiasm. She was standing in the middle of the kitchen, looking drearily at the stove where the captain's last fire glowed, at the implements with which he would even now have been getting lunch.

"I know—the one you go to the movies with," she cut short the explanation, leaving Joanna stricken silent. "I have never spoken three words to him, but if you know all about him, of course it is all right."

It was the moment for Joanna to admit that she knew nothing whatever about him, but she let it pass.

"He is coming in the morning, and he will look after the carpenters," she said cheeringly.

Mrs. Roberts lifted the kettle as though it had grown suddenly heavy. "I don't see how we are going to get along without the captain," she sighed. "There is more to do than you realize. It isn't as if you helped."

She turned on the water full force as though to drown any reply. Joanna attempted none. She went out into the sunshine and spoke bitterly to the encircling hills on the subject of lady help.

"And after all I know as much about Jones as I do about her," she scolded on. "I would trust him a good deal farther! He doesn't spend an hour a day curling his silly hair! And he doesn't speak with honeyed sweetness when he wants to bite nails! I don't wonder Mr. Roberts died or something. I'll bet it was something," she added darkly as the housekeeper's caroling cry summoned her to the hated luncheon table.

And then, of course, Mrs. Roberts made her ashamed. She was cheerful again, eager to please, ready to laugh—a thoroughly nice little person. It was ridiculous not to like her. Jones inevitably would.

Joanna stayed heroically by her desk the next week, though the strain visibly told on her. She was not uneasy about her carpenters with Jones in charge; nor tormented by suppressed ideas, for the creative flame had died down; nor was she homesick—for a clattering, rushing, bleak white dairy lunchroom would have seemed to her more peaceful than her own vine-hung veranda with Mrs. Roberts across the board. But she was curious—restlessly, maddeningly curious about developments in her household. Jones had limped up with his bag as she left for the train, and she had seen Mrs. Roberts offer pretty greeting. Jones' response had borne out his own assertion that he did not like her. He had not intended a snub; he had merely acted just as he felt. She had given no sign, but she would not let a challenge like that pass unnoticed. Joanna had seen her win over into a devoted servitor every man who came within reach of her blithe friendliness; it was only a question of how long he could hold out.

Thursday morning the chief paused by Joanna's desk, a smile coming.

"How are the kittens?" he asked.

"Oh, I can stick it out until the four-o'clock train," she assured him, straightening up to the work before her.

"Am I going to see the house some day?"

That was a new idea, and she faced it with alarm.

"You wouldn't like a house unless it were pure French château or Italian Renaissance or Yorkshire Airedale," she objected. "Mine is only a beloved little mongrel, brown and cozy and Gothic."

One of the chief's ways of enjoying Joanna was to look tried almost beyond endurance. He exposed his trained taste to shock much as children say, "Scare me!"

"The cozy Gothic—my dear Miss Maynard, what a vision!"

He held his high forehead as though it literally pained. Everything about the chief—head, nose, shoulders—was high and narrow; Gothic, but not cozy.

"I am doing wonderful things to it," she confided. "I hope you won't fail or anything until I get it paid for."

"I will try not. And you are not lonely out there? Or bored?" He could not quite understand that.

She shook her head rather wistfully. It always hurt for a moment to realize that her joys meant nothing to people like the chief and Rosalind.

"I sometimes think I am the only really happy person on earth, except children and idiots," she said; and so struck a laugh out of him.

"I am coming," he warned her as he passed on.

The day at last came to an end, and Joanna ran home. The little house had already a new aspect. Its roof had opened windows to the sun and the two strips of covered porch that had strangled the front between them were gone. The door that had once opened on a dismal length of hall half choked with stairs now led Joanna into a sunny gallery; clogging partitions had fallen, and the broad south, formerly given over to the kitchen regions, had been scooped out to make the living room of her dreams, broad and gracious, with its wide hearth already outlined and its windows looking three ways.

Coming upon it suddenly, with her thoughts fixed on human problems, Joanna rediscovered her home. She stood in the doorway, staring as she had stared that first day when she came down the hill with the Messengers and found her house. In her fixed eyes was the look that artists give to a dawning masterpiece, on her lips the smile of women for their new babies.

An outburst of operatic song came from the back of the house. The voice rose to a high trill, liked it and tried it again, laughed and lilted and soared. Then a door burst open and Jones came through as though fired from a cannon, his eyes wild under a boyish shock of hair, his nervous hands protesting aloft. Blank book and pencil fell from them as he saw Joanna.

"I suppose she has to do that!" he exploded. Then he picked up the blank book and rammed it into a pocket.

"When I advertised for a housekeeper," Joanna explained with amused gravity, "I insisted that she should be cheerful."

"Cheerful—you sure got it!" he muttered

"I like it also in the hired man," she went on.

A rueful smile struggled to the surface. "It is good to have you back," he said, relaxing visibly to peace. "Everything will be all right now."

"Hasn't it been all right?"

"Oh, yes—yes. Perfectly." He did not want to tell tales. "The men have done wonders. Will you come and see?"

"I will tell Mrs. Roberts I am here first," Joanna said, and passed on to the kitchen.

It was one of Mrs. Roberts' ways to start violently when anyone came upon her unannounced. The jump and the cry always ended with laughter and a hand over her heart, and Joanna usually tried to give back the expected amusement. It was silly to find a small matter like that annoying. And yet to-night, greeted by the familiar drama, she understood why people cast away together on desert islands learn to hate one another.

"How is everything?" she asked with a rather rigid geniality.

Mrs. Roberts closed the kitchen door before she spoke.

"Do you mind telling me what this man Jones is supposed to do?" she asked in a voice that was careful not to comment.

"He is still holding out," was Joanna's secret thought. It was what she had run home to find out, and with the answer had come a sudden weariness, a longing for peace and harmony.

"Why, he is to oversee the work and help a little about the place in return for his board," she explained.

"Is he to have a large dinner cooked for him every day?"

There was a threat under the words; and if Mrs. Roberts left, nobody else would come. Everyone said that.

"Merely an ordinary dinner such as you get for yourself." Poor Joanna tried to sound heartening.

"I don't get a dinner for me," was the unrelenting answer. "I simply have an egg when I feel like it. He doesn't lift a finger for himself—sits here and waits!"

"I suppose the housekeeper generally does do the cooking." Joanna offered that as a bright discovery, then made a cowardly move to escape; but Mrs. Roberts held the door.

"One thing more: Is he supposed to fly into a passion if he is asked to put up a clothesline?"

"No; he certainly is not." Joanna was glad to concede something.

"Well, I have found him so disobliging that when I want anything heavy lifted I ask the Messengers' gardener." Mrs. Roberts yielded up the door. "I could find you a dozen men who would be more useful, but, of course, if you are interested in him ——"

"I am interested in helping him," Joanna interrupted.

"Why does he need help a lieutenant in the air service, with a fraternity pin on his pincushion? Hasn't he any people?" Fortunately she did not stop there. "And why does he turn so black if you ask him about his experiences over there? Are you sure he got over?"

Joanna was slipping through the door. "I am sure he has been hurt," she said.

"So was the Messengers' gardener," Mrs. Roberts called after her. "He got a wound in the shoulder, but he is not afraid of work!"

Jones was waiting within earshot, but he would never overhear anything; if his attention was not openly demanded he went off into some world of his own. Usually it was a troubled or wrathful absence, but to-night he shone with happy anticipation. He was as intent on the nest as Joanna herself.

She was amazed at her own handiwork. A bleak and comfortless collection of rooms, born of hideous stupidity, was blossoming into a home of charm and graciousness, modest still, but inviting, livable, individual. Only a creator could have known just how good it was. Mrs. Roberts thought that it could have been made to do with far less fuss and expense; but Jones marveled with her to her heart's content. The summons to dinner came before they had half spent their enthusiasm.

"Oh—one thing." Jones detained her, suddenly troubled and fumbling for words. "If I am to have half the day for—well, for myself—that was the idea, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was."

"Then if I could have that free—uninterrupted?" He had flushed. "I hate to make a fuss. But I am trying to—to do something; and if I am called off every fifteen minutes to move a sofa or open a stuck window—why, nothing gets done. I would work till I dropped for you," he added vehemently.

Joanna promised to see to it, as the head of the house must, and reluctantly obeyed the still yodeling summons. That Jones, lieutenant and college man, should eat alone in the kitchen did not seem quite reasonable, but she had enough to attend to without raising that issue. Joanna would gladly have yielded the housekeeper the dining room and taken a plate on the back porch herself, but the head of the table may not escape the head of the house.

After dinner Mrs. Roberts sighed aloud for the captain and explained that it was funny how quickly the dishes were put through when two did them, while attacking them alone made one want to lie down and die; and Joanna, who longed to have everyone happy, was acutely miserable behind her refusal to understand. She had to get out manuscript that awaited judgment and go to work, lest she seem too cruelly callous of the labor of others. She carried the typewritten piles to the new west veranda, and presently lost her own depressed identity in the sweep of a stirring narrative. Her instinct for a best seller was simply her power of fresh enjoyment. A ton or so of manuscript novels a year could not stale her response to a good tale or a living character. When Jones pausing in the path below asked a question she looked at him blankly, trying to fit what he had said into the context that still held her.

"I only wondered if you cared for these," he said, swinging himself up to the railing with an offering of wild roses.

She emerged, and fearing lest she had seemed ungracious thanked him doubly, dwelling on their delicate loveliness; but Jones' eyes had fixed on the pile of manuscript with an astonished stare.

"Do you ——" he began. "Are you ——" He seemed too awed to find the words.

"No, I don't write novels," she said amusedly. "I publish them."

Even that seemed to overwhelm him.

"I—I didn't know it," he stuttered.

"What did you think I went to town for?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought."

That was so like him that it made her smile. She told him a little about her firm and her work, and he listened with gratifying stillness.

"And it is thumbs up or thumbs down for some poor chap right here on this veranda to-night?" he exclaimed.

She tapped the manuscript before her. "This is good," she said. "Reckless and rather bitter, but it lives and moves and bites. It is about one T. Windham Goold who apparently told huge lies, but they always turned out to be true. The astonishing thing did everlastingly happen to him in the war, at sea, in the air; but nobody would believe. He finally in disgust tries to kill himself—is miraculously saved; and no one will believe even that.

(Continued on Page 108)

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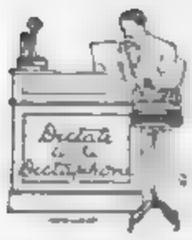

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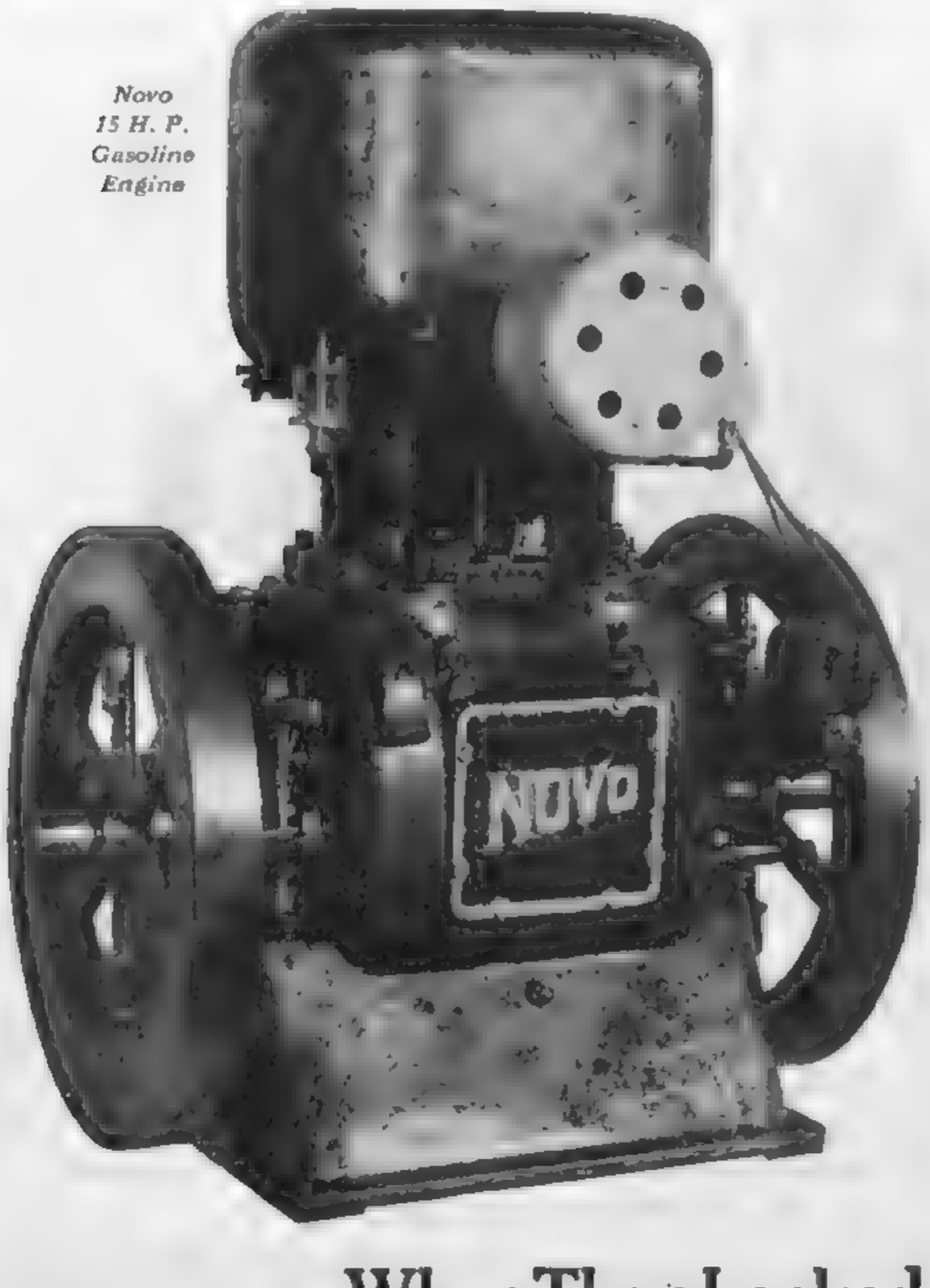

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NOVO RELIABLE POWER

(Continued from Page 106)

So finally he takes to truck gardening, and discovers a new squash; and everybody believes that because it can be eaten; and so he becomes famous. It is exaggerated, but poor Windygoold is a real person; as real as his squash. I began it on the train and nearly went by my station."

He had listened as intently as a child listens.

"Then it is thumbs up?"

She turned back to the title page. "'Windygoold; by Curtis Webb,'" she read. "Do you know that name?"

To her surprise he did. One never expected general information from Jones.

"Short stories," he said after a pause.

"Yes. Rather unusual ones. This is his first long book. But there is something associated with his name—something unpleasant. I know I have heard it in an ugly connection. We shall have to look it up before we decide. The book came through an agent; he may know."

Jones slowly swung himself about as though to drop off the veranda, then paused, back turned, elbows digging into his knees.

"Why, isn't the book the thing? What does it matter whether the man who wrote it was a crook or a Sunday-school superintendent?" he asked vehemently.

"If he had been an active pro-German it might not sell," she reminded him. "And if he had been convicted of plagiarism it might not be his own. You have to know whom you are dealing with. He may only have produced a play that was roasted. I can find out."

Jones dropped off and strode away, and presently Joanna heard the clicking of a spade down in the vegetable garden. It was working furiously in the neglected plot. Occasionally a stone crashed off through the bushes.

"What possesses him, working at this time of night?" she demanded, rising to go and stop it.

Then the voice of Mrs. Roberts arrested her. It was rippling joyously into the telephone.

"Oh, Mr. McCurdy, it is me again. You'll hate me! But I want my trunk taken down into the cellar and there is no one here that I can ask to do it, don't you know? . . . You're the kindest! . . . Well, I should simply lie down and die without you, that's all! . . . To-night? Oh, I wish I could! But my work isn't nearly done. I won't be through before nine o'clock; or ten. No one helps me, you see. . . . Ask me some other night and I will simply leave the old dishes. I adore the movies. . . . K. P.? . . . Oh, you are too good, but I couldn't let you. Oh, no! But if you would help me with that old trunk ——"

Joanna strode up to her room and firmly went to bed. If Mrs. Roberts was interfering with the making of Rosalind Messenger's garden she did not intend to know it that night. If Jones chose to work till midnight he could. She was going to stretch out in the warm dusk and revel in her own dear home and watch the silver moon come up over the hills; that was what she was there for.

But she found the program hard to carry out. She presently caught herself explaining to McCurdy that she paid well for having her dishes washed, and that when she wanted an empty trunk moved she moved it herself. She tried to turn away bodily from it all.

"My mind to me a kingdom isn't," she muttered. "Well, anyway, I believe we shall have a best seller on our autumn lists—if Curtis Webb is all right."

In the morning Joanna had to break it to the housekeeper that Rosalind was coming to stay over Sunday. It had seemed the simplest, most natural thing in the world to suggest when Rosalind said that she wanted to oversee some planting but was not ready yet to open her house; but telling it had suddenly become formidable. She managed an oh-by-the-way tone, calling the news down the stairs; but Mrs. Roberts stopped short in her tracks, frozen, appalled.

"Oh, what are we going to do!" she gasped.

"Why, feed her—very pleasantly and simply," Joanna urged with touching cheerfulness.

Mrs. Roberts set down the dishes she was carrying. The situation demanded clasped hands. "Oh, if the carpenters were out and everything weren't so confused it wouldn't be so perfectly awful!" she cried.

"Oh, come—it won't be awful." Joanna was good humor personified. "She can call it camping."

"Well, you will simply have to get a lot of things." Mrs. Roberts had sunk against the wall. "There isn't a decent-looking baking dish in the house; and the double boiler was ruined the day the water boiled out of it—you know, you kept me upstairs so long. And unless you expect me to wash dish towels every day ——"

Joanna interrupted. "Why don't you go down to the village this morning and buy what the house absolutely has to have?" It was shamelessly a bribe; Mrs. Roberts did love to make purchases, and the golden morning, pouring down the hills, was alluring. "I will make the beds and put the house in order," Joanna weakly continued.

She had meant to plan the vegetable garden and write for seeds, and putting it off was a bitter sacrifice; but her happiness scarcely counted.

Mrs. Roberts sighed mightily, then gathered up her dishes.

"Very well, I will. We can pull through some way," she said.

Joanna went on upstairs on leaden feet. If only Rosalind would telegraph that she was not coming! "I need never ask anyone again," she said, extinguishing the dream of years without a pang. Even dear guests in one's own dear home were not worth such an expenditure of tact.

Mrs. Roberts set out, still martyred, but two hours later she came running back, triumphant.

"I have solved it!" she cried. "All will be well." She was breathless, but only from the hill; not a doubt marred her joy. "I met Mrs. Haggerty at the post office, and she says she will come for the day to-morrow and Sunday. I will oversee the cooking, but she can do everything. Isn't that glorious?"

Joanna hated to sound sordid, yet she had to say it: "At three-fifty a day?"

"Well, of course, you have to pay for service!" Mrs. Roberts was disappointed in her. "I can take it out of my own money."

Joanna could not allow that. She found herself almost apologizing. Perhaps an atmosphere of pleasantness would be worth seven dollars, since it was only for this once.

"I thought you would be delighted; but nothing I do is ever quite right, is it?" Mrs. Roberts observed very brightly.

"Funny how they can cure you of any earthly desire," Joanna mused.

And yet a friend in her own house was rather sweet that night. Rosalind was in the first stage of visiting, when the guest finds everything enchanting and would commit himself to an extra week if urged. Saturday she worked very hard up at her own place and came back tired to a house that was still in confusion and that a drop in temperature had left rather chilly. The shavings had been brushed out and some of Joanna's family furniture and rugs brought up from the cellar, but there was no luxurious couch, no bedroom fire, and it all seemed a little damp and bleak without the sun.

Rosalind was still a well-trained guest, appreciative and considerate, and Joanna could not have explained the drop in her own spirits, the vague sense of apology. Mrs. Haggerty, supervised by Mrs. Roberts, did admirably, and the housekeeper was so happy that, in Joanna's secret phrase, you wanted to hit her.

"Isn't it wonderful not to do those old dishes?" was the burden of her song.

Rosalind had looked her over rather gravely, and had followed the inevitable "Where's Mr.?" with a comment on the golden curls: "A little too good to be true, aren't they?"

"She may touch it up," Joanna admitted; "but, Rosalind, some of our best friends do the same."

"They dye it dark," Rosalind expounded the social law. "Black or chestnut or auburn is perfectly permissible, or even light brown; but blond is vulgar. I would keep an eye on that young person."

In Jones she had not recognized their soldier of the road, and Joanna did not explain him.

Sunday it rained, a cold, beating, all-day storm. No planting was possible. Joanna was making a wood box and could have furnished pleasant occupation of sandpapering and staining, but Rosalind did not like to work with her hands. There were

(Continued on Page 111)

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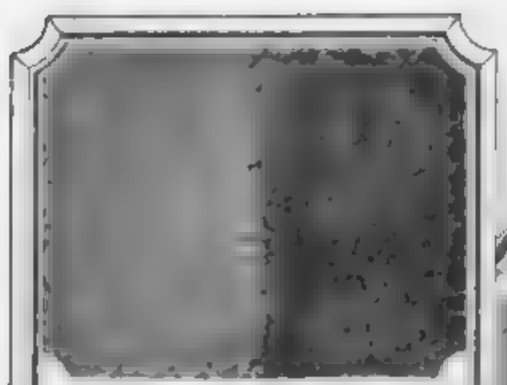

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Your thoughtful answers to these questions we do not ask that you give us; *give them to yourself*. You owe it to yourself and to those who will inherit your property to ask these questions and answer them.

All over this country property is rotting, rusting, crumbling, wearing, which a surface coating of paint and varnish would save.

The most needless, useless, senseless, and most aggravating loss in the world is loss due to neglect on our own part. Isn't it so?

Look at your property in a new way—*closely*.

Save the surface and you save all.

¶

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"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"—Paint & Varnish

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(Continued from Page 108)

as yet no books in the house; no neighbors would drop in on them.

And so the third stage of visiting was upon them both.

As the day wore on, Rosalind's boredom was like a vapor, a visible poison spreading through the house. It took the savor out of their good luncheon, it magnified the afternoon to a very Sahara of time, arid and endless.

There was nothing on earth to do! In town she and Joanna could fill their meetings with talk of plans; they stimulated each other, were sorry to separate; but out here under the pelting rain Rosalind was cut off from her own engrossing affairs, there was nothing she could put through or attend to, and she had not even the compensation of luxury, which makes visiting the rich tolerable. She maintained her good manners, but suddenly with a start she realized that she must take the afternoon train.

Joanna was properly sorry even while she was hurrying to call a cab and help pack the bag. They were so profuse in their regret at the separation that they almost believed one another. Then the guest was gone, and out of the dim corners into which it had been driven the joy of home came rushing back. There were a hundred enchanting things to do! And nobody was on one's mind! In the kitchen the housekeeper and Mrs. Haggerty gossiped happily and kept warm, Jones was shut up for his adored hours of freedom—everyone under that roof was absorbed and content—hallelujah! It might rain outside, but within the sun had come out so radiantly that Joanna was moved to a queer cracked singing as she changed to a battered smock and got out her tools. When, hours later, Jones came in with a dazed, newly awakened look to know if she wanted anything he found her seated on a floor strewn with shavings, hammering and chiseling, and as intent on turning the experience into knowledge as she was on fashioning her raw material into an article of use and beauty.

"Jones, how does one keep a guest happy?" she began.

He accepted the tacit invitation and sat down in the nearest chair.

"One doesn't, I imagine," he said. "It's horrible to visit."

"Everyone hates it and everyone does it." Joanna dropped her tools and clasped her arms about her knees for discussion. In every line she was still expressing freedom and relief; her shoulders moved caressingly against the ancient smock, her brow was beautiful with serenity. "I never could take much interest in chasing a ball, but sport would mitigate it a good deal, I suppose."

"I used to go because it meant meeting girls," Jones contributed.

"Yes—that, of course. But as one gets older ——" Joanna shook a dubious head. "When your hostess says she is going to treat you like one of the family it means just one thing: There won't be any men asked in to dinner," she said sagely.

"You are so absorbed; I didn't suppose you knew whether there were men on earth or not." Jones was always ablaze with interest or else blank; there was no middle ground of half attention. "Now Mrs. Roberts ——"

"Yes. She finds them on every bush," she filled in his hesitation. "The very way she walks would show it. Have you ever noticed? It is a beloved little trot. Watch her cross a room and you would know that some man adored her."

"And that she was working him for all there was in it," said Jones.

It was reprehensible how Joanna loved a whack at Mrs. Roberts. She positively glowed under it.

"You can't say they don't like being worked," she said in common fairness.

"There's one born every minute." He shrugged away distastefully from that topic. "Didn't Mrs. Messenger like the house?"

"Yes; very much. But that couldn't fill the whole visit." One could be endlessly frank with Jones. "She nearly died today." Then she found her summary. "You must not ask very sophisticated guests, that's it. You must ask people who are awfully glad to run away from home for a rest or who haven't any other way of getting into the country or whom you are sorry for, one way or another. The poor things—they are the only legitimate guests when you lead a little life in a little house." A rueful smile followed. "I have been invited such a lot. Was I a poor thing?"

"No!" Jones spoke vehemently. "You made the others glad they had come."

She laughed. "I wonder! Well, I must go and pay Mrs. Haggerty. I have got seven dollars' worth of experience out of it anyway."

She rose, then lingered, fell on new topics. Human intercourse could be so pleasant! She felt a childish impulse to tell Jones to wait until she came back. At the door she paused again.

"Oh, I found out about Curtis Webb," she said. "Mrs. Messenger knew; she always knows about people. She has a Who's-Who mind. You remember, the writer I was wondering about," she explained as he said nothing. "The one who wrote Windygoold."

He stood turned to her, a dark outline against the rainy dusk. "I remember," he said.

"It was in the papers months ago," Joanna went on. "He reported some mighty deeds that he hadn't done—I suppose the literary imagination ran away with him. She had forgotten the details. He scraped through some way—he wasn't condemned and wasn't quite cleared; but there were some hot letters in his defense afterward from people who had known him, so perhaps it was unjust. That won't hurt the book—we will publish it. I suppose the man meant it for a vindication—Windygoold's tall stories were always true."

"Oh-y-oo! Miss May-nard!" The housekeeper's voice was trilling through the house. "Mrs. Haggerty is leaving."

"I am coming," said Joanna.

When she returned Jones had gone, and suddenly the little house was dark and chilly; the pouring pleasantness of the afternoon had been turned off. She was tired, and glad that she must go back to town in the morning.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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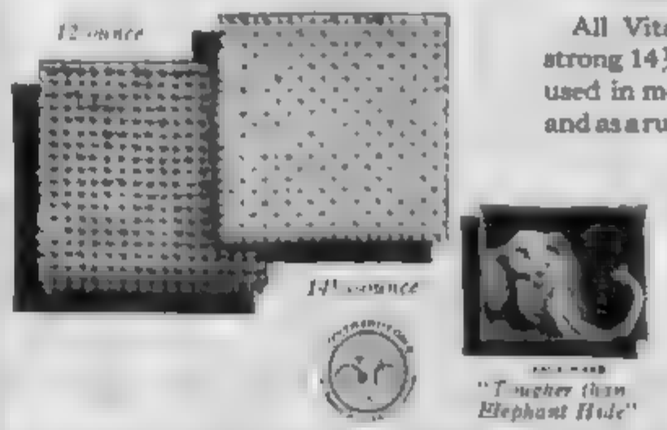

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And each Continental motor carries on its crank case an acknowledgment of that obligation—the Red Seal.

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STANDARD POWER FOR TRUCKS, AUTOMOBILES AND TRACTORS

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 38)

"It is probable that in ancient times," said Celsus, "that although there was but little knowledge of medicine, health was for the most part well preserved; this being due to good habits, not yet spoiled by intemperance and idleness. These two vices, first in Greece and then among us, have brought upon us a multitude of evils; whence it is that in our days, notwithstanding the intricate art of medicine—once not necessary to us, as it is not necessary to other peoples—few among us attain the beginning of old age."

Here at the commencement of the Christian Era, more than nineteen centuries ago, we find that the people of that day believed their knowledge of the art of medicine was profound and intricate and that many of their ills were due to a getting away from the so-called simple life. Doesn't it prove that human nature changes but little? And doesn't it make us wonder what the fellows living 2000 years after us will say and think of our own twentieth-century methods and the ego that sounds through our weak and transient lives?

The story of dentistry through the Middle Ages is not a record of great progress. Various drugs, such as opium and arsenic, came into more general use, and leeches were introduced; cauterization was still carried on with the aid of a red-hot iron. Dental cures in the fourteenth century were quite as ridiculous as those recommended in the first century. A supposedly great English doctor of this time, writing of the methods suggested for removing a painful tooth, advised the application of dried and powdered crow's dung or the anointment of the tooth with the fat of a green frog. As for a separate dental profession, there was no such thing during the Middle Ages, and the treatment and extraction of teeth were left pretty much in the hands of wandering quacks, known as barbers, who operated in public places and committed next to murder in manhandling the victims who fell into their clutches.

The invention of printing in the fifteenth century seemed to mark the beginning of a new era in science. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries many books were written on the care of the teeth. However, it was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that dentistry again assumed a respectable individuality and became recognized as a separate and distinct profession. The French dentist, Pierre Fauchard, appears to be the real daddy of modern dentistry, and France was the first country where it was necessary for a person to pass a special examination before he could take up the practice of caring for the teeth.

But notwithstanding the greater knowledge concerning dentistry that came from the use of the microscope and from the invention of more delicate instruments, the dental art of two hundred years ago left much to be desired, even when viewed in the light of our present incomplete knowledge of the subject. The French of the eighteenth century added oil of cloves and cinnamon to the long list of toothache remedies that came down through the ages, but they also retained many cures of a filthy nature, too unpleasant to even think of, let alone mention.

It is also true that credit for the invention of mineral teeth must be accorded to a French chemist who first originated the idea of using porcelain as a material for artificial teeth. It is a fact, however, that a majority of the many accepted improvements in dental practice during the past century have been originated by Americans. The United States quickly overtook the early lead acquired by France and has become the first nation in dentistry.

Let me now turn from yesterday's history to the actualities of to-day and undertake a speedy and perilous journey over a road filled with pitfalls for the unwary investigator who would try to present a popular and helpful picture of a subject that touches us all, but which abounds in disputed problems of a highly technical nature.

I am not sure that one of my dentist friends is right in his frank declaration that dentistry has done more injury than good during the last hundred years, but it is probably true that in the mouths of certain people dental practice has worked greater harm than benefit. The same thing is true of dentistry that is true of medicine; the profession has made a mistake in devoting its time to reparative rather than preventive work. This is not altogether the fault of the dentists themselves, but is also due to public ignorance and to poverty.

The building of sound teeth in the mouth of an adult person is a job that depends on the character of the foundation that is laid in youth. If the teeth of the child are neglected there is no hope for the grown-up in the years to come. The chief reason why we are a nation of dental cripples is because most families have too little money to pay dentists' bills for a whole family, and too few benefactors of mankind have realized the great opportunity to benefit the nation and the world through the establishment of free dental institutions where every child may have observation and treatment.

In Boston is the Forsyth Dental Infirmary, where the little children of that city may go for care and advice. This institution is designed to catch the children before the damage is done and their teeth have become filled with holes. The Forsyth people aim to prevent decay, not plug up cavities. Dental caries is a disease of childhood. If it can be controlled until the child reaches maturity the average person, if in normal health, will not likely suffer from tooth decay after his growth has stopped. The reason for this is not known. However, the relative immunity of the adult mouth to tooth decay, unless caries has obtained a foothold during youth, is becoming more and more an accepted fact. This only emphasizes the great necessity of attacking dental caries—the most prolific disease from which humanity suffers—in the mouths of children before the trouble has become firmly seated. As one authority says: "We are only traveling in a circle unless we can accomplish this aim."

In Rochester is another great establishment, known as the Eastman Institute, which like the Forsyth Infirmary is doing incalculable good for the children of that busy city. This institution of purely philanthropic origin is educating and sending forth a large number of oral hygienists, or so-called dental nurses, who will become teachers and conservators of dental health. There is no doubt but that the oral hygienist in the near future will occupy a place of no less importance than does the medical nurse to-day. The duties of the former will be to anticipate caries—decay—of the teeth, instruct the individual in proper habits of mouth toilet and keep the healthy mouths of a dentist's practice in a continuing state of health.

The big problem of the moment in both dentistry and medicine is the question of just what diseases are of dental origin. Evidence of a rather astonishing nature has recently been uncovered indicating many facts that have hitherto been wholly obscure. Pathologists now concede that certain heart, joint and kidney infections may be regarded as one disease, and are largely of mouth origin. Heart disease causes more deaths each year in the United States than any other malady, not excepting the dread tuberculosis. Worse still, the deaths from heart disease are on the increase, while those from tuberculosis are declining. This is extremely important to the dental profession in view of the fact that the heart disease of the nation is largely traceable to mouth infection and is caused by the enormous growth of *streptococcus viridans* in the oral cavity and on tooth surfaces, whence it enters the circulation through pyorrhea pockets, chronic dental abscesses and tonsil crypts.

As a result of this comparatively new knowledge many doctors and dentists have gone to extreme limits in their desire to overcome the diseases resulting from mouth infection, and have ruthlessly sacrificed many valuable teeth, creating ills from a lack of masticating machinery that are often greater than the benefits produced by the extractions.

As one authority points out, wholesale extraction of teeth will not rid the body of streptococcic growth. Mouth infection is best removed by vigorous systemic mouth sanitation together with the adoption of a diet planned to prevent intestinal putrefaction. Two scientific investigators show that the difference by weight and count in the number of bacteria per milligram of tooth scrapings in dirty mouths to that of reasonably clean mouths will range from eight hundred million in the dirty mouth to no more than eight million in the clean mouth. Ten or fifteen minutes each day spent in effective mouth sanitation will produce the safe minimum of bacteria.

Dr. Thomas B. Hartzell, of Minneapolis, an authority on teeth extraction and one of the editors of the Journal of the National Dental Association, makes the following statements:

"The conservation or destruction of infected teeth should rest on the wealth or poverty of the blood stream. An individual with a full complement of red cells, five million to the centimeter of blood, with a hæmoglobin of not less than eighty-five and a leucocyte count of seven to eight thousand per cubic centimeter, together with a normal digestion, a normal urine and a reasonable amount of energy, is safe in conserving any of his dental organs which might be presented for treatment."

On the other hand, this same authority recommends the extraction of diseased teeth if the patient shows evidence of secondary infection accompanied by joint or kidney disease.

Doctor Hartzell tells of many cases where remarkable cures were effected through various types of dental treatment. One man more than six feet tall and weighing two hundred pounds was afflicted with hemorrhages on his arms and legs. He sought a cure in different parts of the country without obtaining relief. On advice he had his tonsils removed, but this was without benefit. Finally an examination of his mouth showed two devitalized teeth with granulomata about their root ends. These deposits were slowly and carefully removed and the hemorrhages quite disappeared. If the two teeth had been summarily extracted the result likely would have been the wrecking of the patient's whole chance of life. A normal blood and urine justified conservation.

Another case presenting a different side of the picture was that of a woman seventy years of age. She presented a set of sound teeth which had formerly been affected with pyorrhea. The initial examination of her blood showed a red cell count of only three million and a hæmoglobin of seventy. Having spent the winter in the South without lessening her anæmia or improving her health, the old lady desired the removal of her teeth. Slow extraction of her devitalized and affected teeth was undertaken. One tooth was pulled out every week or ten days. Since this was accomplished her red-cell count has increased to 4,100,000, notwithstanding the fact that no masticating surfaces have been placed in her mouth since the extractions, the patient being limited to the use of a few teeth which remained.

One of the present dental problems that seems to be growing in importance is the matter of devitalized, or pulpless, teeth. Only a few years ago the average dentist on the least provocation proceeded to kill and remove the nerve from every troublesome tooth. The present aim of the best-informed practitioners is so to care for the teeth that there will be no occasion for root-canal work. Some dentists do not yet view dead teeth as a menace to the health of their patients, while other members of the profession take an opposite view of the matter. A member of this latter class, and a doctor of high standing in New York City, recently expressed the following opinion:

"A tooth without a pulp, or with a nonvital pulp, is abnormal. I would not have such a tooth in my mouth for a thousand dollars. I believe in safety first. I call myself conservative, and I ask those who believe in saving such teeth to prove first that the retention of these abnormal teeth will not bring about abnormal conditions. Pulpless teeth perfectly or imperfectly filled will not produce any manifestation of systemic trouble while the possessor of these teeth remains in normal health, but if his power of resistance is lowered or he is placed under an unusual strain, then these nonvital teeth will become potent causes of trouble. The cutting off of the blood and nerve supply from any part of the body is sure to be productive of systemic disturbance sooner or later. The quicker the dental profession stops spending time in the study of how to retain pulpless teeth and devotes its energies to the study of pulp conservation and the practice and teaching of preventive dentistry the sooner we will have a logical and sane method of dental procedure."

Still another matter that is coming up for earnest discussion at all dental gatherings is the problem of straightening the teeth of the nation's children so as to prevent these young people from growing up into dental cripples. We cannot have normal functioning of the teeth unless these dentures are in harmonious and efficient occlusion. The report of the committee on practice at the last meeting of the Dental Society of the State of New York compared the action of the teeth in movement to the working parts of an automobile. A loose pin or a worn main bearing in a motor car will soon bring the machine to the verge of ruin if the trouble is not corrected. So it is with the occlusal planes of the teeth. If one plane becomes mechanically out of harmony with the opposing teeth the result is a thrust, a jar or a knock which is transmitted to the investing structures, first as an irritation and later as a positive injury and factor in the cause of disease. As one dentist recently remarked, many people have occlusal lines in their mouths that look like the sky line of New York City. These individuals have mouths that are a constant source of irritation, and many of our up-to-date dentists have discovered that a little leveling and smoothing of their patients' teeth brings results that are surprisingly satisfactory.

The art of dentistry has advanced by leaps and bounds in recent years, but up to the present time the best knowledge of the leading lights of the profession has not been collected and made available to the fraternity as a whole. The result is a lack of uniformity of thought and practice. It is generally understood that devitalization of a tooth should be performed under exactly the same kind of surgical asepsis as is demanded of surgery of the brain or abdomen. But how many dentists observe such a precaution in practice?

A leader of dental thought in New York stated recently that dentists should honor themselves as the surgeon honors himself, and refuse to operate in an unclean field. This doctor acknowledged that in years gone by it had been his practice to put in fillings or other kinds of work and then clean up the mouth and show the patient with a hand glass what he had done.

"Now," said he, "I reverse the method and insist that the mouth must be clean before I commence to operate."

In view of the fact that the streptococcic growth, when absolutely unrestrained by physical conditions, doubles every thirty minutes, it does appear, even to the layman, that there must be considerable wisdom in this idea of exercising great precautions in the treatment of oral defects.

In another short article I will endeavor to record the latest thought concerning the opportunities and responsibilities of the individual, the corporation and the state in this vital matter of conserving the nation's teeth.

Essex Almost Doubles

Its World Endurance Mark Has Never Been Rivalled

THE most important thing Essex has proved is that weight and size are no longer necessary to finest car quality.

All concede average ability in any modern car.

So it was to prove ability, far beyond what any light car has ever shown, that Essex made its famous endurance tests.

Its 3037 miles in 50 hours is a world endurance mark. The test is official. Supervisors of the A. A. A. certified the Essex chassis stock in every detail.

Never before was a car driven at top speed for 50 hours. It is more severe than years of use. Yet, at the end, the Essex showed no measurable wear. Indeed, the same stock chassis, in three trials, was driven 5870 miles, at an average speed above a mile a minute.

Such Endurance You Want In Your Car

What car, the Essex size and weight, can even attain a mile-a-minute speed, much less keep it up for 5870 miles?

In these things the results were decisive. They proved Essex not only the supreme performer of the light car field. They showed that with all its advantages of moderate cost and economy, the light Essex also has such endurance and dependability as few even large, high-priced cars offer.

Greater size could add nothing to Essex. It has the things which size and weight are built to give—riding comfort, solidness, distinction, and smooth, quiet pace.

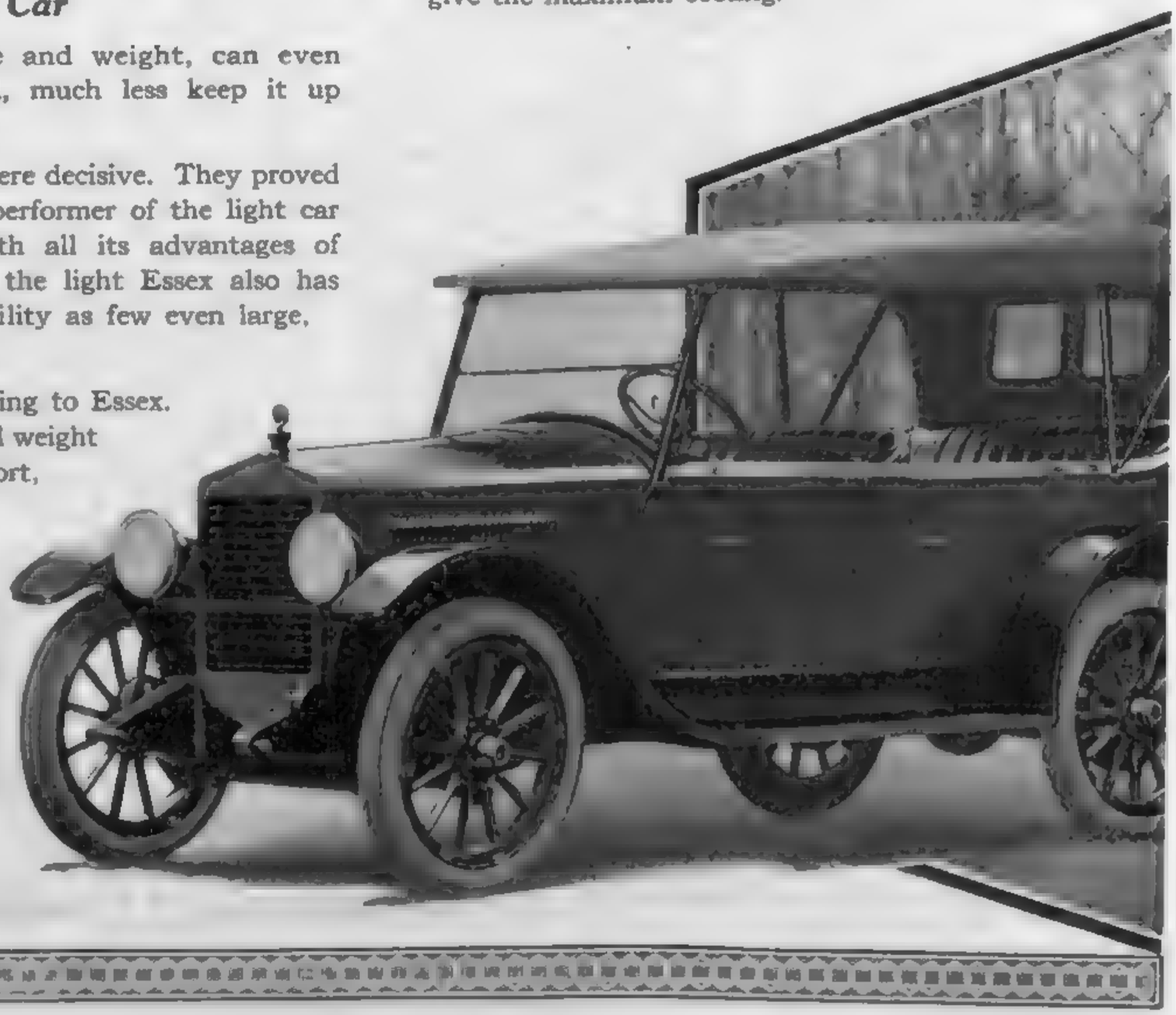
But it has in addition fuel, oil and tire economy. Its great durability means repair freedom, and positive, dependable transportation.

Light Car Economy Big Car Performance

Other cars its weight and size cost as much. But none has ever equalled what it has done.

You may rarely utilize its over-capacity. But you do want the ability it gives. It avoids countless strains. It means ordinary driving imposes no tax on motor or other mechanism. In every situation it means a better, more durable and lasting car.

And think of Essex freedom from bothersome makeshifts. It is independent of weather. No unsightly hood covers are ever seen on an Essex. Motor heat is controlled by the radiator shutters. Closed, in winter, they give summer efficiency to gasoline. In summer, opened, they give the maximum cooling.



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ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT USA

Light Car Endurance

And Essex Has Performance Like the Costliest Fine Cars

The Essex is easy to operate. Driving does not fatigue. Its smooth, restful comfort in motion, no less than handling ease, accounts for this.

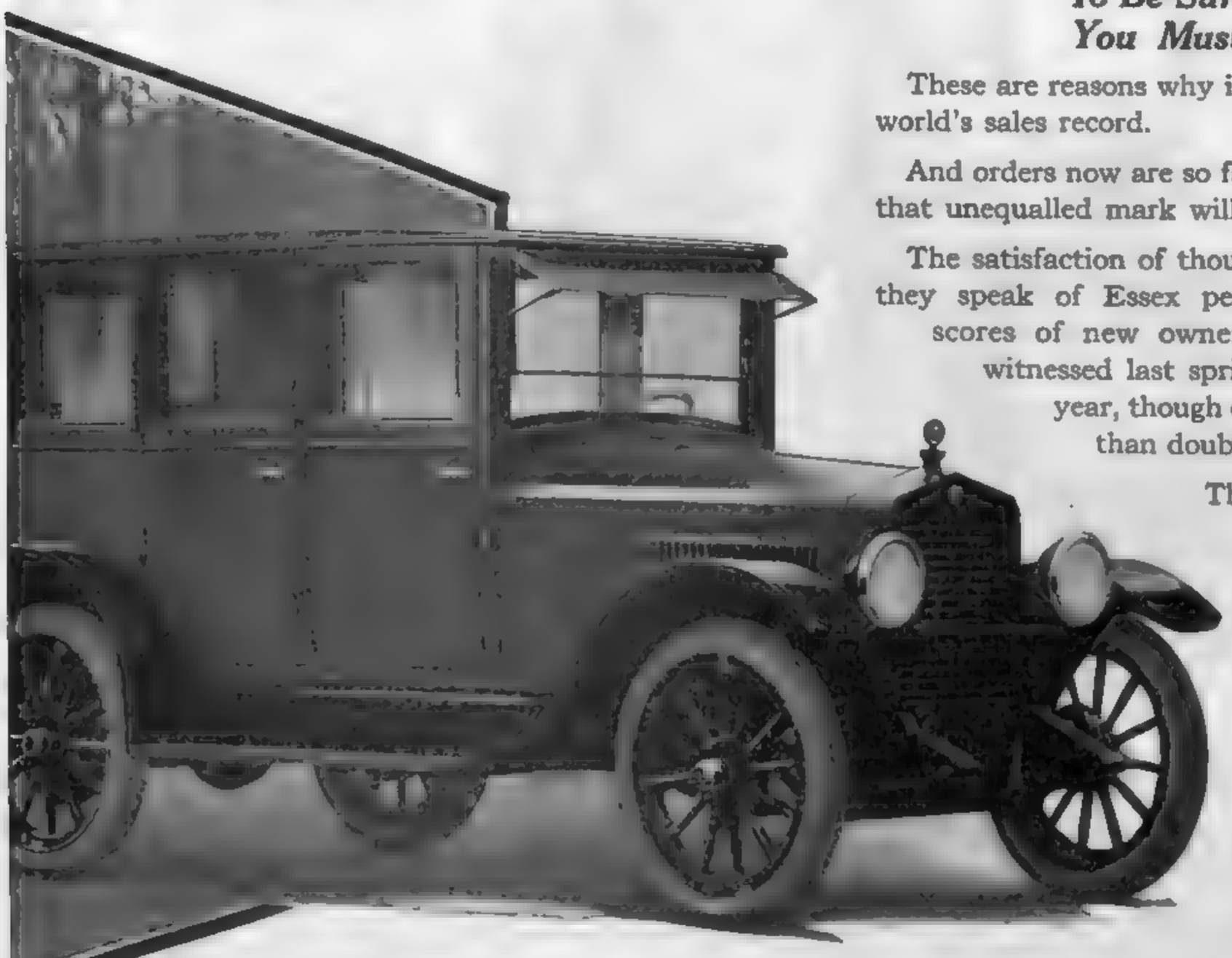
Note These Essex Advantages

That is another reason why so many women are counted among Essex owners. They appreciate its safety, too. Its controls are simple and instantaneous. It makes fast time, with security, even in difficult traffic conditions.

Essex won its recognition on the issue of finest quality, without useless weight or size.

That issue is uppermost today. For nimbleness, convenience in crowded traffic and economy of upkeep and operation are more important now than ever.

With the Essex you sacrifice no pleasure, comfort or performance ability that the large, high-priced car can give. Match its speed, power and riding ease with any.



Judge if Essex lacks any essential, either of comfort, fineness of finish, structural care, or distinction in performance, that the big cars of higher price range can give.

It is comparable to no other light car. And for a car that might give you the speed, power and endurance of the Essex, you must pay far more. Nor would you, even then, get the Essex advantages of low upkeep, tire and gasoline economy, which result from its light weight.

You will take pride in your Essex from the first. Its good looks, its completeness of detail and finish, its quiet luxury, give it distinction everywhere. And time and use will increase your esteem and respect for it. You will come to count on its dependability with the confidence that has never been disappointed. It requires little attention. You are not repeatedly deprived of its use. You learn to expect the Essex to be on duty, ready for any demands you may make.

To Be Sure of an Essex You Must Order Now

These are reasons why in its first year Essex set a new world's sales record.

And orders now are so far ahead that it is certain even that unequalled mark will be passed this year.

The satisfaction of thousands of owners, and the way they speak of Essex performance ability, is making scores of new owners daily. And the shortage witnessed last spring is sure to be repeated this year, though our production capacity is more than doubled.

Thousands, who realize this, are now placing their orders for delivery months in advance.

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ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT

BLUEBEARD SHADRACH

(Continued from Page 21)

tell jest by glimpsing that track whether the man was coming or going and who it was and all.'

"'More than that, I'll have him standing on his head before I'm done with him,' he says to me."

"Him?" sniffed Mrs. Furlong scornfully. "Let him look out! The man that falls foul of Shadrach is liable to find himself vanishing into thin air, you mark my words."

"I told him so," continued Furlong, "but he would have it there was no mystery about that man.

"'We ain't in heathen countries here,' he says, 'where that kind of monkeyshine can pass unnoticed. If you think he can make nothing out of something jest by flourishing them unlikely looking hands of his you're mightily mistaken.'"

"Brave talk," said Mrs. Furlong.

"So off he goes in a dudgeon, I know, but still he twinkles, because it ain't in the man to do any different any more than with a star. He was cast that way to begin with and he would twinkle at a funeral, but he puts up the back of his hand across that homely mouth and whispers: 'We shall see what we shall see.'

"'There's many a true word spoken in jest,' I sung out after him, but he let on not to hear."

It was true Mr. Grogan had now fairly warmed to his work. He shadowed Bluebeard into town and back again, he watched tracks, he hired little boys to go and knock on his door and see what he was doing. But the captain's daily life was as regular as a piston and as innocent as second childhood. There was no getting purchase on him anywhere.

Still the night watchman did not allow himself to get discouraged. He made up his mind to bring his peculiar powers to bear on Shadrach's wife. If anything was in the wind it was reasonable to think that she would sniff it out. He had a speaking acquaintance with her and had twice brought her letters of late, but it seemed better to him to circle round a little first and see what could be done by eye work before broaching the subject in so many words.

He went out there accordingly one evening when he knew Shadrach to be at the club. It was dark early now. That growth of virgin pine back of the house made him ask pointed questions of his soul and he made vivid pictures to himself of that queer fish who was said to have haunted the place. Marked for a hog and with the strength of two men. What sane man would take such a care upon himself except under compulsion? The notion that Shadrach might do such a thing out of the goodness of his heart never entered the heads of people who had long ago made up their minds to mark all his acts mysterious.

Mr. Grogan looked toward the house intently. Beyond it lay the rocky shore, beyond this the rotting weirs, the nets clinging like cobwebs, and beyond these the prows of those old ships that having agonized so long in foreign parts had brought their dozy old bones at length to sink here and be forgotten in this slime. In their midst a crazy structure, once an ice run, had now fallen flat. Some of its legs still stalked seaward and rings of ice, white as cotton wool, gathered about them at the places which marked high and low water, giving them a queer, knuckly, jointed look like bones. Well, Shadrach had a fondness for bones. Mysterious fondness! Uncanny fondness! Bones of ships, bones of fallen enterprises! In his woodshed he kept a kegful of the bones of Indians which frosts and harrowing had turned up out of the thin sod.

Suddenly the house door opened and Shadrach's wife came out, the light streaming on her ruddy hair. She turned and looked back for one instant into the house and Grogan saw her pouting her lips half fearfully. He knew that if he was to stick to his rôle he should slink back, but the plain admiring man in him held the detective to the spot.

The young woman came beating her fists sturdily into the frozen sheets and pillowcases hanging to the line, snatching at clothespins and crumpling the stiff wash into a basket. And then she saw the lank policeman standing stock-still in that spying attitude with hoarfrost brilliant on his eyebrows and a fanatical eagerness in his eyes. Her heart gave a bound and she dropped a great billow of clean linen on the frozen ground, but she did not retreat. Instead, after a moment of staring in her turn, she walked straight up to him and said strongly: "What are you doing here—spying at people's houses, mister?"

"This is part of my rounds," said Grogan soothingly. "I am night watchman here, you know."

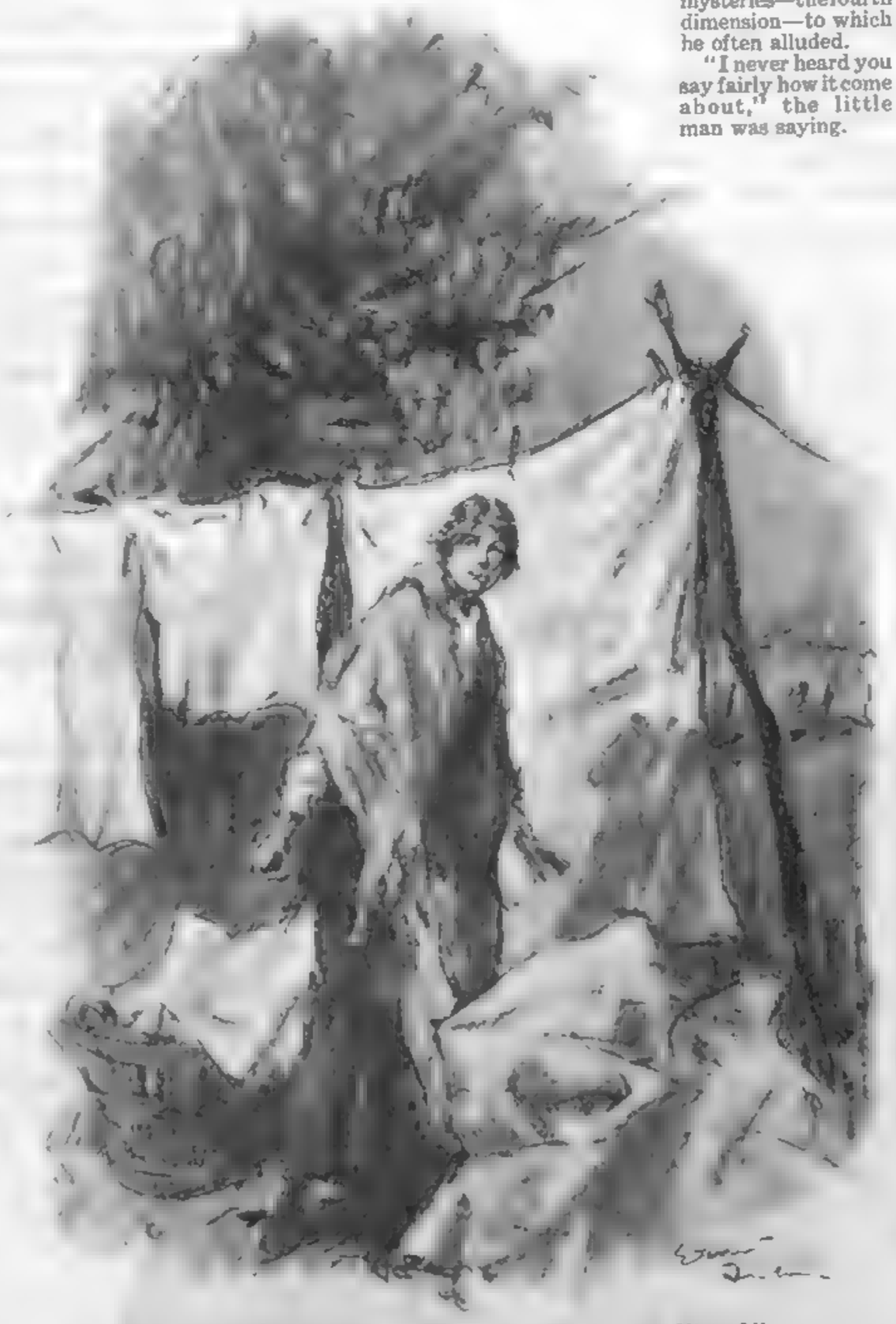
Simultaneously he produced one of his baffling smiles, a world of meaning shone in his face, he dropped his head—bulging helmet and all—on one side and began to stroke his chin. This unusual sang-froid was calculated to send a chill into the hearts of those who had least to reproach themselves with.

"I know what you are afraid of," he breathed secretly, approaching a step. "And let me tell you right here and now, I can take care of him. You needn't lose any sleep."

Her breath came quick and short; he observed it vaporizing between himself and the newly rising moon.

"What do you know?" she whispered.

Consternation was in all her features. Her eye wandered to the house and came back again to her frightened scrutiny of his face.



"What are You Doing Here—Spying at People's Houses, Mister?"

"I ain't telling all I know," he said in his enigmatic strain, and his eyes became full of significance in the midst of an inscrutable countenance. He was vastly elated. He mistook her attitude toward him for simple bashfulness, and her fright was plainly at the tales she had heard about Shadrach.

The woman picked up her basket and walked back into the house as if stunned by some shocking intelligence. Mr. Grogan stood bolt upright in his tracks like a fascinated rabbit. Through the wrinkled panes of that one window he saw the woman come and go as if distracted and the shadow of her strong young shoulders float on the smoky ceiling.

He said to himself that he was as good as married to her. She seemed remote, it was true, allied as she was, yoked legally to that tough old mortal who had immortality written plain in his leathery cheeks. But let the onus of some great crime once rest on him, if only some inkling of his past might leak out, then jail would swallow him, his wife would be once more a free woman or could be made so by the stroke of a pen.

He went back into the town. Entranced by a vision of that stroke actually being given, he stood still opposite the Tall Stove Club. Shadrach, his beard buttoned into his vest, was finishing a game of checkers with Zinie Shadd. He picked up the checkers in that crippled hand of his with its conjurer's touch, advanced them and set them down sagely—baffling in his least movements.

Grogan stepped inside. The game was over and Zinie was pressing that old Trojan to explain one of his mysteries—the fourth dimension—to which he often alluded.

"I never heard you say fairly how it come about," the little man was saying.

Shadrach fingered his beard and eyed a red ant making tracks across the table.

"Well, here, for instance," he said. "If that ant was so constituted that it could go ahead in a straight line and that was all—I say, Zinie, if that ant couldn't turn right or left and if it couldn't get up or down but it could only go ahead he would have just one dimension. All right. Now if I put that match in front of him he is stumped, hey?"

Captain Shadrach put the stub of a burnt match in the line of the ant's travel.

"He couldn't go over it and he couldn't fetch under it and he couldn't go round the ends, Zinie, because he don't know anything but how to travel in a straight line, like Peary going to the Pole."

"Yes, that's fair enough," said Zinie. Others, both believers and unbelievers, came and stood round the table. Zinie himself turned saucer eyes upon this demonstration.

"All right, my hearties," said Captain Shadrach. "So far, so good. Well, but there he goes round the starboard side of it. He has got two dimensions, Zinie. He can travel north, south, east or west in that one plane, but he can't get up or down. Make believe he's flat. Now I set this ring down on all sides of him and he's stumped again."

He put a brass curtain ring down round his example of the two dimensions, but the ant swarmed over the ring.

"There you are!" said Shadrach. "I mistrusted it all along and now that proves it. He's got three dimensions. He's got length, breadth and thickness. Well, sir, I put him in this empty inkwell and I turn it upside down on him. He's stuck. And so are you stuck yourself if they come at you and put you in a room and lock the doors and windows."

"So is anybody stuck," said Zinie.

Shadrach looked about him carefully.

"Not one that was living in the fourth dimension," he said mysteriously. "Anybody like that could filter through that wall and never leave a trace."

"That's impossible," said Zinie with a gasp but looking at the wall profoundly. "It ain't in nature."

"So you say," said Shadrach, raising his brows. "And that's what Mister Two Dimensions would say if someone come round arguing that it was possible to get out of a circle.

"'It ain't in nature,' he'd say, and no more it would be in his nature. Well, but along comes Brother Three Dimensions and steps out of the circle and what's more Two Dimensions don't see a trace of him after his heels leave the ground, because heels was all there was for critturs flattened down like him to see. So he's mystified. He says, 'That ain't possible.' And then those poor flat critturs—all they have got is length and breadth—they get round a flat stove the way we are here and they say, 'It can't be done.' Whereas we know it can be done."

"My gorry!" muttered Shadd. "It gives me a queer feeling here."

"Anybody living in the fourth dimension," proceeded Shadrach, "could take a rubber ball and turn it inside out without breaking a seam."

"Let's go back to the checkers," said Mr. Shadd nervously.

Old Shadrach opened his mouth in a soundless laugh.

Grogan allowed a sound between a groan and a bellow to escape his lips and turned his back on that gullible company.

"The old faker!" he muttered. "The poor old faker! Trying to make men with common sense believe that he can walk through a wall and not disturb the plaster. I'll put the hooks into him hard."

He walked to the extreme end of the village, cooling off, returned, and glancing in at the Tall Stove Club saw that Shadrach had gone. Almost at once he was accosted by a strange man, who asked him where Capt. Shadrach Sills was to be found. The man was short and burly; he spoke rather as if he had the bubbles of his last drink still bursting in the back of his throat.

Grogan pointed out the way. In the instant of setting out the man turned more squarely toward him. He was smooth shaven, his cheek looked livid in the dark, his eyes seemed small and fierce. They burned like coals under the rim of a black felt hat.

As he continued his rounds the watchman began to recollect that there had been something odd about the man's whole look. Who was there from out of town that could have business with old Shadrach? It grew on Mr. Grogan that perhaps if he followed that fellow he might learn something to Shadrach's disadvantage. He resolved to do a little shadowing again in the vicinity of Shadrach's house. Not that he had any faith in that old wizard's power of causing able-bodied men to vanish into thin air; but foul play on a lower plane was very possible. (Continued on Page 122)

Examining an old Miller Tire which made a remarkable mileage record

Matching a Freak Tire

The Real Genius in Tire Making

Every tire factory makes occasional freak tires—tires that show remarkable mileage.

Years ago we decided that the way to make the best tire in the world was to simply match our freak tires.

So we signed every tire that went out. We kept track of the men who made it, and a record on the process. Then, whenever we heard of a freak Miller Tire, we brought it back here to examine.

* * * * * *

Then we started to wear out in factory tests over 1,000 tires a year. And we watched them—watched the tread and the carcass, the mileage, the fabric.

When a freak tire appeared we went back to our records. We cut up the tire, examined and tested it. Nine times in ten we found the reason why that tire excelled.

Doubling the Mileage

We have just about doubled the Miller Tire mileage through the lessons we learned in these tests.

We learned how to select crude rubbers to make the ideal layer rubber. We learned how to vulcanize it—the right time and heat. Now Miller Tires are built under constant laboratory direction.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth with suction cups, to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads to mesh like cogs in dirt

Certain treads outwore the tires, and we found out why. Now all tread stock is vulcanized and tested in our laboratory before a tread is made. Now all Miller Treads outlast the tires. Not one built in this way has come back with the tread gone.

Making All Alike

Fabrics vary immensely, as do cords. We found the fault there in half the tires that fell down.

So we established some radical tests. Now we spend $300 daily just to prove out our fabrics and cords.

Most other tires which failed of the maximum showed a defect overlooked. So we multiplied the care in inspection. Now fifty experts devote their whole time to guarding finished tires against flaws.

Each signs the tires he passes, and both maker and inspector are penalized if a tire comes back.

Thus, after years, we got uniform tires. Now 93 Miller Tires in 100 match the best tires we produce. And over 99 in 100 exceed the expected mileage.

A 500,000-Mile Test

The Chandler & Rudd Co. of Cleveland tested

ton trucks.

Misleading Stories

Most stories you hear are told about freak tires—tales of exceptional mileage. Some such records, in a lifetime, might never be repeated.

That's not the way to judge tires.

The only records we quote show comparative tests. Large tire users everywhere are matching up Millers with 15 to 22 rivals. We are urging them to do that.

These tests, sometimes, cover millions of miles. Hundreds of tires are worn out and recorded. Those are the records which have made Miller Tires the sensational tires of today.

Make One Comparison

Now, with our uniformity, we ask of motorists only a one-tire comparison.

Put a Miller on one wheel and the tire you like best on the opposite.

We make hundreds of such tests in our factory, and Millers are sometimes beaten. But that's rare. We have never found a tire which, on the average, could match the Miller mileage.

* * * * * *

Anyway, we'll rest our case with you on a single test of any Miller Tire.

And you owe that to yourself. Men are everywhere talking about Miller mileage.

In countless great tests Miller Tires are winning against all their best competitors.

It is time that every motor car owner found out for himself what Miller Tires mean to him.

Go get one and watch it. Or, if you buy a new car, insist on Miller equipment.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

We Offer Unique Opportunities to Dealers

Miller Tires

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

Registered U. S. Patent Office

Cords or Fabrics

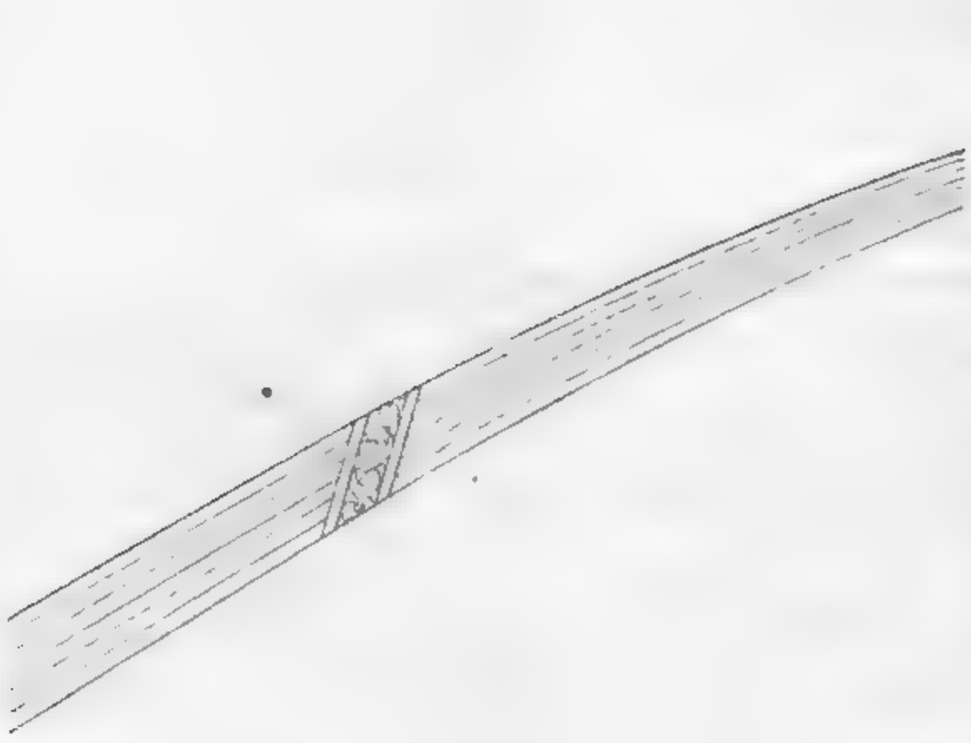
"I know of no way of judging the future but by the past."

PATRICK HENRY voiced no new discovery in this sentence, but a truth which even after ages of experience is often overlooked.

Here at the Peerless factory we have tried to perform each day's work so that as a part of our past it should become also a guarantee as to our future.

"History," says Carlyle, "is the essence of innumerable biographies." The history of Peerless is written in the lives of the individual members of this closely-knit organization, in their ideals and the processes by which they have attained their ideals.

For we have gone about our tasks here in an orderly manner, each to his own, but all focused constantly upon the goal of better motor cars; without the unhealthful haste induced by a desire for quantity production, but carefully, scientifically, efficiently.



For more than eighteen years we have built every Peerless car entire in this plant—that is why the Peerless is, in the finest workmanlike sense of the word, a unit, and not an assemblage of disassociated units.

For the past five years, since the development of the two-power-range, eight-cylinder principle which has made Peerless famous, we have not seen fit to make a single fundamental change in the design of the car which has answered instantly and enduringly every demand made by the exigencies of motoring, and from past accomplishment we are content that our future shall be judged.

Touring Car or Roadster $3050 — Coupé $3700
Sedan $3900 — Sedan Limousine $4150

F. O. B. CLEVELAND: *Subject to change without notice*

THE PEERLESS MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

PEERLESS
2 POWER RANGE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 118)

Foul play as a situation in a book or as a rumor in broad day was one thing, but by night and as a deadly possibility it wore quite another aspect. Mr. Simon Grogan knew nothing of it in his own experience. As he drew near Shadrach's house he had half a mind to give over this uncertain project. It had a formidable look. What had he to gain? He was under no just compulsion to proceed, because no one had seen his meeting with that stranger.

In fact he decided not to go very near the house, but there could be no harm in just scouting round a bit out there among the outskirts so long as he kept well out of sight. In this way he compromised with the various personalities within him.

Arrived in its environs, he sank down craftily in the shadow of a wrecked lobster car, which had been drawn up on weedy wooden rails at some distance from the house. The water in the harbor was black and still, but back of him at a short distance through those ominously quiet pines the waters of the Gut were horsing out strongly. A great snow bank was rolling up there in the heavens. It was snowing already indeed—falling faster and faster, he noted, but still he could see into the house through that kitchen window. He saw Shadrach's wife as distinct as in a vision, her cheek reddened by the flare of fire from a fat slug of pitch pine on the hearth. But there was no sign of Shadrach or of the stranger who had gone in search of him.

Grogan's eye coasted devouringly over the outlines of the house. It was a mere husk. The gray pilasters set either side the front door had rotted away at their bottoms; it seemed as if the merest puff would blow the whole aged structure into dust. The line of the black roof jogged up and down against that rise of whitened ground on the seaward side. Ghosts of withered lives looked out of those black windows.

Palpitating at the midriff, Grogan was on the point of gathering his resolution to creep closer when a woman's scream came out of the house, abrupt as a gunshot, seemed to tear the roof off it, and at once the kitchen window went black and glinted under its cedar. The house was a mere block of dismal black on the snowy ledge.

At the sound of that terrible scream Mr. Grogan leaped to his feet, quaking in every limb, and then it seemed to him as if some hideous principle in his blood had rooted him to the spot. Those who had seen him only with that mysterious twinkle in the corners of his eyes would have caught him now at a disadvantage. His eyes showed white flashes. A thousand alternatives contributed to hold him motionless. Fearful and brilliant ideas competed in his brain. He wanted to run forward and smash his way into the house; that was true, but he reflected that in the moment of bursting in he would be at a disadvantage. He might be shot down before he could get his bearings.

Shot down? He was willing now, influenced by this creepy mantle of night and the vibration of that scream in his ear, to believe that some yet more mysterious and horrifying thing might happen to him. That cry had not been of ordinary fright. A curdling quality was in it. It was the cry of one who had looked on something not in nature.

All at once Mr. Grogan was aware that he had recovered his faculties to that degree at least that he had put himself in motion. He was, it must be confessed, running like a deer, spurning the snow from his heels like mad, but he had so far forgotten the proprieties of his profession as to be running away from the house. And even so, he felt its shaggy horrors closing on him hard. His legs faltered, palavered up and down as in a dream. By chance he hooked his toe into a log frozen to the ground and went sprawling with a hearty yell.

He was within hail of the road, it appeared. A rangy figure which had been making good progress there toward the town stopped, turned flat about, peered, came toward him. It was Neeze Furlong.

"Hell's delight!" he said, gazing into Grogan's face. "You went yourself one better that time. What has happened to hair you all up this way, Simon?"

Mr. Grogan, stimulated by the pain of his fall, had now pulled himself up short. In the reassuring shadow of Mr. Furlong's glittering mustache the look of things was far less supernatural.

"Did you hear that scream?" he inquired huskily.

"Scream? What scream?"

"That old devil has put her away at last," gasped Grogan. "Raise the hue and cry. I saw you and I was running after you to stop you, understand, when I fell over this log. You come with me."

Mr. Furlong had no greater stomach for that sort of thing than other people, but still he went where Grogan led. The night watchman had got out his revolver and made as if to sight it, but his hand shook and his finger trigger was stiff with cold. He consequently seized it by the barrel. Furlong trudged at his back.

Not a sound had come from Shadrach's house after that one scream. It had stopped snowing too, but an inch or two had already fallen. The kitchen window was black out, but it showed a red gleam when they drew abreast of it.

"There's a fire on the hearth," whispered Furlong.

"Open the door," said Grogan. "I'm standing ready with the gun."

Neeze pushed the door in. A warm gush of air greeted them. Furlong inquired almost apologetically, "Are you in, Shadrach?"

"Are you going to stand there all night with that door open on me?" a voice from within returned. "Come in! Don't be backward about coming forward!"

They went in cautiously—abreast.

The old wizard was lying back restfully in his horsehair chair close to a wood fire on the hearth. At his side was the famous keg of bones and in front of him, tilted to a rakish angle, the upper half of a reconstructed skeleton. Near the fire his Australian boots were drying out. In one hand he held his pipe and in the hand with the missing fingers he had a curious hand-forged pair of small fire tongs equipped near the handle with a long curved prong for scraping out the heel of his pipe.

"You're alone, I see," Grogan began shakily.

"You make a business of using your eyes, young man, I guess," said Shadrach, blowing smoke through the eye sockets of the skull before him.

"Where's your wife?"

"Come, come! A man can't always put his hand on his wife at a moment's notice," said Shadrach at the height of his mysteriousness. "Well, as a matter of fact, I'm keeping bachelor's house to-night," he added, yawning.

His blue eyes glittered, then rested composedly here and there at different points about the kitchen—the old steeple clock with its wizened dial, the sewing machine with work still heaped on it, the kitchen chairs made of porous bleached vertebræ taken from the spines of giant blackfish, the black medicine chest with its stiff white-painted rope handles and its battered lid adorned with skull and crossbones inlaid in mother-of-pearl. He had everything in order here. A place for everything and everything in its place. Everything, that is, except Shadrach's wife.

"She screamed," said Grogan in a high-pitched voice. "Not two minutes ago I heard a woman scream."

"That's bad; that was my banshee," said the captain weirdly, confidentially, lowering his voice and drawing his shoulders together. "Tell me now, it was no ordinary scream, eh? It was a scream, that was, to make a man's blood run cold if I know anything about it. I heard it myself. There's going to be a death in the family."

"You're telling me a pack of lies."

"Convince yourself," said Shadrach waving his pipe.

Grogan suddenly bethought him of the exit on the other side of the kitchen, the only one he had not had under observation from his lobster car. This was at the end of a short entry on the seaward side of the house, and he ran there now full tilt and jerked open the door.

"Nothing here," he said, turning back to Furlong, "except where the old fellow came in himself."

Very plainly there without disguise were sunk the tracks of Captain Shadrach's boots, those vast-soled Australian boots, and even that slurring effect of Shadrach's dangling legs, which they had both noted in the mud on an earlier occasion, was here reproduced perfectly in the snow. In the mind's eye they could see Shadrach swinging his old legs here with difficulty, but "making the old things count just the same," as he had a habit of saying.

"One thing I will say," said Grogan. "If anybody, man or woman, left this house after I heard that scream it will have to show in the snow. I'm going round to the other side. Neeze, step in my tracks, will you?"

Stooping and lifting their feet high, they made the circuit of the house, but there were no tracks whatever to be seen except the easily identified ones which they had made themselves.

"She's in there somewheres!" said Furlong in a whisper.

Wrapped in this system of causes and effects, they had quite forgotten Shadrach. That ancient mariner, however, had taken no base advantage of their slipshod tactics. He still sat in his chair, and when they reëntered the house from the land side he signalized their entry by rattling the bones in his keg waggishly. He even followed them from room to room, holding a light; chuckled when they opened closets and looked under beds.

Baffled at every turn, Grogan paused in the kitchen, centering himself on Shadrach, who had subsided into his chair again, fingering his coil of copper wire.

"Where is she?" the night watchman thundered fiercely. "It will be worse for you in the end if you don't answer."

Shadrach's eyes smoldered, flashed blue fire.

"One man's guess is as good as another's," he uttered gently. "How about the fourth dimension?"

Such were the essential facts in the greatest mystery that had ever tangled up the local authorities. It was a blank wall to everyone that tackled it. If the personality of Shadrach had been mysterious before, it was now so a hundredfold. He waxed great. He grew jovial, jailed though he was and held a prisoner at the Tall Stove Club. His silence taunted theory, but he offered nothing in the way of a solution to people who had only three dimensions.

When the county attorney approached him he said merely: "The *corpus delicti*, gentlemen. Where's the body of the crime?"

And there he had them. There was no body. The woman had vanished clean. She had gone over into the fourth dimension without dropping one feather by the way.

"They searched high and low," Lena Kidder told Hat Tyler, "and they couldn't find hide nor hair of her. There wasn't a vestige of the woman in that house. I think it's dreadful myself. She'd left her sewing in the sewing machine and right at one end of it was a pile of her hairpins that she had taken out of her hair, so she was evidently taking it down to go to bed, poor thing, when it happened."

"When what happened?" asked Hat.

"They don't know," said Mrs. Kidder, lowering her voice. "They haven't the first idea."

"Have they looked in the cellar?" queried Mrs. Tyler. It was a natural question. Cellars had by their very nature an affinity with crime.

"There's no cellar under the house," answered Lena Kidder. "The house is founded upon a rock."

"Don't tell me there's not an explanation for it," said Hat harshly. "There's an explanation for everything."

"They say she hadn't been contented for some time past," contributed another. "I guess he made it pretty hard for her."

"There's two sides to that story too," countered Hat sharply. "I've told my husband more than once I shouldn't want to trust him with a woman of that type in his old age, especially where she had come from away and all. She had a sulky look to her. If it was me I should have been afraid she might have left the window open to blow on my shoulder blades, where she was just waiting for me to die anyway."

"That's true," said Lena. "If I was a man I wouldn't have a correspondence wife in the house if I never had any. Just you think what kind of a woman she must have been to leave her home and come here bag and baggage to a strange man, and then try to pitch in and make herself at home. It isn't natural. There isn't a thing known about her either, who she was nor where she came from."

"It's not as if it was only the woman that had to be accounted for," said the pale customer who had spoken before. "There's the man that asked Simon for directions how to get there earlier in the evening. He hasn't been heard from since. And then there's that awful-looking creature they tell about that Shadrach had been feeding. What's been done with him?"

"Murder will out," said Hat. "Don't tell me that that old fellow can wish a woman as big as that off the premises without stirring out of his chair, because if you do you'll only waste your breath."

Despite that trumpeting of common sense, the idea that Shadrach had spirited the woman away was rapidly gaining ground among the so-called ignorant. Diadama Grogan was one of the uncanny ones, a rapidly growing number, who had faith that Shadrach could invoke the powers of darkness. They pointed to the disappearance of his two prior wives.

What enlisted the sympathies of this camp was the clean nature of the crime, if crime it was. There was nothing messy about it. Nothing overturned. No evidence of struggle. No blood. No feathers. Nothing but those hairpins, which showed that she had taken down her hair peacefully at least—there was some evidence to the effect that the kitchen was used as a dressing room in cold weather—and beyond that, only those heavy tracks which showed that Shadrach had come home alone and that nobody had left the house after the alleged scream unless they had taken wing. Mr. Grogan had as eyewitness Mr. Furlong, an entirely phlegmatic citizen, to back him up in his testimony to the tracks.

To be sure, there was a gap in their knowledge of Shadrach's doings on the fatal night up to the time when Grogan had begun to spot the house. Zinie Shadd and others, haunters of the Tall Stove Club, testified that he had left fairly early on that night. His enemies now said he had used the intervening time to dispatch the mysterious stranger, whose presence here must be thought to have some sinister bearing on Shadrach's fortunes surely. He might have used this interim as well to spirit away the unfortunate being, still half a myth, who was said to have depended on his charity.

Be that as it might, the tracks of those Australian boots were evidence enough that he had come home himself intact and alone; indeed by the fresh look of them he had apparently stolen into the house on one side while Grogan was watching it from the other. The wooden fish at which he had been carving had dropped out of his pocket a dozen paces or so from the stone sill and this had been accidentally excavated.

Where had he been coming from? Unluckily there was no way of knowing this. On seeing how these tracks led and that there were no others, Grogan and Furlong had rushed back into the house, making sure that the woman or her remains must be within the four walls. When by degrees, after accounting for every cubic foot of space under that roof, they came to the somewhat ghastly conclusion that the woman was not in the house at all, though Grogan had seen her through the kitchen window and though new-fallen snow would seem certainly to betray her egress—if egress there had been—by that time a renewed fall of snow had quite obliterated the tracks of Shadrach and they were balked in that direction as in every other.

Yet something must be found to go on. That was Shadrach's claim and so much was conceded by his prosecutors. How otherwise would they have a leg to stand on if they brought him into court? The woman had not been found in the house. Their own officers would be forced to testify against them on the point as to whether Shadrach or anyone else had gone out of the house on that particular occasion. The woman was missing. That was true. She had screamed. That was Grogan's testimony.

"You would any of you feel cheap to hang on Simon Grogan's testimony," was Shadrach's comment.

This chance remark pointed the way out of such an impasse. Citizens who felt the force of it began to circulate a whisper that Grogan knew more of this affair than he would say or had said at any rate. Some of the authorities, it was said, were waking up to the fact that a good deal of this freakish case would have to rest on the depositions of the night watchman. Furlong was witness to the tracks of Shadrach, yes; what did these tracks in and of themselves say, more than that the old mariner had returned home in good season?

But the woman had screamed. Ah, but Grogan alone had heard this scream. Had he heard it? The rumor that he had been sweet on Shadrach's wife gained ground. That he had haunted the place lately was admitted; he had given out that this was

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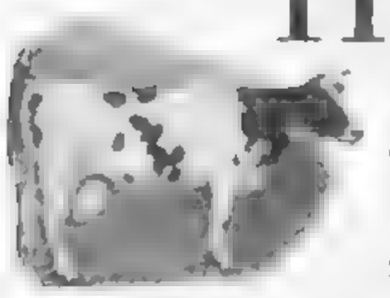

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for the purpose of spying out Shadrach in some evil doing. Was it actually to make love to Shadrach's wife? The old fellow very often retired early after taking a pint of water for a heart palpitation that afflicted him. Opportunity would not be lacking.

Then there was the mysterious stranger. But perhaps the watchman had manufactured that tale, too, out of whole cloth. No one else remembered seeing such a man. Had Grogan introduced this figure to supply a possible motive for Shadrach's action?

It was Furlong himself who let fall the one remark that was needed to crystallize this theory—to the effect, namely, that Grogan had been running at top speed away from the house when he had fallen in with him. Those whose tongues wagged at both ends and in the middle now said: "Suppose he had met the woman by appointment, had entreated her to fly with him, had at last in blind rage at her obduracy struck her to the ground, fancied her dead, borne her limp body to the Gut, cast her into those seething black waters, the trend of whose deeper current was oceanward at that hour?"

Assume this, and these impossible facts ceased to be impossible. Shadrach returning home, delayed by what cause soever, quite naturally finds that there is no one there. But at a distance from the house Grogan, flying in insensate fear, stumbling, falling, picking himself up half blind, only turned back when meeting Furlong. Was there nothing suspicious in that?

So it came about that on the evening of the third day the deputy sheriff touched Grogan on the shoulder and said briefly, "You're wanted, Sim."

The faint set against the wretched night watchman became a raging torrent. He was taken into the Tall Stove Club and his left hand linked to Shadrach's right.

"Misery loves company," said Shadrach blandly. "So it's been a case of the pot calling the kettle black."

But for the first time since the competition had begun he was outdone, outskilled in his mysteriousness. Grogan, if he had only been in the position to enjoy it, held the palm. People were going round telling one another that the night watchman, red-handed though he might be, was deeper than he had been given credit for.

"He's a deep one," they said wonderingly. They commented favorably on his marvelous presence of mind in inventing that scream on the spur of the moment, in leading the hounds of the law astray, turning aside any mistrust Furlong might have had by leading him back to the house, relying on the known mysteriousness of old Shadrach to throw the whole population off the scent.

But alas, these murmurs of admiration and mystification were lost on the unlucky Grogan. He had paid too dear for the reputation he had wooed so long. By what irony was it that he found himself here manacled to the very man against whose uncanny powers he had pitted himself? His brain was confused, but his heart throbbed with the injustice.

"As God lives, gentlemen, I'm an innocent man!" he cried over and over to the thronging members of the club. There was a record attendance. "There's a conspiracy against me for only doing my duty," he added. "Why, I needn't have gone near the house! I had half a mind to give it the go-by as it was. I could have played off deaf. I wasn't born yesterday."

"Conspiracy," muttered a voice. "That's what they all come to. It's a sign of madness. Anybody's mad, I say, that murders in cold blood."

"They say now there's madness in his family," uttered Zinie Shadd. "He has an uncle that died in an asylum and another way back somewhere that chewed glass."

"That steam trawler is dragging the Gut now, I understand," said old Rolls Stilphin.

Shadrach began to see that his mystery was passing into the body of the man to whom he was chained. He could not resign himself to that. He gave a slant look at Grogan and said slowly: "They seem pretty cocksure of having got the right man at last, Simon."

The watchman quailed and glared at Shadrach wildly. He had beat his brains for a solution of those impossible facts, for they were impossible, and that he knew as well as he knew the fact of his own innocence.

They were impossible, yet they were true. What were facts? What was the world under the jugglery of this old devil?

And suddenly he believed. He was converted. He had faith, utter faith in Shadrach's powers. He overthrew his common sense. He humiliated his detective instincts. He took stock in the fourth dimension.

The touch of that uncanny hand had sent impulses streaming through his body which left him quivering, convinced. Shadrach had spirited her away. He had wafted her away through the walls of that house without so much as splintering a lath or displacing one cedar shingle.

Grogan strained forward like a madman. He threw himself at Shadrach's feet, breathing like a leaky bellows and yelling: "Shadrach, I believe you! I believe you are telling me the truth!"

Captain Sills elevated his brows in triumph.

"What have I told you?" he inquired in that soft voice. He looked deeply down and next flung a blazing look broadcast like an ember at a pack of wolves. "Don't jump to conclusions," he said, raising his manacled hand and Grogan's limp one with it. "I can't so much as take a bone out of a woman's throat, if you can believe what you hear."

"I was wrong about that too," said Grogan, groveling. "I never sized you up right. Never!"

"Don't you knuckle under to him," shouted old Rolls Stilphin.

"Shadrach," shrieked Grogan, "if I have done you any wrong I am sorry for it! Don't see me hanged! You conjured the woman out of the house. Conjure her back—here—if it ain't for more than five seconds."

"Fair enough," said old Rolls Stilphin. Others of that faction nodded their heads.

Shadrach was thrown into confusion by these words. He blinked as if he had been struck a blow in the face, for this was really more than he had bargained for. Believers and unbelievers alike, they had been mellowing toward him all the evening, strolling out among the pillars of the temple and finding comfort in a bottle of hundred proof. What was now their temper?

Though nothing had been expected of him, everything had been believed of him. He had power to make nothing out of something. Solid things curled away like mist to his potent breath. Not even the arrest of Grogan had altered this profound conviction among his fellow citizens that somewhere at the back of that old head he harbored strange fleets and was a wonder worker.

And now the very believers were going to be the death of him by making this insane demand for further miracles. They clamored for a demonstration. Zinie Shadd, the most fervent of them, applied himself to the hundred proof again, gathered his courage like legs under him for a leap and was warmest in seconding that plea.

They crowded about, urging. Wrapped in this obsession, they none of them heard the outer door swing on its hinges or the warning jangle of a bell at the back of the shop which that movement gave rise to.

"Don't hurry me," muttered Shadrach. "All at the proper time."

But the words were lost in his beard. The blue light had gone out of those grottoes where his eyes were socketed. He looked all at once incredibly forlorn.

The miserable night watchman took Shadrach's beard in tremulous fingers, whispering, "You can do it, Shadrach."

The old wonder worker raised his head slowly.

"It ain't in the man to do it," said Gus Brann, that hoarse breather. "Don't tell me the age of miracles is here again. Flesh and bone is flesh and bone, I say. Why, look here ——"

The words died on his lips. A change had come over Shadrach. A darkening of the brow, a blazing of the eye, a leering of infernal powers over the threshold of the brain. He stood up stiffly, dragging Grogan with him. He seemed to roll back those cobwebbed walls with a look and send those fat oily pillars of the temple of gossip reeling.

His brows rose, four deep wrinkles struck across the parchment of his forehead, he raised his free hand, the thumb and remaining finger curved uncannily, in the motion proper to a conjuror.

"Convince yourselves!" he cried in a great voice, staring past them hollow-eyed.

They whirled in their tracks and were turned to stone.

The woman herself was standing there! Hatless, her coat thrown open, the splendid tawny hair hanging past her cheeks untidily! The very woman, to the life, in the flesh, an apparition! She had floated there between two mighty upended rolls of red linoleum and now stood in all her three dimensions, complete in every part. They saw past her, they saw all round about her.

"He's done it now!" howled Zinie Shadd. He crowded back against the wall.

Such moments are what have made historic conjurors. Had the woman now disappeared or even evaporated Shadrach's name would have stood forever in the land. But she did not evaporate. There was nothing volatile about her. Instead she came into their midst, wordless, but flesh and blood beyond a doubt. And next they saw a monstrous shadow disengage itself behind her. This, too, solidified, came into the light, propelled itself along the flooring with a queer shuffling, rising and falling gait like a seal.

This being, they saw at once, could be no other than Shadrach's familiar demon. He was not equipped with a snout, but in other ways he was much as they had pictured him. It was reserved for Grogan himself to remark his most illuminating feature—his feet. They were shod—a glance verified it—in a pair of those celebrated Australian boots of Shadrach's. But this was not all.

"The old faker!" yelled Grogan. "Look there! Look there, I tell you! There's your answer! The man is bumblefooted!"

His nose pointed one way and his toes the other.

"Hat says there's an explanation for everything, and I don't know but what she is right," Mr. Furlong said to his wife in unraveling the mystery for her. "That queer fish would have to have his feet screwed up one-half turn to make him like a human being. Well, come to sift it down, he carried her out of the house on his shoulders, and where he was going out heel foremost it looked to Sim and me like he was going back into the house. Now ain't that something huge?"

"Where'd this creature come from?" said his wife.

"It seems he come off one of them ships that was in here icing up a while ago while Mrs. Shadrach was away visiting her relations. They plagued him about his bumblefeet and he come ashore discouraged with mankind. He got more bashful too when he see that Shadrach would humor him and he lived a spell out in the pines and had his food set out on a stump for him in a tin basin. Well, say, he was so shy that she had never caught sight of his coat tails out in that brush. Then it come on winter and he come back to the woodshed and Shadrach told his wife to keep out of that if she valued her good looks."

"Still that don't account for that stranger they had got out there."

"Well, that's the fun of it," said Furlong, brightening. "That feller was the woman's first husband. Seems she thought he was dead, but she had got wind lately of his turning up and when she see Grogan going through them queer motions of his she made up her mind she was going to be jailed for a bigamist.

"Course she was all broken up, and she broke down and told Shadrach that the police were watching the house and that her first husband was alive and a whole budget of news like that. It warn't strictly news to Shadrach, because he had had a talk with the feller personally and had him waiting down under the piling of the old grain mill. He'd been sitting there all the evening, wiring that skeleton together and thinking how to get her down there to him without too much fuss; and before he could make up his mind she looked out the window and said the police were on that side of the house already—you know, crying and taking on. So then the old feller opened the woodshed door and there stood Tricks, heels foremost. Well, that was where she squealed."

"My sorrows!" said Mrs. Furlong. "Who wouldn't?"

"She says now she thought as much as could be that that old tartar was going to punish her for being a bigamist; and the joke of it was he figured it out that he didn't have time to explain, with the police that close. So he shut her mouth the best way he could and old Tricks slung her over his shoulder like a sack of meal and out they went and didn't leave a trace, unless you count that wooden fish she had grabbed up off the table, and she dropped that outside. They all three got away in an old dory that had been tied up under the grain mill, but as soon as old Tricks there learned what a pickle Shadrach was in on account of the woman being missing he come back with her. I ain't saying she warn't willing. They gave the other fellow the slip. It turns out they are both mighty fond of Shadrach."

"And do you mean to sit there and tell me," said Mrs. Furlong incredulously, "that that old idiot was actually going to be fool enough to go to the gallows to save that woman from being arrested as a bigamist? I gave him credit for more sense."

"It turns out he thinks a lot of her," said Furlong. "The fact is, he ain't the man he's been painted altogether."

"I should say not!" said Mrs. Furlong acidly.

"He's been sitting there sparring for time and making a monkey out of the county attorney and everybody concerned, just so they could get away clear."

Their attention was attracted to the street outside by a violent fit of coughing there. They looked through the window. Old Diadama Grogan was going past, bent double, fingering her lean throat.

"It's too bad in a way things fell out as they did," said Furlong in thoughtful mood. "That poor old feller has lost the respect of this community sure, now the cat is out of the bag. Why, even old Diadama there has lost confidence in him and she is round town hacking and coughing worse than ever and saying she can feel that bone now in her throat as big as an anchor."

"And you can't blame her," said his wife—"any man that will impose on others as he has." She added contemptuously: "After this I'll never believe he made away with those first two wives of his. There's just some such foolish little reason to account for them—if we could only know it."

"Yes, I expect it's all nothing," agreed Mr. Furlong sadly.

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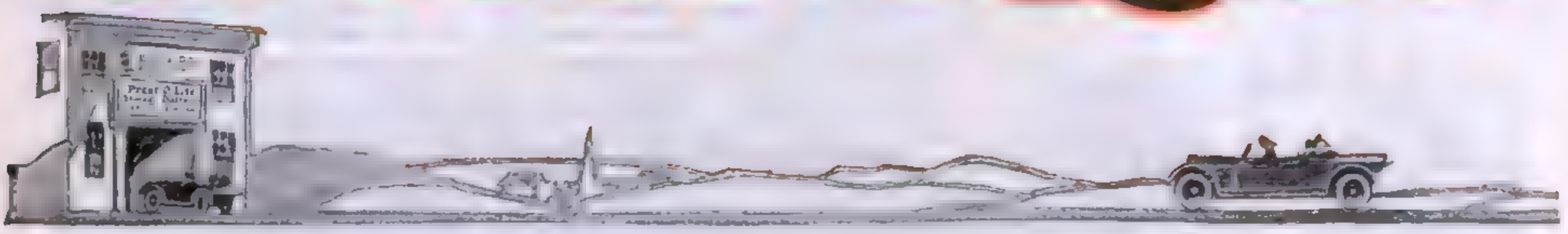

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THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN

(Continued from Page 14)

and all Mrs. Sayer got was enough to take her and the children to some relations she had back East. In accusing Milt of being stingy people used to say he was rich, which made the story better, but he really hadn't anything to speak of. Lawyer Ege made a complete search, but found little. Mrs. Sayer always thought she would get a good deal of alimony, and Lawyer Ege had promised her at least forty dollars a month to live on. But Lawyer Ege couldn't squeeze blood out of a turnip and about all Mrs. Sayer actually got was freedom. She said her relations had always wanted her to leave him and that she only hesitated because of the children. Besides, she feared that if she ever left Milt he would go to the devil.

But Milt didn't miss his family as much as Mrs. Sayer thought he would. He took some of his meals at the restaurant, but mainly lived at home. He turned the mule in on the mortgage, as mules were high that year, and got rid of his hogs, as he said that living alone he could buy bacon cheaper than he could raise it. The money he gave his wife he had raised by increasing the mortgage on his house and, to the surprise of everybody, he paid the interest. As he no longer had children he got rid of pups and one day shot his dogs because they had eaten his big Langshan roosters. Altogether Milt improved and was better natured. He was even known to attend the band concerts at City Park and once he called on a neighbor in the evening to sit a while. A few of the neighbor women, knowing he must long for home cooking, invited him to an occasional meal and he acted politer than they expected he would.

Two of the older boys came to see their father in course of time and, to the surprise of everybody, remained with him. Mrs. Sayer occasionally wrote to her old neighbors asking if Milt had gone to the devil yet, but he actually seemed to be traveling the other way. He even went to the banker and arranged to send his former wife a small allowance. He wasn't compelled to do this, but said he was better satisfied to do it.

The improved manners of Milt Sayer actually became the talk of the town during one hot-weather period when there was a lull and porch parties talked of little else that summer. He had always paid his debts after a fashion, but he became prompt and an old junk shop he owned started to make money. There was even a contest between the banks over his account, and when the State Savings won over the First there was some criticism of the methods employed by the winner. One day a man who knew Milt rather better than the rest of us said to him: "I suppose that now you are single you'll be taking notice again."

But Milt didn't seem to be amused. He became serious and said something about his better nature being roused. People didn't understand that remark for a time, but admitted it was true. Wherever he went you saw one or both of his sons and they improved as much as their father. Both were doing well in school and during the summer vacation they worked round the junk shop.

It was along in the winter following the summer when Milt was the town's sensation and about a month after he said his better nature was roused when he did the most surprising thing. He arrived one evening on 38, the accommodation train, accompanied by his former wife, to whom he had been remarried the day before. About all he would say in explanation was that he thought he would like it rather better that way; and after that people dropped him, except that they watched narrowly to see how the experiment came out. Some thought they would get along all right since Milt's better nature had been roused, but others had their doubts.

John Davis

THERE is no better young man in town than John Davis. He is polite, reliable and reads good books. Indeed when he went on his wedding journey he took a Bible with him.

It was a praiseworthy thing to do, but many people laughed over the incident. Indeed, some of the young people say they heard the bride herself laugh about it.

Hon. Martin Holbrook

TEN years ago Martin Holbrook was a member of Congress and has been proud of it ever since. But people do not remember his efforts in their behalf. About all they say of his experience at the Capitol is:

"You wouldn't think that man had been in Congress, would you?"

Ans Whitcomb

WHEN I was a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old Ans Whitcomb, the tombstone man, asked me to drive out in the country to see if Squire Newcomb would take a monument they had been dickering over. It seems the old squire wanted the monument—if at all—by the twenty-eighth, the anniversary of his wife's death, and as Ans talked to me on the fourteenth he had to know about it, as several days would be required to cut the dove and the lettering. So he said he would give me a dollar and let me take his horse and buggy if I would drive out and see.

Squire Newcomb didn't say in so many words that he wouldn't take the tombstone; he said he would see Ans about it, or something else that made me believe in connection with my friendship for Ans and my optimism that it would be all right.

I didn't like to have Ans waste his dollar or return from a fruitless errand, so my reply caused Ans to go ahead and finish the tombstone. I felt a little queer when I saw him working on it, but I was always too optimistic and really believed the old squire would take the tombstone after the design they had talked over was complete.

It turned out that Squire Newcomb had actually bought a tombstone of another agent before I went out there, and I felt so mean about it that it was a relief when Ans moved away. I was never able to see him without feeling guilty, though I was really only optimistic when I deceived him.

The experience taught me a lesson. I cross my t's and dot my i's now in conversation as well as in letters. I am neither optimistic nor pessimistic.

Mart Towne

I ONCE knew a man named Mart Towne, who was wasting away with illness. Meeting him one day, I suggested a remedy.

"I can't try your suggestion for some time," he replied in a weak voice—"so many others are in ahead of you."

The man died before he got round to my remedy. Here was a man who had had good advice for years, yet he grew thinner steadily and finally died with a great stock of good advice on hand he had been unable to try.

Bill Hall

A MAN named James T. Oliver, who advertises in the papers that he will raise money for various unnecessary public enterprises for a per cent of the collections, lately appeared here with the avowed purpose of raising ten thousand dollars in seven days.

Oliver called on Bill Hall and found him busy, but Oliver impudently demanded that Mr. Hall listen to him. Hall was angered by this unusual demand, but finally suspended business as the nervy agent required. Hall listened patiently while Oliver made his talk and then asked: "May I now say a word?"

Oliver grudgingly consented and Hall said: "In the first place, I will give you nothing. In the second, I want to tell you that I regard you as the nerviest adventurer I have encountered in many years. You depend upon your impudence, of which you have a disgusting supply, to carry you through; and I wish to add that if you are not out of this office in two seconds I will give you a whipping you will long remember. I have been annoyed by adventurers of your type until I am fighting mad."

"Remember, sir," Oliver said, "that there are ladies present."

Oliver has two women helpers and there were with him.

(Concluded on Page 130)

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New Jersey Zinc

(Concluded from Page 128)

"My remarks refer to them as well as to you," Bill said. "I am glad they are present to hear what I have to say."

Oliver replied with extracts from his biggest talk and Bill hit him. Oliver struck back and Bill wiped the floor with him in spite of the screams of the lady assistants. Then Oliver was led to the door and thrown into the street. He spent five days in a hospital and says he will sue Bill for fifty thousand dollars damages.

The local paper in speaking of the affair said: "Without discussing here the right or wrong of Mr. Hall's action, it is only fair to say that it seems to be very popular. Mr. Hall is receiving hundreds of letters of congratulation."

I don't mind confessing I sent one of those letters.

Marie Taylor

WE BEGAN hearing of Marie Taylor's art when she was seven years old. At that early day she could play a piano pretty well and many of us were compelled to listen when we didn't care for it. Not that she wasn't good—for a child—and from that day to this we have heard about the place she is entitled to fill in the musical world.

Old Henry Taylor, her father, never took so much interest in Marie's art as did his wife, who was almost crazy on the subject. But old Henry somehow managed to raise money to pay for her lessons. When her piano teacher gave a recital we were all expected to buy tickets, because our town had never before had a prospect of occupying a position in the public eye, and we knew Marie would play at least twice herself and once with the teacher.

When Marie was seventeen we began hearing that she really should have better instruction, as she had outgrown all the teachers at home; and then came the occasion when tickets sold at a dollar each. Not many were present for one cause or another, but Marie got off for the city. When she came back we were all expected to be interested in the improvement she had made under Bagalowski, who came home with her and played at her concert; and really we couldn't see that he was very much better than Marie. Indeed, he was reported as saying that she should go abroad, which she soon did, her mother going with her.

The going-abroad concert was not much of a success either. When the Taylors were leaving the hall they were all ill natured and old Henry spoke sharply to his wife as Maria, though we had all been given to understand that Marie had been named for her mother.

There was considerable sympathy for old Henry Taylor, because of the manner in which he slaved and saved to pay the expense of the trip abroad. Doc Filson even went so far as to say that though most of the girls round town took lessons they knew when to stop.

At the end of a year old Henry Taylor moved away. We were at liberty to believe he was going to Paris, where his daughter was succeeding with her art, but he never said where he was going.

We found out a few years later. Marsh Edson, who made a trip to Oklahoma to look at land, ran across them in a little town there, and Marie was giving lessons, charging fifty cents an hour because she had studied abroad.

Aunt Mahala

I HEARD to-day of the death of one of the most remarkable women I ever knew—my Aunt Mahala. This worthy woman spent her life in visiting round among her relatives. And she was unusual in this: Before they were ready for her to go at one house there was clamoring for her at all the others. The great event at our house when I was a boy was the arrival of Aunt Mahala, and though she did not have much herself she always managed to bring something for every member of the family. The older ones loved her as well as the children and no one in all of our vast connection ever tired of her. She always had dates a year ahead.

Aunt Mahala had no rights that she cared to assert and for that reason she enjoyed more rights than any woman I ever knew. She was willing to sleep on a pallet on the floor, but always had the best bed in the house. There was not a man in all our connection that would not take his team from the plow during the busy season and go after her.

Aunt Mahala was a great lover of children. I remember that when she went to visit at Uncle John's or Aunt Lib's I heard soon after that there was a new baby at their house. Aunt Mahala was so fond of children that she always wanted to be the first to welcome them. If any of the grown people in the family met with an accident or had a severe sickness they were never satisfied that everything possible was being done until Aunt Mahala arrived and cried softly for a moment beside their bed. Then she would remove her things and in half an hour the patient would be much better. Whatever the trouble was, Aunt Mahala knew what to do. I used to think that whatever respect the neighbors had for our family was on account of Aunt Mahala. The neighbors wanted her to visit them, but we never could spare her.

The letter informing me of her death said she went to bed in her usual health one night and was found dead in the morning. That was always Aunt Mahala's way—she never wanted to make trouble.

Joe Ward

I WAS lately making a little automobile journey and met Joe Ward, a high-priced man. We were passing through the town of Centerville and stopped a moment to inquire the road to Fairview.

It happened that the man we addressed was Joe Ward himself, who said he was just about to leave for Fairview and would show us the way if we would give him a ride.

So he sat beside the driver and turned round and told us about the farms we passed. He knew every farmer on the way; how his crops were turning out and many other interesting facts, for this man was a clerk in the New York Store in Centerville and had been so employed nine years.

When we came to a crossroad he would say "Straight ahead" or "Turn to the right" to the driver and then tell us something of interest about his work in the New York Store. It seemed he was a very popular clerk; so popular, indeed, that the proprietor of the Boston Store, the principal opposition, had long wanted him.

"But I said to him frankly," Joe Ward explained, "if you get me you'll have to pay a man's wages. I'm no cheap skate. I was born over on Cow Creek and no citizen of that neighborhood would think of going to Centerville without trading with me."

"Here," I thought, "is a very high-priced man."

I began wondering how much would induce him to leave the New York Store. And he proceeded to tell us—he couldn't keep a secret.

"Besides the pull I have on Cow Creek, my grandfather is the leading farmer out the Fairview way and everybody knows I control the best trade round Fairview. So I says to Persinger, of the Boston Store: 'If you get me you'll get the best, but you'll have to pay me. I'm human like everybody else; if you pay me I'll work for you and do you all the good I can, but we might as well understand each other first as last—if you get me you'll have to pay me. I'm no amateur. If you get me you'll have to pay me twelve dollars a week.'"

But it developed before we reached the next town that Persinger, of the opposition store, wouldn't stand an innovation like that, so Joe Ward got out at Fairview and said he was going back next morning to resume his work at the New York Store.

The Wittwer Boys

WE HAVE in this town a lodge known as the Central Protective Association. It originated among the farmers to discourage horse stealing, but nearly all the town men joined as a means of getting country trade. The meetings of the association are mainly devoted to oyster suppers in winter and ice-cream socials in summer and the initiation. The members do nearly everything to those who join.

The work is supposed to be secret, but a smart country boy can describe the ceremonies of nearly every lodge in town. So the Wittwer boys, Doc and Orrie, knew what they were about when they concluded to become members.

Word went round quietly that the Wittwers were candidates on a certain night and they were given the full works with a few extra touches, as the Wittwers were known to be waggish themselves.

When the exercises were finally over the Wittwer boys were called on for speeches in order to have more fun with them. Doc Wittwer was called on first and said he liked the order well enough, but that it seemed to him the Wittwers had been given the worst of it; that his name was second on the list of candidates, but he was compelled to wait in the anteroom three hours before being called out. He also expressed the opinion that the Wittwers were about as good as some others; that their notes were as highly regarded at the bank and their trade as much sought after at the stores.

Orrie Wittwer also talked—without being called on. He shared his brother's resentment. Orrie Wittwer was rather more reasonable than his brother and was finally pacified by the president, but Doc Wittwer continued to talk about what he called a raw deal. The president said he was certain no disrespect had been purposely shown the Wittwers, but Doc said disrespect had been shown them—and quite gratuitously, he thought. When the president said they were now all brothers Doc replied that the president should have thought of that when the Wittwers were being mauled by nearly a hundred others. Doc frankly confessed he was ill natured and not likely to get rid of it soon.

Harvey Stone, an old member, finally interrupted and said with some heat that as the new member did not seem to be satisfied why didn't he get out. Whereupon Doc Wittwer replied that possibly there was a gentleman present who could or would attempt to put him out.

The president wildly waved his arms and demanded order; he called on all present to remember their pledges, for it seemed there was not only a gentleman present who thought he could put Doc Wittwer out but who was actually advancing for that purpose.

The scene of merriment was thus suddenly changed to one of terror, for Doc Wittwer put his right hand behind him and warned Harvey Stone to keep his distance. But as Mr. Stone did not keep his distance Doc Wittwer pulled a long pistol and fired. Harvey Stone fell, the lights went out and the shooting became general.

Clarence Bradford thought he was the first brother to get out of the hall, but when he reached the street found that Henry Ward had preceded him, found the city marshal and was coming back with that official. Harvey Stone, whose business it was to fire blank cartridges at the floor when the lights went out, says he hit Tom Hart, who seemed to be crawling, with a paper wad, and then when he fired in the air to avoid hitting any other brother hit Sam Stevens, who seemed to be flying.

It was all a joke. The Wittwer boys were getting even, but the old members did not know it and threaten to file charges against the new members.

Sister

I WENT into a dining car the other day and saw a father with a little daughter five or six years old—as pretty a child as I have ever seen. A meal in a dining car was a great event to Sister—I heard the father call her that—and so was the trip by railroad train. But the child was as well behaved as a little girl should be, and a nice little girl is about the best-behaved thing on earth when out in company.

The manner in which Sister hung on her father's words was very pretty. And daddy was very gentle with Sister and knew how to take care of her.

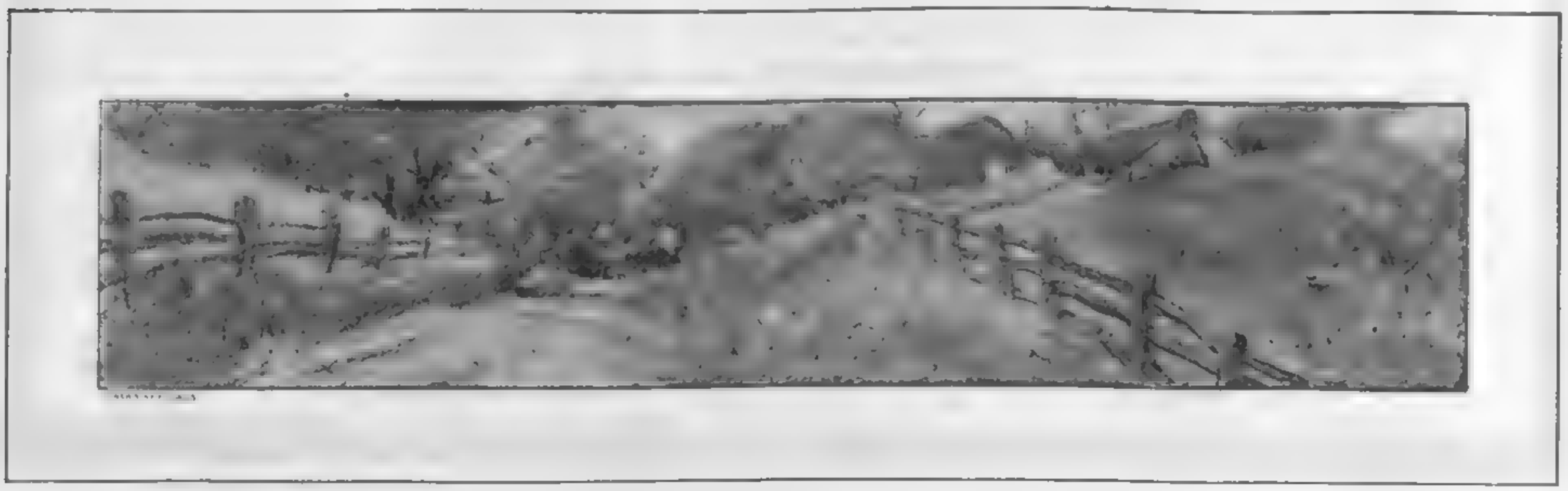
As I passed out of the dining car I said to the man: "I want to congratulate you on that baby. I have never seen a nicer one."

And how he was pleased! A fine old boy was daddy.

Later I met him in the parlor car and while Sister was taking her nap he said he had taken her little brother on a trip the week before and now it was Sister's turn.

The incident worth remembering on that particular journey was meeting the little girl and her father. They were going to see Sister's Uncle George and her cousins, all of whom she loved; but when they arrived at their destination Sister was asleep. She hadn't slept much the night before, probably from thinking about the trip.

Uncle George and two little boys were at the station to meet Sister, and when the train departed the little angel was just getting awake and all of them were laughing at her gently and affectionately.



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THE BOOK OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 27)

Ignoring rarity, fineness, I sank to the indecorum of a frankly human grin. "In other words, Gertrude, Susan omitted so little, went so much too far that she actually forced you for once to get down to brass tacks!"

Gertrude frowned. "She stripped herself naked before a stranger—if that's what you mean."

"With the result, Gertrude?"

"Ah, that's why I'm here—as a duty I owe myself. I'm bound to say my suspicions were unjust—to Miss Blake at least. I'll even go beyond that ——"

"Careful, Gertrude! Evil communications corrupt good manners."

"Yes," she responded quickly, rising, "they do—always; that's why I'm not here to stay. But all I have left for you, Ambrose, is this: I'm convinced now that in one respect I've been quite wrong. Miss Blake convinced me this morning that her astounding telegram had at least one merit. It happened to be true. I should either live with you or set you free. I've felt this myself from time to time, but divorce, for many reasons ——" She paused, then added: "However, it seems inevitable. If you wish to divorce me you have legal grounds—desertion; I even advise it, and I shall make no defense. As for your amazing ward—make your mind quite easy about her. If any rumors should annoy you they'll not come from me. And I shall speak to Lucette." She moved to the door, opening it slowly. "That's all, I think."

"It's not even a beginning," I cried.

"Think of it rather as an ending," she murmured.

"Impossible! I—I'm abashed, Gertrude! What you propose is out of the question. Why not think better of returning here? The heyday's past for both of us. My dream—always a wild dream—is passing; and I can promise sincere understanding and respect."

"I could not promise so easily," said Gertrude; "nor so much. No; don't come with me," she added. "I know my way perfectly well alone."

Nevertheless, I went with her to the front door, as I ought, in no perfunctory spirit. It was more than a courteous habit; it was a genuine tribute of admiration. I admired her beauty, her impeccable bearing, her frock, her furs, her intellect, the ease and distinction of her triumph. She left me crushed; yet it was a privilege to have known her—to have wooed her, won her, lost her; and now to have received my *coup de grâce* from her competent, disdainful hands. I wished her well, knowing the wish superfluous. In this, if in nothing else, she resembled Susan—she did not need me; she could stand alone. It was her tragedy, in the French classic manner, that she must. Would it also in another manner, in a deeper and I can think of no homelier word—more cosmic sense, prove to be Susan's?

But my own stuffy problem drama, whether tragic or absurd, had now reached a crisis and developed its final question: How in the absence of Susan to stand at all?

XX

FROM her interview with Gertrude, Susan went straight on to Phil's rooms, not even stopping to consider the possible proprieties involved. But five minutes before her arrival Phil had been summoned to the Graduates Club to receive a long-distance call from his Boston publisher; and it was Jimmy Kane who answered her knock and opened the study door. He had been in conference with Phil on his private problems and Phil had asked him to await his return. All this he thought it courteous to explain to the peach of a girl before him, whose presence at the door puzzled him mightily and whose disturbing eyes held his, he thought, rather too intimately and quizzically for a stranger's.

She could hardly be some graduate student in philosophy; she was too young and too flossy for that. "Flossy," in Jimmy's economical vocabulary, was a symbol for many subtle shades of meaning; it implied for any maiden it fitted an elegance not too cold to be alluring, the possession of that something more than the peace of God which a friend told Emerson always entered her heart when she knew herself to be well dressed. Flossy—to generalize—Jimmy had not observed the women graduate students to be, though he bore them no ill will. To be truly flossy was, after all, a privilege reserved for a chosen few, born to a certain circle which Jimmy had never sought to penetrate.

One—and a curiously entrancing specimen—of the chosen evidently stood watching him now, and he wished that her entire self-possession did not so utterly imperil his own.

What was she doing alone, anyway, this society girl—in a students' rooming house—at Prof. Farmer's door? Why couldn't she tell him? And why were her eyes making fun of him—or weren't they? His fingers went instinctively to his perhaps too hastily selected cravat.

Then Susan really did laugh, but happily, not unkindly, and walked on in past him, shutting the door behind her as she came.

"Jimmy Kane," she said, "if I weren't so gorgeously glad to see you again, I could beat you for not remembering."

"Good Lord!" he babbled. "Why—good Lord! You're Susan!"

It was all too much for him; concealment was impossible—he was flabbergasted. Sparkling with sheer delight at his *gaucherie*, Susan put out both hands. Her impulsiveness instantly revived him; he seized her hands for a moment as he might have gripped a long-lost boy friend's.

"You never guessed I could look so—presentable, did you?" demanded Susan.

"Presentable!" The word jarred on him, it was so dully inadequate.

"I have a maid," continued Susan demurely. "Everything in Ambo's house—Ambo is my guardian, you know; Mr. Hunt—well, everything in his house is a work of art. So he pays a maid to see that I am—always. I am simply clay in her hands, and it does make a difference. But I didn't have a maid on Birch Street, Jimmy."

Jimmy's blue eyes capered. This was American humor—the kind he was born to and could understand. Happiness and ease returned with it. If Susan could talk like that while looking like that—well, Susan was *there!* She was all right.

Within five minutes he was giving her a brief, comradely chronicle of the missing years, and when Phil got back it was to find them seated together, Susan leaning a little forward from the depths of a morris chair to follow more attentively Jimmy's minute technical description of the nature of the steel alloys used in the manufacture of automobiles.

They rose at Phil's entrance with a mingling eager chatter of explanation. Phil later—much later—admitted to me that he had never felt till that moment how damnably he was past forty and how fatally Susan was not. He further admitted that it was far from the most agreeable discovery of a studious life.

"What do you think, Prof. Farmer," exclaimed Jimmy, "of our meeting again accidentally like this—and me not knowing Susan! You can't beat that much for a small world!"

Phil sought Susan's eye and was somewhat relieved by the quizzical though delighted gleam in it.

"Well, Jimmy," he responded gravely, "truth compels me to state that I have heard of stranger encounters—less inevitable ones at least. I really have."

"But you never heard of a nicer one," said Susan. "Haven't I always told you and Ambo that Jimmy would be like this?"

"Sort of foolish?" grinned Jimmy with reawakening constraint. "I'll bet you have too."

Susan shook her head, solemn and slow; but the corners of her mouth meant mischief.

"No, Jimmy, not foolish; just—natural. Just—sort of—you."

At this point Jimmy hastily remembered that he must beat it, pleading what Phil knew to be an imaginary recitation. But he did not escape without finding himself invited to dinner for that very evening, informally of course—Susan suspected the absence of even a dinner coat—Phil would bring him. It was really Phil who accepted for him while Jimmy was still muddling through his thanks and toiling on to needless apologies.

"If I've been too"—he almost said "fresh," but sank to—"familiar, calling you by your first name, I mean—I wouldn't like you to think—but coming all of a sudden like this—what I mean is ——"

"Oh, run along!" called Susan gayly. "Forget it, Jimmy! You're spoiling everything."

"That's what I m-mean," stammered Jimmy, and was gone.

"But he does mean *well*, Susan," Phil pleaded for him after closing the door.

It puzzled him to note that Susan's face instantly clouded; there was reproof in her tone. "That was patronizing, Phil. I won't have anybody patronize Jimmy. He's perfect."

Phil was oddly nettled by this reproof and grew stubborn and detached. "He's a nice boy, certainly; and has the makings of a real man. I believe in him. Still—heaven knows!—he's not precisely a subtle soul."

Susan's brow had cleared again. "'That's what I m-mean!'" she laughed, mimicking Jimmy without satire, as if for the pure pleasure of recollection. "The truth is, Phil, I'm rather fed up on subtlety—especially my own. Sometimes I think it's just a polite term for futility, with a dash of intellectual snobbishness thrown in. It must be saner, cleaner, healthier, to take life straight.

"And now, Phil dear," she said, dismissing the matter, as if settling back solidly to earth after a pleasantly breathless aërial spin, "I need your advice. Can I earn my living as a writer? I'll write anything that pays, so I think I can. Fashion notes—anything! Sister and I"—"Sister" being Susan's pet name for Miss Goucher—"are running away to New York on Monday—to make our fortunes. You mustn't tell Ambo—yet; I'll tell him in my own way. And I must make my own way now, Phil. I've been a lazy parasite long enough—too long! So please sit down and write me subtle letters of introduction to any publishers you know. Maltby is bound to help me of course. You see, I'm feeling ruthless—or shameless; I shall pull every wire in sight. So I'm counting on The Garden Exquisite for immediate bread and butter. I did my first article for it in an hour when I first woke up this morning—just the smarty-party piffle its readers and advertisers seem to demand.

"This sort of thing, Phil: 'The poets are wrong as usual. Wild flowers are not shy and humble, they are exclusive. How to know them is still a social problem in American life, and very few of us have attained this aristocratic distinction.' And so on! Two thousand silly salable words—and I can turn on that soda-water tap at will. Are you listening? Please tell me you don't think poor Sister—she refuses to leave me, and I wouldn't let her anyway—will have to undergo martyrdom in a cheap hall bedroom for the rest of her days."

Needless to say, Phil did not approve of Susan's plan. He agreed with her that under the given conditions she could not remain with me in New Haven; and he commended her courage, her desire for independence. But Susan would never, he felt, find her true pathway to independence, either material or spiritual, as a journalistic free lance in New York. He admitted the insatiable public thirst for soda water, but saw no reason why Susan should waste herself in catering to it. He was by no means certain that she could cater to it if she would.

"You'll too often discover," he warned her, "that your tap is running an unmarketable beverage. The mortal taste for nectar is still undeveloped; it remains the drink of the gods."

"But," Susan objected, "I can't let Ambo pay my bills from now on—I can't! And Sister and I must live decently somehow! I'd like nothing better than to be a perpetual fountain of nectar—supposing, you nice old Phil, that I've ever really had the secret of distilling a single drop of it. But you say yourself there's no market for it this side of heaven, which is where we all happen to be. What do you want me to do?"

"Marry me."

"It wouldn't be fair to you, dear."

There was a momentary pause.

"Then," said Phil earnestly, "I want you to let Hunt—or if you can't bring yourself to do that—to let me loan you money enough from time to time to live on simply and comfortably for a few years, while you study and think and write in your own free way—till you've found yourself. My nectar simile was nonsense, just as your soda-water tap was. You have brains and a soul, and the combination means a shining career of some kind—even on earth. Don't fritter your genius away in makeshift activities. Mankind needs the best we have in us; the best's none too good. It's a duty—no, it's more than that—it's a true religion to get that expressed somehow—whether in terms of action or thought or beauty. I know, of course, you feel this as I do and mean to win through to it in the end. But why handicap yourself so cruelly at the start?"

Phil later told me that Susan, while he urged this upon her, quietly withdrew and did not return for some little time after he had ceased to speak. He was not even certain she had fully heard him out until she suddenly leaned to him from her chair and gave his hand a grateful squeeze.

"Yes, Phil," she said, "it is a religion—it's perhaps the only religion I shall ever have. But for that very reason I must accept it in my own way. And I'm sure—it's part of my faith—that any coddling now will do me more harm than good. I must meet the struggle, Phil—the hand-to-hand fight. If the ordinary bread-and-butter conditions are too much for me, then I'm no good and must go under. I shan't be frittering anything away if I fail. I shan't fail—in our sense—unless we're both mistaken and there isn't anything real in me. That's what I must find out first—not sheltered and in silence, but down in the scrimmage and noise of it all. If I'm too delicate for that, then I've nothing to give this world and the sooner I'm crushed out of it the better. Believe me, Phil dear, I know I'm right; I know."

She was pressing clenched hands almost fiercely to her breast as she ended, as if to deny or repress any natural longing for a special protection, a special graciousness and security from our common taskmaster, life.

Phil admits that he wanted to whimper like a homesick boy.

XXI

SUSAN'S informal dinner for Jimmy that evening was not really a success. The surface of the water sparkled from time to time, but there were grim undercurrents and icy depths. Perhaps it was not so bad as my own impression of it, for I had a sullen headache pulsing its tiresome obbligato above a dull ground base of despair. Despair I am forced to call it. Never had life seemed to me so little worth the trouble of going on; and I fancy Phil's reasoned conviction of its eternal dignity and import had become, for the present, less of a comfort to him than a curse. Moods of this kind, however ruthlessly kept under, infect the very air about them. They exude a drab fog to deaden spontaneity and choke laughter at its source.

Neither Phil nor I was guilty of deliberate sulking; whether from false pride or native virtue we did our best—but our best was abysmal. Even Susan sank under it to the flat levels of made conversation, and poor Jimmy—who had brought with him many social misgivings—was stricken at table with a museular rigor: sat stiffly, handled his implements jerkily, and ended by oversetting a glass of claret and blushing till the dusky red of his face matched the spreading stain before him.

At this crisis of gloom, luckily, Susan struggled clear of the drab fog and saved the remnant of the evening—at least for Jimmy, plunging with the happiest effect into the junior annals of Birch Street till our heavier Hillhouse atmosphere stirred and lightened with Don't-you-remember's and Sure-I-do's. And shortly after dinner Phil, tactfully pleading an unprepared lecture, dragged Jimmy off with him before this bright flare-up of youthful reminiscence had even threatened to expire. Their going brought Susan at once to my side with a stricken face of self-reproach.

"It was so stupid of me, Ambo—this dinner. I've never been more ashamed. How could I have forced it on you to-night! But you were wonderful, dear—wonderful! So was Phil. I'll never forget it." There were tears in her eyes. "Oh, Ambo," she wailed, "do you think I shall ever learn to be a little like either of you? I feel—abject." Before I could prevent it she had seized my hand in both hers and kissed it. "Homage," she smiled.

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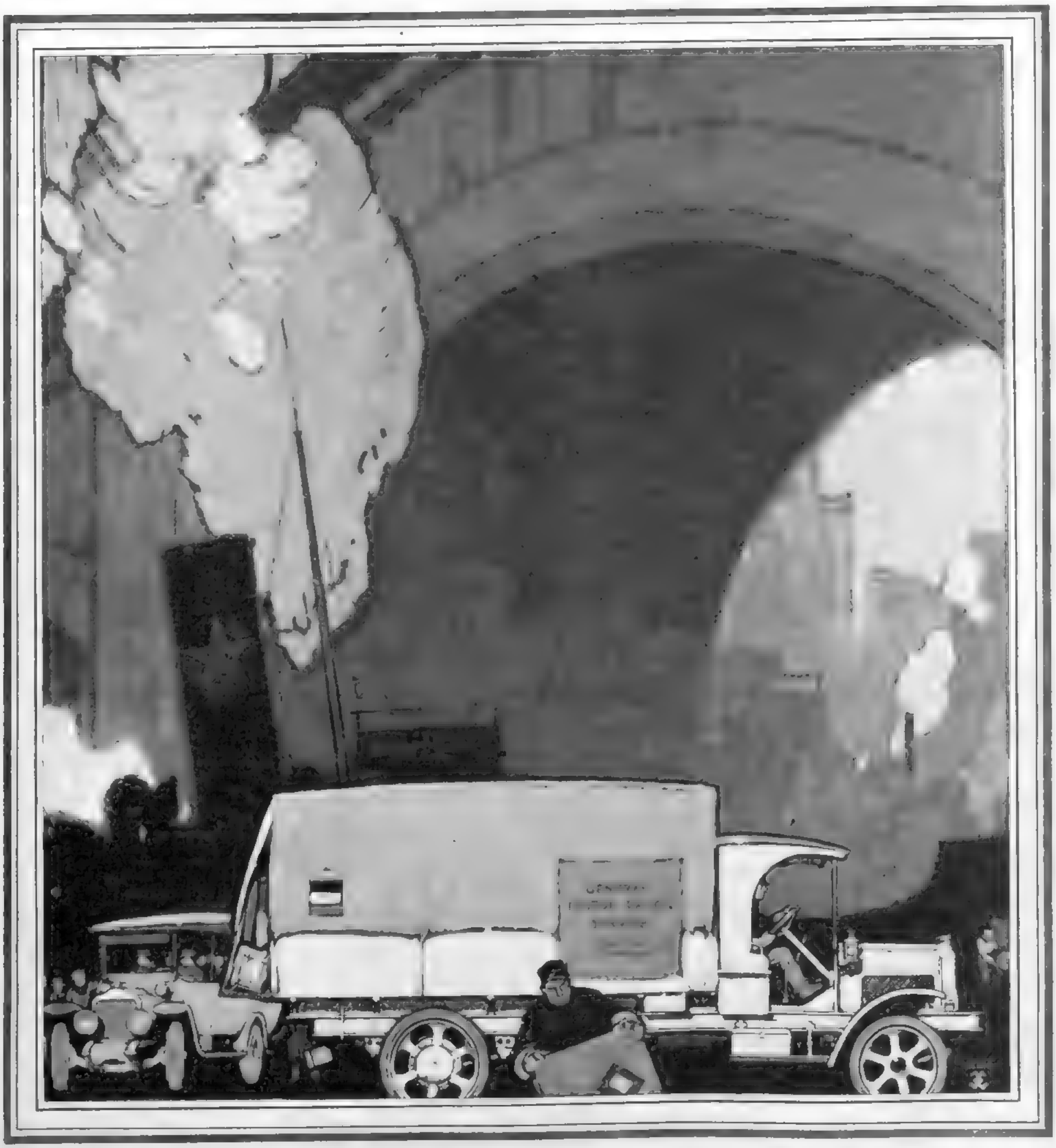

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C. W. Miller Transfer Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.	White Transit Co., Inc.	Plymouth, Pa.
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(Continued from Page 133)

It broke me utterly down. You will spare me any description of the next ten minutes of childishness. Indeed you must spare me the details of our later understanding; they are inviolable. It is enough to say that I emerged from it—for the experience had been overwhelming—with a new spirit, a clarified and serener mind. My love for Susan was unchanged—yet wholly changed. The paradox is exact. Life once more seemed to me good since she was part of it, and my own life rich since I now knew how truly it had become a portion of hers. She had made me feel, know, that I counted for her—unworthy as I am—in all she had grown to be and would grow to be. We had shaped and would always shape each other's lives. There for the moment it rested. She would leave me, but I was not to be alone.

No; I was not to be alone. For even if she had died or had utterly changed and forsaken me there would be memories such as few men have been privileged to recall.

INTERLUDE

On the rearward and gentler slopes of Mount Carmel, a rough, isolated little mountain, very abrupt on its southerly face, which rises six or seven miles upcountry from the New Haven Green, there is an ancient farm, so long abandoned as to be completely overgrown with gray birch—the old field birch of exhausted soils—with dogwood and an aromatic tangle of humbler shrubs, high-bush huckleberry and laurel and sweet fern; while beneath these the dry elastic earth floor is a deep couch of ghost-gray moss, shining checkerberry and graceful ground pine. The tumbledown farmstead itself lies either unseen at some distance from these abandoned fields or has wholly disappeared, along with the neat stone fences that must once have marked them. Yet the boundaries of the fields are now majestically defined through the undergrowth by rows of gigantic red cedars, so thickset, so tall, shapely and dense as to resemble the secular cypresses of Italian gardens more nearly than the poor relations they ordinarily are.

And at the upper edge of one steep-lying field, formerly an apple orchard—though but three or four of the original apple trees remain, hopelessly decrepit and half buried in the new growth—the older cedars of the fence line have seeded capriciously and have thrown out an almost perfect circle of younger, slenderer trees which, standing shoulder to shoulder, inclose the happiest retreat for woodland god or dreaming mortal that the most exacting faun or poet could desire.

That Susan should have happened upon this lonely, this magic circle, I can never regard as a mere accident. Time had slowly and lovingly formed and perfected it for some purpose; it was there waiting for her—and one day she came and possessed it, and the magic circle was complete.

Susan was then seventeen, and the season, as it should have been, was early May. Much of the hill country lying northward from the Connecticut coast towns is surprisingly wild, and none of it wilder or lovelier than certain tracts spread within easy reach of the few New Haveners who have not wholly capitulated to business or college politics or golf or social service or the movies, forgetting a deeper and saner lure. A later Wordsworth or Thoreau might still live in midmost New Haven and never feel shut from his heritage, for it neighbors him closely—swamp and upland, hemlock cliff and hardwood forest, precipitous brook or slow-winding meadow stream, where the red-winged blackbirds flute and flash by; the whole year's wonder awaits him; he has but to go forth—alone.

Nature never did betray the heart that loved her, though she so ironically betrays most of us who merely pretend to love her because we feel, after due instruction, that we ought. For Nature is not easily communicative, not lightly wooed. She demands a higher devotion than an occasional picnic and will seldom have much to say to you if she feels that you secretly prefer another society to hers. To her elect she whispers, timelessly; and Susan in her own way was of the elect. It was the way—the surest—of solitary communion; but it was very little, very casually, the way of science. She observed much, but without method; and catalogued not at all. She never counted her warblers and seldom named them—but she loved them, as they slipped northward through young leaves, shyly, with pure flashes of green or russet or gold.

Nature for Susan, in short, was all mood, ranging from cold horror to supernal beauty; she did not sentimentalize the gradations. The cold horror was there and chilled her, but the supernal beauty was there too—and did not leave her cold. And through it all streamed an indefinable awe, a trail one could not follow, a teasing mystery—an unspoken word. It was back of—no, rather it interpenetrated the horror no less than the beauty; they were but phases, hints, of that other, that suspected, eerie trail leading one knew not where.

But surely there in that magic circle one might press closer, draw oneself nearer, catch at the faintest hint toward a possible clew? The aromatic space within the cedars became Susan's refuge, her nook from the world, her Port-Royal, her Walden, her Lake Isle of Innisfree. Once found that spring, she never spoke of it; she hoarded her treasure, slipping off to it stealthily, through slyest subterfuge or evasion, whenever she could. For was it not hers?

Sometimes she rode out there, tying her horse to a tree in the lowest field back of a great thicket of old-fashioned lilac bushes run wild, where he was completely hidden from the rare passers-by of the rough upcountry road or lane. But oftenest, she has since confessed, she would clear her morning or afternoon by some plausible excuse for absence, then board the Waterbury trolley express, descending from it about two miles from her nook and walking or rather climbing up to it crosslots through neglected woodland and uncropped pasture reverting to the savage.

At one point she had to pass a small swampy meadow through which a mere thread of stream worked its way, half choked by thick-springing blades of our native wild iris, so infinitely, so capriciously delicate in form and hue. And here, if these were in bloom, she always lingered a while, poised on the harsh hummocks of bent grass, herself slender as a reed. The pale, softly penciled iris petals stirred in her a high wonder beyond speech. What supreme whimsical artistry brought them to being there, in that lonely spot, and for whose joy? No human hand cunning with enamel and platinum and treated silver could, after a lifetime of patience, reproduce one petal of these uncounted flowers. Out of the muck they lifted, ethereal, unearthly—yet so soon to die.

Oh, she knew what the learned had to say of them—that they were merely sexual devices, painted deceptions for attracting insects and so assuring cross-pollenation and the lusty continuance of their race. So far as it went this was unquestionably true; but it went—just how far? Their color and secret manna attracted the necessary insects, which they fed; the form of their petals and perianth tubes were cunningly evolved so that the insect that sought their nectar bore from one flower to the next its fertilizing golden dust.

Astonishing, certainly! But what astonished her far more was that all this ingenious mechanism should in any way affect *her*. It was obviously none of her affair, and yet to come upon these cunning mechanistic devices in this deserted field stirred her, set something ineffable free in her—gave it joy for wings. It was as if these pale blooms of wild iris had been for her, in a less mortal sense, what the unconscious insects were for them—intermediaries, whose more ethereal contacts cross-fertilized her very soul.

But she could not define for herself or express for others what they did to her. Of one thing only she was certain: These fleeting moments of expansion, of illumination, were brief and vague—moments of pure, uncritical feeling—but they were the best moments of her life, and they were real. They vanished, but not wholly. They left lasting traces. Never to have been visited by them would have condemned her, she knew, to be less than her fullest self, narrower in sympathy, more rigid, more dogmatic and less complete.

But that first May day of her discovery, when called out by the spirit of spring—to wander lonely as a cloud the day she had happened on her magic circle—all that rough upland world was burgeoning and the beauty of those deserted fields hurt the heart. Susan never easily wept, but that day—safely hidden in the magic circle, then newly hers—she threw herself down on the ghost-gray moss among the spicy tufts of sweet fern and enjoyed, as she later told me, the most sensuously abandoned good cry of her life. The dogwood trees were a glory of flushed white about her, shining in on every hand through the black-green cedars, as if the stars had rushed forward toward earth and clustered more thickly in a nearer midnight sky. Life had no right to be so overwhelmingly fair—if these poignant gusts of beauty gave no sanction to all that the bruised heart of man might long for of peace and joy! If life must be accepted as an idiot's tale, signifying nothing, then it was a refinement of that torture that it could suddenly lift—as a sterile wave lifts only to break—to such dizzying, ecstatic heights. No, no—it was impossible! It was unthinkable! It was absurd!

That year we spent July, August and early September in France, but late September found us back in New Haven for those autumnal weeks which are the golden, heady wine of our New England cycle. Praise of the New England October, for those who have experienced it, must always seem futile, and for those who have not, exaggerated and false. Summer does not decay in New England; it first smolders and then flares out in a clear multicolored glory of flame; it does not sicken to corruption, it shouts and sings and is transfigured. I had suggested to Susan, therefore, a flight to higher hills—to the Berkshires, to be precise—where we might more spaciously watch these smokeless frost fires flicker up, spread, consume themselves, and at last leap from the crests, to vanish rather than die. But Susan, pleading a desire to settle down after much wandering, begged off. She did not tell me that she had a private sanctuary, too long unvisited, hidden among nearer and humbler hills.

The rough fields of the old farm were now rich with crimson and gold—bright yellow gold, red gold, green and tarnished gold—or misted over with the horizon blue of wild asters, a needed softening of tone in a world else so vibrant with light, so nakedly clear. This was another and perhaps even a deeper intoxication than that of the flood tide of spring. Unbearably beautiful it grew at its climax of splendor! An unseen organist unloosed all his stops, and Susan, like a little child overpowered by that rocking clamor, was shaken by it and almost whimpered for mercy.

It was not until the following spring that chance improbably betrayed her guarded secret to me. All during the preceding fall I had wondered at times that I found it so increasingly difficult to arrange for afternoons of tennis or golf or riding with Susan; but I admonished myself that as she grew up she must inevitably find personal interests and younger friends, and it was not for me to limit or question her freedom. And though Susan never lied to me, she was clever enough and woman enough to let me mislead myself.

"I've been taking a long walk, Ambo."

"I've been riding."

Well, bless her, so she had—and why shouldn't she? Though it came at last with me to a vague, comfortless feeling of shutoutness—of too often missing an undefined something that I had hoped to share.

During a long winter of close companionship in study and socially unsocial life this feeling disappeared, but with the spring it gradually formed again, like a little spreading cloud in an empty sky. And one afternoon toward middle May I discovered myself to be unaccountably alone and wishing Susan were round so we could do something. The day was a day apart. Mummies that day, in dim museums, ached in their cerements. Middle-aged bank clerks behind grilles knew a sudden unrest, and one or two of them even wondered whether to be always honestly handling the false counters of life were any compensation for never having riotously lived. Little boys along Hillhouse Avenue, ordinarily well-behaved, turned freakishly truculent, delighted in combat, and pummeled each other with ineffective fists. Settled professors in classrooms were seized with irrelevant fancies and, while trying to recover some dropped thread of discourse, openly sighed—haunted by visions of the phœbe bird's nest found under the old bridge by the mill dam, or of the long-forgotten hazel eyes of some twelve-year-old sweetheart. A rebellious day—and a sentimental! [See Lord Tennyson, and the poets, *passim*.] The apple trees must be in full bloom.

Well then, confound it, why had Susan gone to a public lecture on Masefield? Or had she merely mentioned at lunch that there was a public lecture on Masefield? Oh, damn it! One can't stay indoors on such a day!

Susan and I kept our saddle horses at the local riding academy, where they were well cared for and exercised on the many days when we couldn't or did not wish to take them out. As the academy was convenient and had good locker rooms and showers we always preferred changing there instead of dressing at home and having the horses sent round. Riding is not one of my passions, and oddly enough is not one of Susan's. That intense sympathy which unites some men and women to horses, and others to dogs or cats, is either born in one or it is not. Susan felt it very strongly for both dogs and cats, and if I have failed to mention Tumps and Togo that is a lack in myself, not in her. I don't dislike dogs or cats or, for that matter, well-broken horses, but—though I lose your last shreds of sympathy—they all, in comparison with other interests, leave me more than usually calm. Of Tumps and Togo, nevertheless, something must yet be said, though too late for their place in Susan's heart; or indeed for their own deserving. But they are already an intrusion here.

For Alma, her dainty little single footer, Susan's feeling was rather admiration than love. Just as there are poets whose songs we praise, but whose genius does not seem to knit itself into the very fabric of our being, so it was with Alma and Susan. She said and thought nothing but good of Alma, yet never felt lonely away from her—the infallible test. As for Jessica, my own modest nag, I fear she was very little more to me than an agreeably paced inducement to exercise, and I fear I was little more to her than a possible source of lump sugar and a not-too-fretful hand on the bridle reins. To-day, however, I needed her as a more poetic motor; failing Susan's companionship, I wanted to be carried far out into country byways apart from merely mechanical motors or ditto men.

Jessica, well up to it, offered no objections to the plan, and we were soon trotting briskly along the aerial Ridge Road, from which we at length descended to the dark eastern flank of Mount Carmel. It would mean a long pull to go right round the mountain by the steep back road and I had at first no thought of attempting it, but the swift remembrance of a vast cherry orchard bordering that road made me wonder whether its blossoms had yet fallen. When I determined finally to push on, poor Jessica's earlier fire had cooled; we climbed the rough back road as a slug moves; the cherry orchard proved disappointing; and the sun was barely two hours from the hills when we crossed the divide and turned south down a grass-grown wood road that I had never before traveled. I hoped, and no doubt Jessica hoped, it might prove a shorter cut home.

What it did prove was so fresh an enchantment of young leaf and flashing wing that I soon ceased to care where it led or how late I might be for dinner. Then a sharp dip in the road brought a new vision of delight; dogwood—cloudy masses of pink dogwood, the largest, deepest-tinted trees of it I had ever seen. It caught at my throat, and I reined in Jessica, whose æsthetic sense was less developed, and stared. But presently the spell was broken. An unseen horse squealed, evidently from behind a great lilac thicket in an old field at the left, and Jessica squealed back, instantly alert and restive. The sharp whinnying was repeated, and Jessica's dancing excitement grew intense; then there was a scuffling commotion back of the lilacs and to my final astonishment Susan's little mare, Alma, having broken her headstall and wrenched herself free of bit and bridle, came trotting amicably forth to join her old friends—which she could easily do as the ancient cattle bars at the field gate had long since rotted away.

It was unmistakably dainty Alma with her white forehead star, but where was her mistress? A finger of ice drew slowly along my spine as I urged Jessica into the field and round the lilac thicket. Alma meekly followed us, softly breathing encouragement through pink nostrils, and my alarm quieted when I found nothing more dreadful than the broken bridle still dangling from the branch of a dead cedar. It was plain that Susan had tied Alma there to explore on foot through the higher fields; it was plain too that she must have preferred to ride out here alone and had been at some pains to conceal her purpose.

For a second, so piqued was I, I almost decided to ride on and leave the willful child to her own devices. But the broken

(Continued on Page 141)

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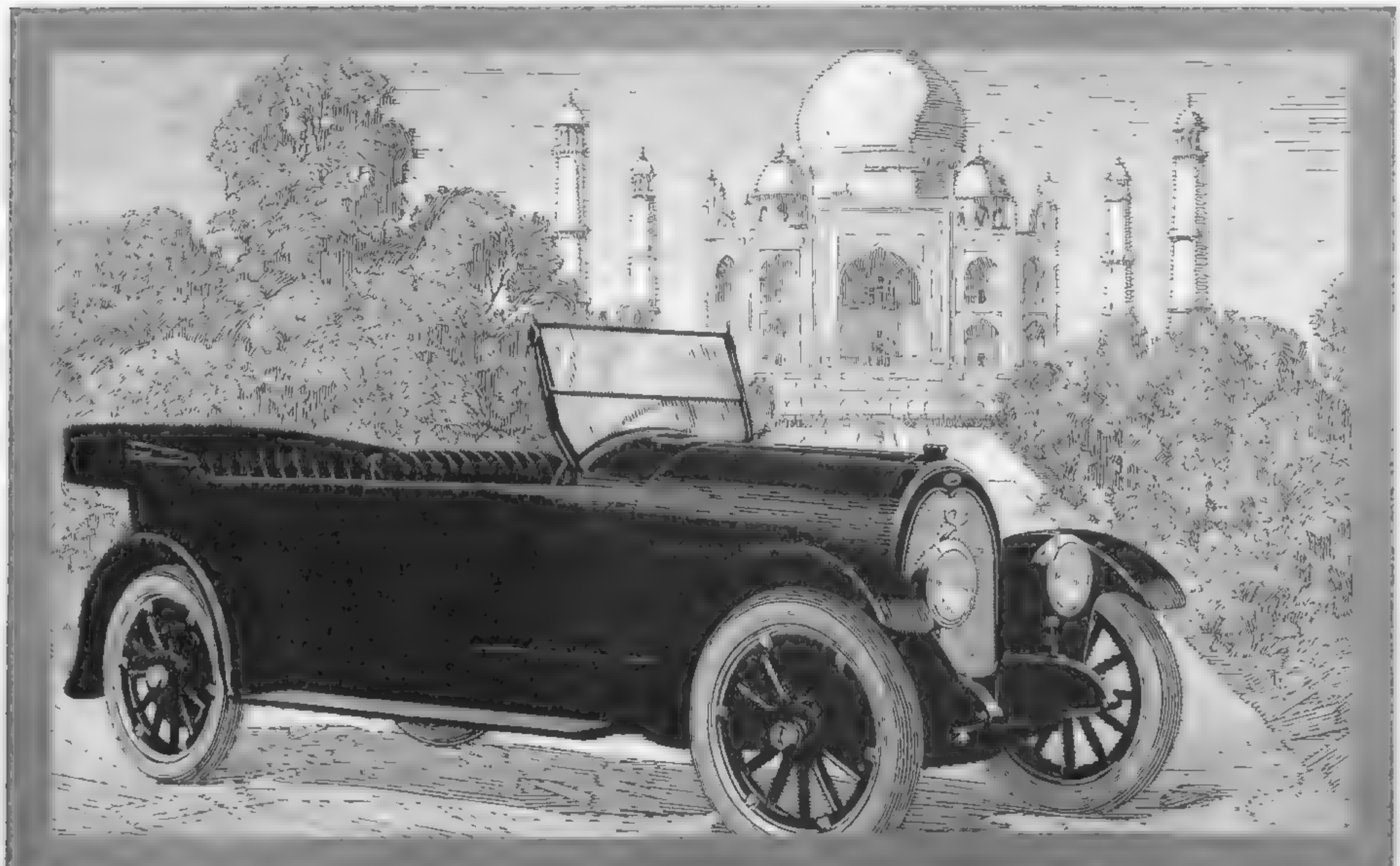

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APPERSON

The Eight with Eighty Less Parts

(Continued from Page 137)

bridle shamed me. I dismounted to examine it; it could be held together safely enough for the return, I saw, with a piece of stout twine, and there was certain to be a habitation with a piece of stout twine in it on down the road somewhere. Susan must have come that way and could tell me. But I must find her first.

"Susan!" I called. "Oh-ho-o-o! Soo-san!"

No answer. I called again—vainly. Nothing for it then but a search! I tethered Jessica to the cedar stump, convinced that Alma wouldn't wander far from her old friend, and started off through the field past a senile apple tree bearing a few scattered blossoms, beyond which a faintly suggested path seemed to lead upward through a wonder grove of the pink dogwood mingled with laurel and birch and towering cedars. That path, I knew, would have tempted Susan.

What there was of it soon disappeared altogether in an under thicket of high-bush huckleberry taller than a man's head. Through this I was pushing my way and had stooped to win past some briers and protect my eyes—when I felt a silk scarf slip across them, muffling my face.

It was swiftly knotted from behind; then my hand was taken, and Susan's voice—on a tone of blended mischief and mystery—quavered at my ear: "Hush! Profane mortal—speak not! This is holy ground."

With not another word spoken she drew me after her, guiding me to freer air and supporting me when I stumbled. We continued thus for some moments, on my part clumsily enough, and then Susan halted me and turned me solemnly round three times, while she crooned in a weird gypsy-like singsong the following incantation:

Cedar, cedar, birch and fern,
Turn his wits as mine you turn.

If he sees what now I see
Welcome shall this mortal be.

If he sees it not, I'll say
Crick-crack and vanish May!

But I must have seen! My initiation was pronounced successful. From that hour all veils were withdrawn and I was made free of the magic circle.

It was a dip in Lethe. Dinner was forgotten—the long miles home and the broken bridle. A powerful enchantment had done its work. For me only the poised moment of joy was real. Nothing else mattered, nothing else existed, while that poised fragile moment was mine. We talked or were silent—it was all one. And when dusk crept in and a grateful wood thrush praised it, we still lingered to join in that praise. Then a whippoorwill began to call insistently, grievously, from very far off. It was the whippoorwill that shattered my poised crystal moment of perfect joy.

"Those poor horses," I said.

"Oh!" cried Susan, springing up, "how could we let them starve! I'm starved, too, Ambo aren't you? What sillies we are!"

We got home safely, after some trifling difficulties, past ten o'clock.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead.

Only it doesn't, always—thank God! Memories. And this was but one. Oh, no; I was not to be alone. I should never really be alone.

XXII

THE morning after Jimmy had dined with us Susan, at my request, brought Miss Goucher to my study and we had a good long talk together. And first of all the problem of Gertrude loomed before us, starting up ghostlike at a chance remark and then barring all progress with more practical considerations till laid. Neither Susan's telegram nor her private interview with Gertrude had been discussed between us; I had nervously shied off from both matters in my dread of seeming to question Susan's motives. But now Susan herself, to put it crudely, insisted on a show-down.

"The air needed clearing, Ambo, and I sent the telegram hoping to clear it by raising a storm. But, as Sister reminded me at breakfast, storms don't always clear the air—even good hard ones; they sometimes leave it heavier than ever. I'm afraid that's what my storm has done. Has it, Ambo? What happened when Mrs. Hunt came to see you here? But perhaps I ought to tell you first what happened between us?"

"No," I smiled; "Gertrude made that fairly plain for once. And your storm did sweep off the worst of the fog! You see Gertrude has, intensely, the virtues of her defects—a fastidious sense of honor among them. Once she felt her suspicions unjust she was bound to acknowledge it. I can't say you won a friend, but you did—by some miracle—placate a dangerous foe."

"Is she coming back to you, Ambo?"

"No. She suggests divorce. But that of course is impossible."

"Why?"

"Is it kind to ask?" said Miss Goucher. "And—forgive me, dear—after your decision—is it necessary for you to know?"

Susan reflected anxiously. "No," she finally responded, "it isn't kind; but it is necessary. I'll tell you why, Ambo. If you had been free I think there's no doubt I should have married you. Oh, I know, dear, it sounds cold-blooded like that! But the point is, I shouldn't then have questioned things as I do now. My feeling for you—your need of me—they wouldn't have been put to the test. Now they have been—or rather, they're being tested, every minute of every hour. Suppose I should ask you now—meaning every word of it—to divorce Mrs. Hunt so you could marry me; at least you'd know then, wouldn't you, that simply being yours meant more to me than anything else in life? Or suppose I couldn't bring myself to ask it, but couldn't face life without you. Suppose I drowned myself ——

"I'm not going to, Ambo—and what's equally important, neither are you. Why, you don't even pause over Mrs. Hunt's suggestion! You don't even wait to ask my opinion! You say at once—it's impossible! That proves something, doesn't it—about you and me? It either proves we're not half so much in love as we think we are or else that love isn't for either of us the only good thing in life—the whole show." She paused, but added: "Why can't you consider divorcing Mrs. Hunt, Ambo? After all, she isn't honestly your wife and doesn't want to be; it would only be common fairness to yourself."

Miss Goucher stirred uneasily in her chair. I stirred uneasily in mine.

"There are so many reasons," I fumbled. "I suppose at bottom it comes to this—a queer feeling of responsibility, of guilt even. . . ."

"Nonsense!" cried Susan, "You never could have satisfied her, Ambo. You weren't born to be human, but somehow in spite of everything you just are! It's your worst fault in Mrs. Hunt's eyes. Mrs. Hunt shouldn't have married a man; she should have married a social tradition; an abstract idea."

"How could she?" asked Miss Goucher.

"Easily," said Susan; "she's one herself, so there must be others. It's hard to believe, but apparently abstractions like that do get themselves incarnated now and then. I never met one before—in the flesh. It gave me a creepy feeling—like shaking hands with the fourth dimension or asking the Holy Roman Empire to dinner. But I don't pretend to make her out, Ambo. Why did she leave you? It seems the very thing an incarnate social tradition could never have brought herself to do!"

Before I could check myself I reproved her: "You're not often merely cruel, Susan!" Then, hoping to soften it, I hurried on: "You see, dear, Gertrude isn't greatly to blame. Suppose you had been born and brought up like her, to believe beauty and brains and a certain gracious way of life a family privilege, a class distinction. Don't you see how your inbred worship of class and family would become in the end an intenser form of worshiping yourself? Gertrude was taught to live exclusively, from girlhood, in this disguised worship of her own perfections. We're all egotists of course; but most of us are the common or garden variety and have an occasional suspicion that we're pretty selfish and intolerant and vain. Gertrude has never suspected it. How could she? A daughter of her house can do no wrong—and she is a daughter of her house."

I sighed.

"Unluckily, my power of unreserved admiration has bounds, and my tongue and temper sometimes haven't. So our marriage dissolved in an acid bath compounded of honest irritations and dishonest apologies. I made the dishonest apologies. To do Gertrude justice, she never apologized. She knew the initial fault was mine. I shouldn't have joined a church whose creed I couldn't repeat without a sensation of moral nausea. That's just what I did when I married Gertrude. There was no deception on her side either. I knew her gods, and I knew she assumed that mine were the same as hers, and that I was humbly entering the service of their dedicated priestess. Well, I apostatized—to her frozen amazement. Then a crisis came—insignificant enough. Gertrude refused to call with me on the bride of an old friend of mine, because she thought it a misalliance. He had no right, she held, under her jealous gods, to bring a former trained nurse home as his wife and thrust her upon a society that would never otherwise have received her.

"I was furious, and blasphemed her gods. I insisted she should either accompany me, then and there, or I'd go myself and apologize for her—yes, these are the words I used—her 'congenital lunacy.' She left me like a statue walking, and went to her room."

"And you?" asked Susan.

"I made the call."

"Did you make the apology?"

"No; I couldn't."

"Naturally not," assented Miss Goucher.

"Oh, Ambo," protested Susan, "what a coward you are! Well, and then?"

"I returned to a wifeless house. From that hour until yesterday morning there have been no explanations between Gertrude and me. Gertrude is superb."

"I understand her less than ever," said Susan.

"I understand her quite well," said Miss Goucher. "But your long silence, Mr. Hunt—that I can't understand."

"I can," Susan exclaimed. "Ambo's very bones dislike her. So do mine. Do you remember how I used to shock you, Ambo, when I first came here—saying somebody or other was no damn good? Well, I can't help it; it's stronger than I am. Mrs. Hunt's no ——"

"Oh, child!" struck in Miss Goucher. "How much you have still to learn!" Then she addressed me: "I've never seen a more distinguished person than Mrs. Hunt. I know it's odd, coming from me, but somehow I sympathize with her—greatly. I've always"—hesitated Miss Goucher—"been a proud sort of nobody myself."

Susan reached over and slipped her hand into Miss Goucher's. "Poor Sister! Just as we're going off together you begin to find out how horrid I can be. But I'll make a little true confession to both of you. What I've been saying about Mrs. Hunt isn't in the least what I think about her. The fact is, I'm jealous of her in so many ways except in the ordinary way! To make a clean breast of it, when I was with her she brought me to my knees in spite of myself. Oh, I acknowledge her power! It's uncanny. How did you ever find strength to resist it, Ambo? My outbreak was sheer Birch Street bravado—a cheap insult flung in the face of the unattainable! It was all my shortcomings throwing mud at all her disdain. Truly! Why, the least droop of her eyelids taught me that it takes more than quick wits and sensitive nerves and hard study to overcome a false start or rather, no start.

"Birch Street isn't even a beginning, because, so far as Mrs. Hunt is concerned, Birch Street simply doesn't exist at all. And even Birch Street would have to admit that she gets away with it! I'd say so, too, if I didn't go a step farther and feel that it gets away with her. That's why ridicule can't touch her. You can't laugh at a devotee, a woman possessed, the instrument of a higher power! Mrs. Hunt is a living confession of faith in the absolute rightness of the right people, and a living rebuke to the incurable wrongness of the wrong! Oh, I knew at once what you meant, Ambo, when you called her a dedicated priestess! It's the way I shall always think of her—ritually clothed, and pouring out tea to her gods from sacred vessels of colonial silver! You can smile, Ambo, but I shall; and way down in my common little Birch Street heart I believe I shall always secretly envy her. So there!"

For the first time in my remembrance of her Miss Goucher laughed out loud. Her laugh—in effect, not in resonance—was like cockcrow. We all laughed together, and Gertrude vanished. But ten minutes later found us with knit brows again, locked in debate. Susan had at length seized courage to tell me that when she left my house she must, once and for all, go it completely alone. She could no longer accept my financial protection. She was to stand on her own feet, for better or worse, richer or poorer, in sickness or in health. This staggering proposal I simply could not listen to calmly, and would not yield to! It was too preposterously absurd.

Yet I made no headway with my objections until I stumbled upon the one argument that served me and led to a final compromise. "Dear," I had protested, really and deeply hurt by Susan's stubborn stand for absolute independence, "can't you feel how cruelly unkind all this is to me?"

"Oh," she wailed, "unkind? Why did you say that! Surely, Ambo, you don't mean it! Unkind?"

I was quick to press my advantage. "When you ask me to give up even the mere material protection of my family? You are my family, Susan—all the family I shall ever have. I don't want to be maudlin about it. I don't wish to interfere with your freedom to develop your own life in your own way. But it's beyond my strength not to plead that all that's good in my life is bound up with yours. Please don't ask me to live in daily and hourly anxiety over your reasonable comfort and health. There's no common sense in it, Susan. It's fantastic! And it is unkind!"

Susan could not long resist this plea, for she felt its wretched sincerity, even if she knew—as she later told me—that I was making the most of it. It was Miss Goucher who suggested our compromise.

"Mr. Hunt," she said, "my own arrangement with Susan is this: We are to pool our resources and I am to make a home for her, just as if I were her own mother. I've been able to save, during the past twenty-five years, about eight thousand dollars; it's well invested, I think, and brings me in almost five hundred a year. This is what we were to start with, and Susan feels certain she can earn at least two thousand dollars a year by her pen. I know nothing of the literary market, but I haven't counted on her being able to earn so much—for a year or so, at least. On the other hand I feel certain Susan will finally make her way as a writer. So I'd counted on using part of my capital for a year or two, if necessary. We plan to live very simply for the present of course—but without hardship."

"Still ——" I would have protested, if for once Miss Goucher had not waived all deference, sailing calmly on:

"As Susan has told you, she's convinced that she needs the assurance of power and self-respect to be gained by meeting life without fear or favor and making her own career in the face of whatever difficulties arise. There's a good deal to be said for that, Mr. Hunt—more than you could be expected to understand. Situated as you have always been, I mean. But naturally, as Susan's guardian, you can't be expected to stand aside if for any reason we fail in our attempt. I see that; and Susan sees it now, I'm sure. Yet I really feel I must urge you to let us try. And I promise faithfully to keep you informed as to just how we are getting on."

"Please, Ambo," Susan chimed in, "let us try. If things go badly I won't be unreasonable or stubborn—indeed I won't. Please trust me for that. I'll even go a step farther than Sister. I won't let her break into her savings—not one penny. If it ever comes to that I'll come straight to you. And for the immediate present I have over five hundred dollars in my bank account; and"—she smiled—"I'll try to feel it's honestly mine. You've spent heaven knows how much on me, Ambo, though it's the least of all you've done for me and been to me. But now please let me see whether or not I could have made anything of myself if I hadn't been so shamelessly lucky—if life had treated me as it treats most people, Jimmy, for instance. He hasn't needed help, Ambo; and I simply must know whether he's a better man than I am, Gunga Dhin! Don't you see?"

Yes; I flatter myself that I did, more or less mistily, begin to see. Thus our morning conference drew to its dreary, amicable close.

But from the door Susan turned back to me with tragic eyes: "Ambo—I'm caring. It does—hurt." And since I could not very safely reply, she attempted a smile. "Ambo—what is to become of poor Tumps? Togo will have to come; I can't reduce him to atheism. But Tumps would die in New York; and he never has believed in God anyway! Can you make a martyr of yourself for his surly sake? Can you? Just to see, I mean, that he gets milk every day and fish heads on Friday? Can you, dear?"

(Continued on Page 145)

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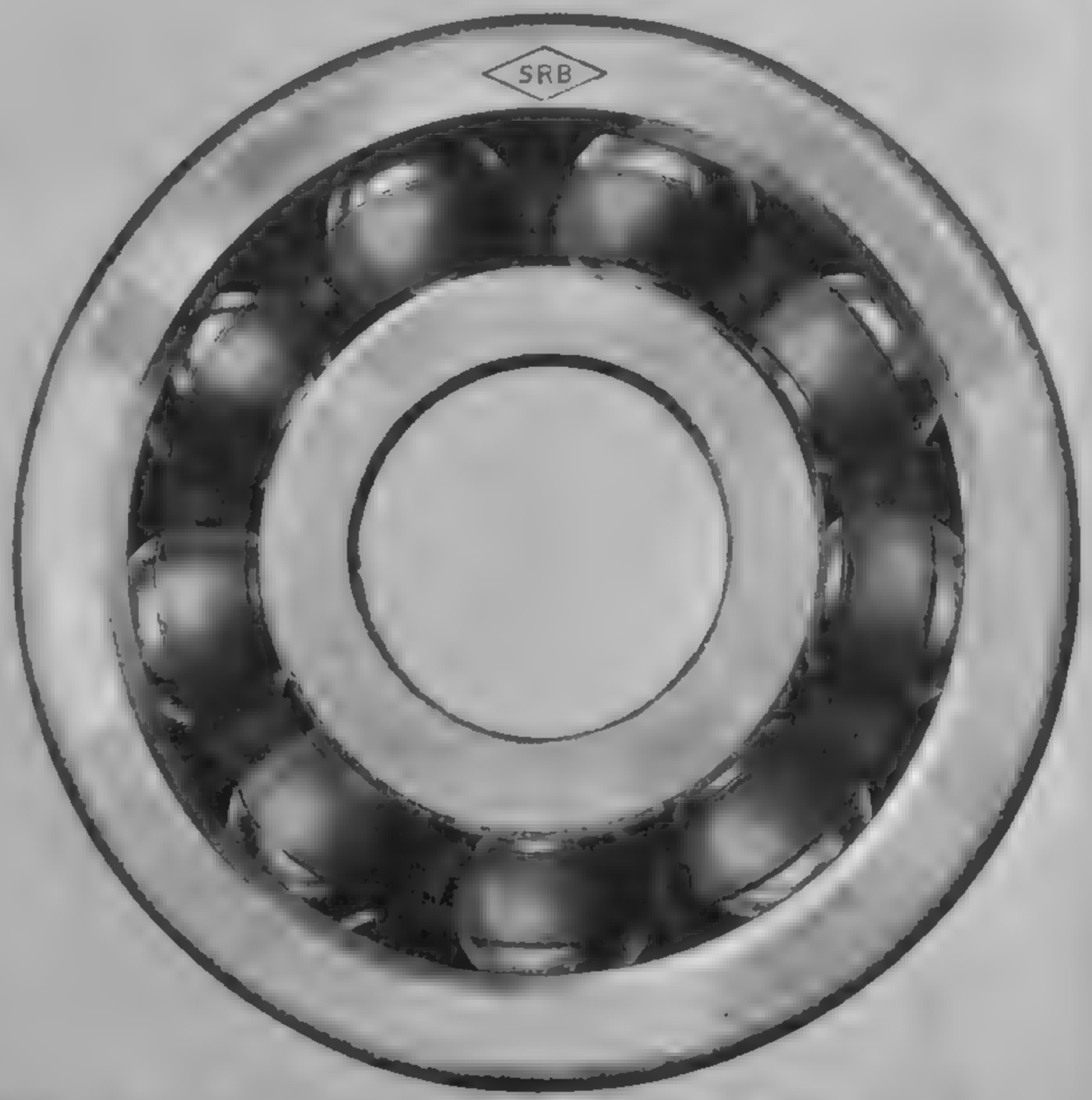

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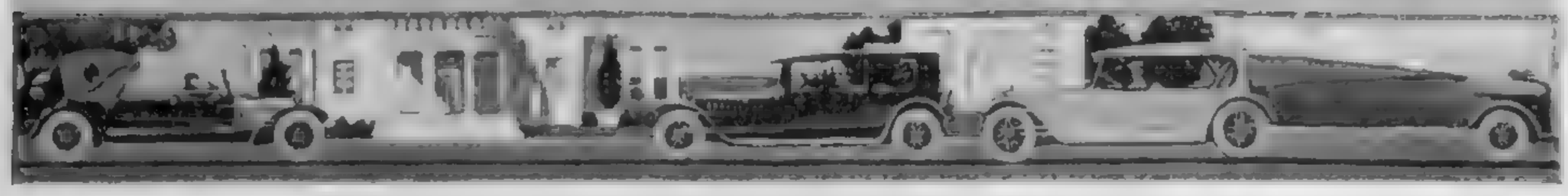

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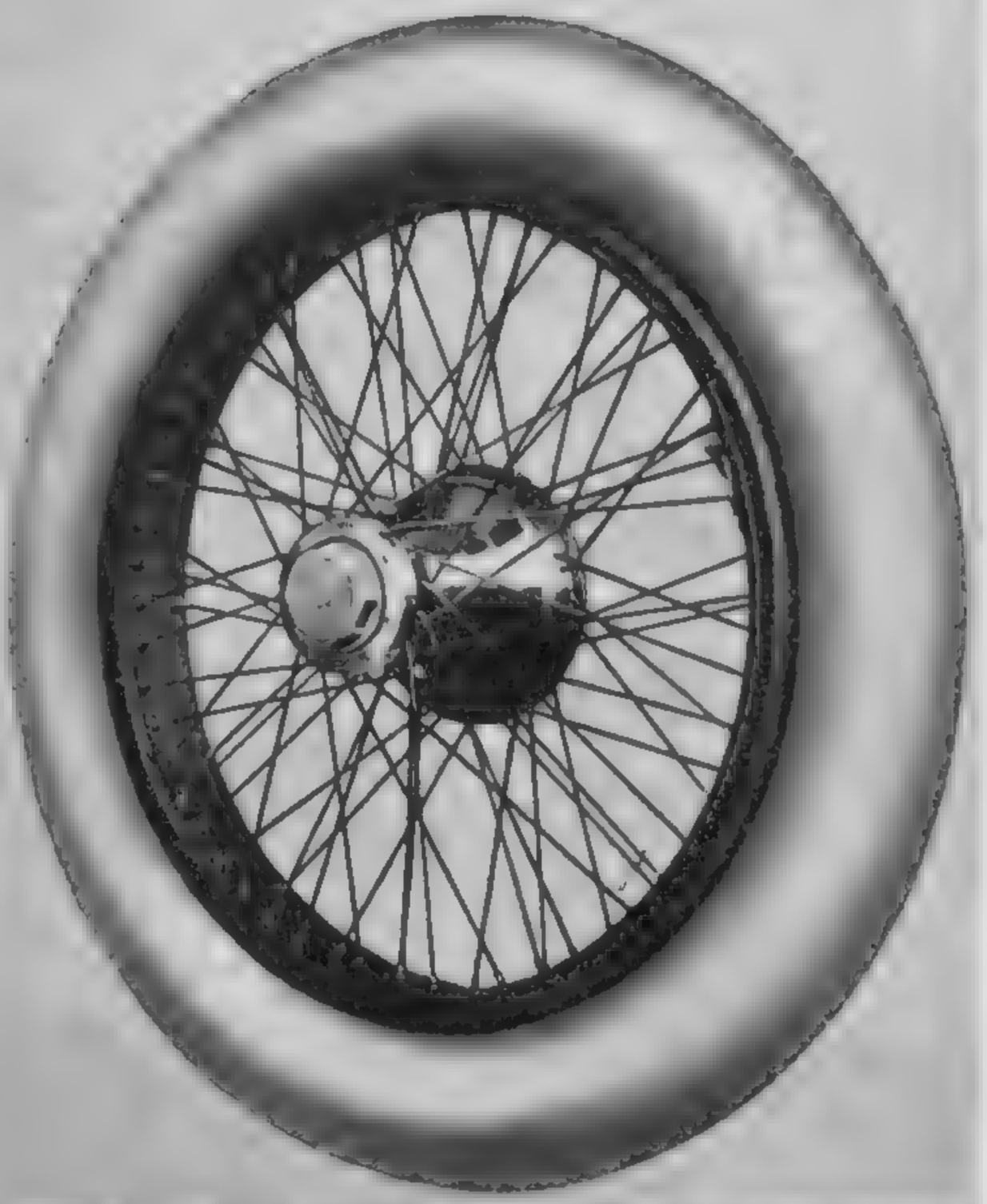

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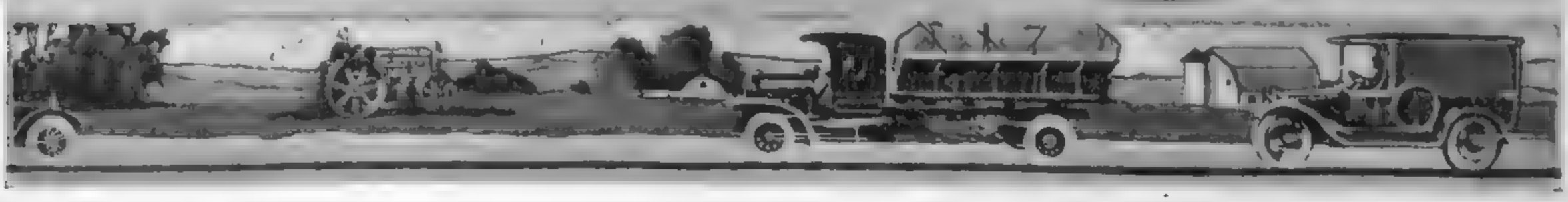

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(Continued from Page 141)

I nodded and turned away. The door closed so quietly that I first knew, when the latch ticked once, how fortunately I was alone.

Maltby Phar was responsible for Togo; he had given him—a little black fluff ball with shoe-button eyes—to Susan about six months after she first came to live with me. Togo is a chow, and a chow is biologically classified as a dog. But if a chow is a dog, then a Russian sable muff is a dish rag. Your chow—black, smoke blue or red—is a creation apart. He is to dogdom what Hillhouse Avenue is to Birch Street—the wrong end, *bien entendu*. His blood is so blue that his tongue is purple, and like Susan's conception of Gertrude he is a living confession of faith in the rightness of the right people, a living rebuke to the wrongness of the wrong; the right people being of course that master god or mistress goddess whom he worships, and his or her immediate entourage. No others need apply for even cursory notice, much less respect.

I am told they eat chows in China, their native land. If they do it must be from the motive that drove Plutarch's Athenian to vote the banishment of Aristides—ennui, to wit, kindling to rage; he had wearied to madness of hearing him always named "the Just." Back, too, in America—for I write from France—there will one day be proletarian reprisals against the chow; for in the art of cutting one dead your chow is supreme. He goes by you casually, on tiptoe, with the glazed eye of indifference. He sees you and does not see you—and will not. You may cluck, you may whistle, you may call; interest will not excite him, nor flattery move him; he passes; he "goes his unremembering way." But let him beware! If Americans are slow to anger, they are terrible when roused. I have frequently explained this to Togo—more for Susan's sake than his own—and been yawned at for my pains.

Personally I have no complaint to make. In Togo's eyes I am one of the right people. He has always treated me with a certain tact, though with a certain reserve. Only to Susan does he prostrate himself with an almost mystical ecstasy of devotion. Only for her does his feathered tail arc quiver, do his ears lie back, his calm ebon lips part in an unmistakably adoring smile. But there is much else, I admit, to be said for him; he never barks his deep menacing bark without cause; and as a mere *objet d'art*, when well combed, he is superb. Ming porcelains are nothing to him; he is perhaps the greatest decorative achievement of the unapproachably decorative East.

But for Tumps, my peculiar legacy, I have nothing good to say and no apologies to offer. Like Calverley's parrot, he still lives—"he will not die." Tumps is a tomcat. And not only is he a tomcat, he is a hate-scarred noctivagant, owning but an ear and a half, and a poor third of tail. His design was botched at birth, and has since been degraded; his color is unpleasant; his expression is ferocious—and utterly sincere. He has no friends in the world but Susan and Sonia, and Sonia cannot safely keep him with her because of the children.

Out of the night he came, shortly after Togo's arrival; starved for once into submission and dragging himself across the garden terrace to Susan's feet. And she accepted this devil's gift, this household scourge. I never did, nor did Togo; but we were finally subdued by fear. Those baleful eyes cursing us from dim corners—Togo, Togo, shall we ever forget them! Separately or together we have more than once failed to enter a dusky room, toward twilight, where those double phosphors burned from your couch corner or out from beneath my easy-chair.

But nothing would move Susan to give Tumps up so long as he cared to remain; and Tumps cared. No wonder. Nursed back to health and rampageous vivacity he soon mastered the neighborhood, peopled it with his ill-favored offspring and wailed his obscene balladry to the moon. Hillhouse Avenue protested, *en bloc*. The Misses Carstairs, whose slumbers had more than once been postponed, threatened traps, poison and the law. Professor Emeritus Gillingwater attempted murder one night with a .22 rifle, but succeeded only in penetrating the glass roof of his neighbor's conservatory.

Susan was unmoved, defending her own; she would not listen to any plea, and she mocked at reprisals. Those were the early days of her coming, when I could not force myself to harsh measures; and happily Tumps, having lost some seven or eight lives, did with the years grow more sedate, though no more amiable. But the point is, he stayed—and, I repeat, lives to this hour on my distant grudging bounty.

Such was the charge lightly laid upon me.

Oh, Susan—Susan! For once resentment will out. May you suffer, shamed to contrition, as you read these lines! Tumps—and I say it now boldly—is "no damn good."

I am clinging to this chapter as if I were still clinging to Susan's hand on the wind-swept station platform, hoarding time by infinitesimally split seconds, dreading her inevitable escape. Phil—by request, I suspect—did not come down; and Susan forbade me to enter the train with her, having previously forbidden me to accompany her to town. Togo was forward, amid crude surroundings, riling the brakemen with his disgusted disdain. Miss Goucher had already said a decorous but sincerely felt good-by and had taken her place inside.

"Let's not be silly, Ambo," Susan whispered. "After all, you'll be down soon—won't you? You're always running to New York."

Then unexpectedly she snatched her hand from mine, threw her arms tight round my neck, and for a reckless public moment sobbed and kissed me. With that she was gone. I turned, too, at once, meaning flight from the curious late-comers pressing toward the car steps. One of them distinctly addressed me:

"Good morning, Ambrose. Don't worry about your charming little ward. She'll be quite safe—away from you. I'll keep a friendly eye on her going down."

It was Lucette.

XXIII

I HAD a long conference with Phil the day after Susan's departure, and we solemnly agreed that we must, within reasonable limits, give Susan a clear field; her desire to play a lone hand in the cutthroat poker game called life must be, so far as possible, respected. But we sneakingly evaded any definition of our terms. "Within reasonable limits;" "so far as possible"—the vagueness of these phrases will give you the measure of our secret duplicity.

Meanwhile we lived on from mail delivery to mail delivery, and Susan proved a faithful correspondent. There is little doubt, I think, that the length and frequency of her letters constituted a deliberate sacrifice of energy and time laid—not reluctantly, but not always lightly—on the altar of affection. It was a genuine, yet must often have been an arduous piety. To write full life-giving letters late at night, after long hours of literary labor, is no trifling effort of good will—good will, in this instance, to two of the loneliest, forlornest of men. Putting aside the mere anodyne of work we had but one other effective consolation—Jimmy; our increasing interest and joy in Jimmy. But, for me at least, this was not an immediate consolation; my taste for Jimmy's prosaic companionship was very gradually acquired.

Our first word from Susan was a day letter, telephoned to me from the telegraph office, though I at once demanded the delivery of a verbatim copy by messenger. Here it is:

"At grand central safe so far new york lies roaring just beyond sister and togo tarry with the stuff near cab stand while I send. Love Mrs. Arthur snooped in vain now for it courage Susan whos afraid dont you be alonsen fan."

Phil, the scholar, interpreted the last two phonetic symbols: "*Allons, enfants!*"

SUSAN TO ME

"Sister and I are at a nice old mid-Victorian hotel for three or four days. Sister is calmly and courageously hunting rooms for us—or, if not rooms, a room. She hopes for the plural. We like this quarter of town. It's near enough publishers and things for walking, and it's not quite so New Yorky as some others. What Sister is trying to avoid for us is slavery to the Subway, which is awful! But we may have to fly up beyond Columbia, or even to the Bronx, before we're through. The hotel objected to Togo, but I descended to hitherto untried depths of feminine wheedle—and justified them by getting my way. Sister blushed for me—and herself—but has since felt more confident about my chances for success in this wickedly opportunist world.

"Better skip this part if you read extracts to Phil; he'll brood. But perhaps you'd better begin disillusioning him at once, for I'm discovering dreadful possibilities in my nature—now the Hillhouse inhibitions seem remote. New York, one sees overnight, is no place for a romantic idealist—Maltby's phrase, not mine, bless Phil's heart!—but luckily I've never been one. Birch Street is going to stand me in good stead down here. New York is Birch Street—on a slightly exaggerated scale; Hillhouse Avenue is something entirely different. Finer too, perhaps; but the world's future has its roots in New Birch Street. I began to feel that yesterday during my first hunt for a paying job.

"I've plunged on shop equipment, since Jimmy says, other things being equal, the factory with the best tools wins—that is, I've bought a reliable typewriter, and I tackled my first two-finger exercises last night. The results were dire—mostly interior capitals and extraneous asterisks. I shan't have patience to take proper five-finger lessons. Sister vows she's going to master the wretched thing too, so she can help with copying now and then. There's a gleam in her eye, dear—wonderful! This is to be her great adventure as well as mine. 'Susan, Sister & Co., Unlicensed Hacks—Piffle While You Wait!' Oh, we shall get on—you'll see. Still, I can't truthfully report much progress yesterday or to-day, though a shade more to-day than yesterday. I've been counting callously on Maltby, as Phil disapprovingly knows, and I brought three short manufactured-in-advance articles for the Garden Ex. down with me. So my first step was to stifle my last maidenly scruple and take them straight to Maltby; I hoped they would pay at least for the typewriter. It was a clear ice bath of a morning, and the walk up Fifth Avenue braced me for anything. I stared at everybody and a good many unattached males stared back; sometimes I rather liked it, and sometimes not. It all depends.

"But I found the right building at last, somewhere between the Waldorf and the Public Library. There's a shop on its avenue front for the sale of false pearls, and judging from the shop they must be more expensive than real ones. Togo dragged me in there at first by mistake; and as I was wearing my bestest tailor-made and your furs, and as Togo was wearing his, plus his haughtiest atmosphere, we seemed between us to be just the sort of thing the languid clerks had been waiting for. There was a hopeful stir as we entered—no, swept in! I was really sorry to disappoint them; it was horrid to feel that we couldn't live up to their expectations.

"We didn't sweep out nearly so well! But we found the elevator round the corner and were taken up four or five floors, passing a designer of de-luxe corsets and a distiller of de-luxe perfumes on the way, and landed in the impressive outer office of the Garden Ex.

"But how stupid of me to describe all this! You've been there twenty times of course, and remember the apple-green art-crafty furniture and potted palms and things. Several depressed-looking persons were fidgeting about, but my engraved card—score one for Hillhouse!—soon brought Maltby puffing out to me with both hands extended. Togo didn't quite cut him dead, but almost, and he insulted an entire roomful of stenographers on his way to the great man's sanctum. My first sanctum, Ambo! I did get a little thrill from that, in spite of Maltby.

"Stop chattering, Susan—stick to facts. Yes, Phil, please. Fact One: Maltby was surprisingly flustered at first. He was, Ambo! He jumped to the conclusion that I was down for shopping or the theaters, and assumed of course you were with me. So you were, dear—our way! But I thought Maltby asked rather gingerly after you. Why?

"Fact Two: I did my best to explain things, but Maltby doesn't believe yet I'm serious—seemingly he can't believe it, because he doesn't want to. That's always true of Maltby. He still thinks this must be a sudden spasm—not of virtue; thinks I've run away for an unholy lark. It suits him to think so. If I'm out on the loose he hopes to manage the whole Mardi Gras, and he needn't hear what I say about needing work too distinctly. That merely annoyed him. But I did finally make him promise—while he wriggled—to read my three articles and give me a decision on them to-morrow. I had to promise to lunch with him then to make even that much headway. Oof!

"Meanwhile, I fared slightly better to-day. I took your letter to Mr. Sampson. The sign, Garnett & Co., almost frightened me off, though, Ambo; and you know I'm not easily frightened. But I've read so many of their books—wonderful books! I knew great men had gone before me into those dingy offices and left their precious manuscripts to strengthen and delight the world. Who was I to follow those footsteps? Luckily a redhead messenger boy whistled on in ahead of me—so I followed his instead. By the time I had won past all the guardians of the sanctum sanctorum my sentimental fit was over. Birch Street was herself again.

"And Mr. Sampson proved all you promised—rather more! The dearest odd old man, full of blunt kindness and sudden whimsy. I think he liked me. I know I liked him. But he didn't like me as I did him—at first sight. Togo's fault, of course. Why didn't you tell me Mr. Sampson has a democratic prejudice against aristocratic dogs? I must learn to leave poor Togo at home—if there ever is such a place!—when I'm looking for work; I may even have to give up your precious soul-and-body-warming furs. Between them they belie every humble petition I utter. Sister and I may have to eat Togo yet.

"Mr. Sampson only began to relent when I told him a little about Birch Street. I didn't tell him much—just enough to counteract the furs and Togo. And he forgave me everything when I told him of Sister and confessed what we were hoping to do—found a home together and earn our own right to make it a comfy one to live in. He questioned me pretty sharply, too, but not from snifty-snoops like Mrs. Arthur.

"By the way, dear, she was on the train coming down, as luck would have it, in the chair just across from mine. Her questions were masterpieces, but nothing to my replies. I was just wretched enough to scratch without mercy; it relieved my feelings. But you'd better avoid her for a week or two if you can! I didn't mind any of Mr. Sampson's questions, though I eluded some of them, being young in years but old in guile. I'm to take him my poems to-morrow afternoon, and some bits of prose things—the ones you liked. They're not much more than fragments, I'm afraid. He says he wants to get the hang of me before loading me down with bad advice. I do like him, and—the serpent having trailed its length all over this endless letter—I truly think his offhand friendship may prove far more helpful to me than Maltby's ——! You can fill in the blank, Ambo. My shamelessness has limits, even now, in darkest New York.

"Good night, dear. Please don't think you are ever far from my me-est thoughts. Now for that —— typewriter!"

SUSAN TO JIMMY

"That's a breath-taking decision you've made, but like you, and I'm proud of you for having made it—and prouder that the idea was entirely your own. I suppose we're all bound to be more or less lopsided in a world slightly flattened at the poles and rather wobbly on its axis anyway. But the less lopsided we are the better for us, and the better for us the better for others—and that's one universal law at least that doesn't make me long for a universal recall and referendum.

"Oh, you're right to stay on at Yale, but so much righter to have decided on a broad general course instead of a narrow technical one! Of course you can carry on your technical studies by yourself! With your brain's natural twist and the practical training you've had, probably carry them much farther by yourself than under direction! And the way you've chosen will open vistas, bring the sky through the jungle to you. It was brave of you to see that and take the first difficult step. "*Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte*"—but no wonder you hesitated! Because at your advanced age, Jimmy, and from an efficient point of view, it's a downright silly step, wasteful of time—and time you know's money—and money you know's everything. Only I'm afraid you don't know that intensely enough ever to have a marble mansion on upper Fifth Avenue, a marble villa at Newport, a marble bungalow at Palm Beach, a marble

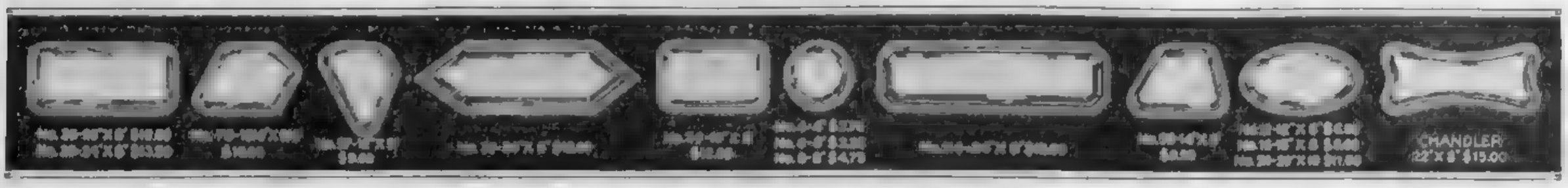
(Continued on Page 149)

At the New York Show

91 open cars out of 153 on display were equipped with Johnston Windows

At the Chicago Show

101 open cars out of 168 on display were equipped with Johnston Windows



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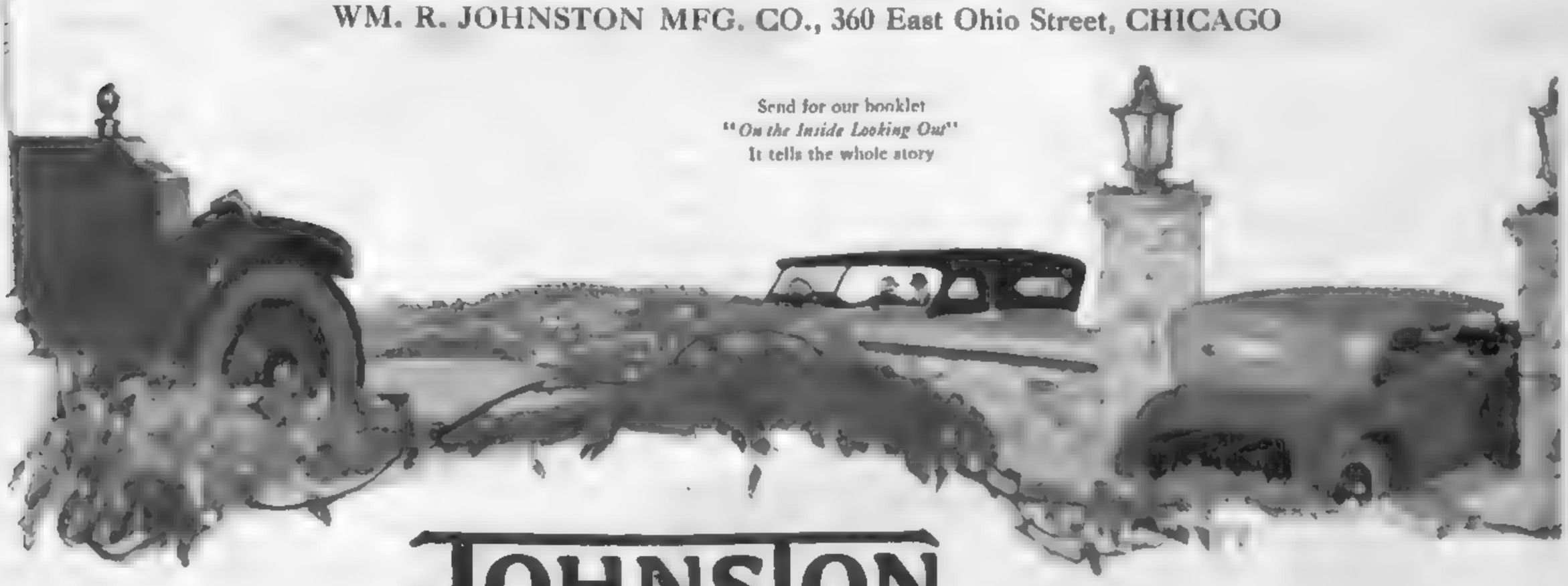

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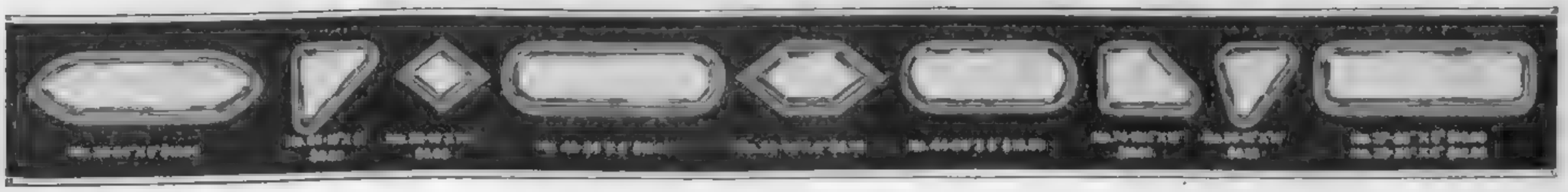

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Ample power to achieve steep slopes on high, yet ability to creep along at two miles an hour in traffic, an easy-working brake, utmost tire mileage and minimized gas consumption—an Anderson.

A custom-built body de luxe, hand-made and hand-finished, the wooden members of which are sawed and mortised to shape—screwed and glued—a body that is the pride of every owner, the body of—an Anderson.

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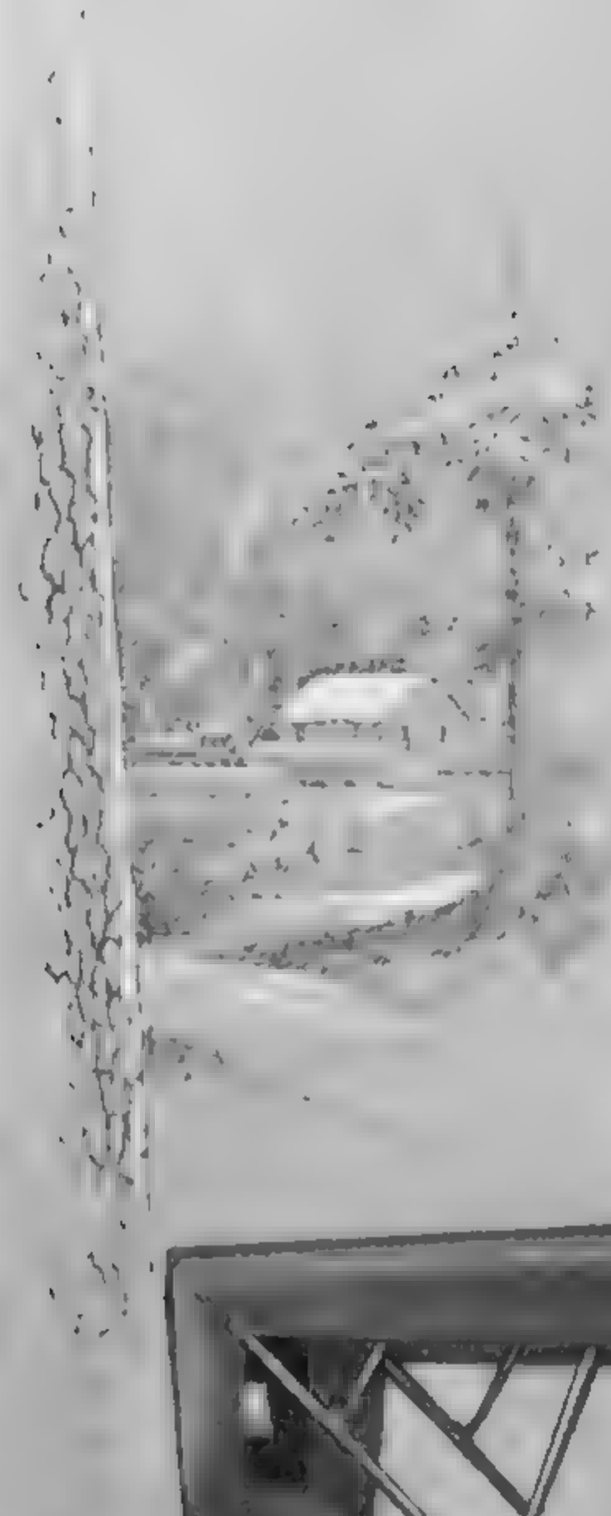

Five-Passenger Touring

De Luxe catalog on request

Some desirable Anderson territory still open

(Continued from Page 145)

steam yacht—but they don't make those of marble, do they!

"It's so possible for you to collect all these marbles, Jimmy—reelers, every one of them!—if you'll only start now and do nothing else for the next thirty or forty years. You can be a poor boy who became infamous just as easy as pie! Simply forget the world's so full of a number of things, and grab all you can of just one. But I could hug you for wanting to be a man, not an adding machine! For caring to know why Socrates was richer than Morgan, and why Saint Francis and Sainte-Beuve, each in his own way, have helped more to make life worth living than all the Rothschilds of Europe! Oh, I know it's a paradox for me to preach this, when here am I trying to collect a few small clay marbles—putting every ounce of concentration in me on money making, on material success! Not getting far with it, either—so far.

"But what I'm doing, Jimmy, is just what you've set out to do—I'm trying not to be lopsided. You've met life as it is, already; I never have. And I'd so love to moon along pleasantly on Ambo's inherited money—read books and write verses and look at flowers and cats and stars and trees and children and cows and chickens and funny dogs and donkeys and funnier women and men! I'd so like not to adjust myself to an industrial civilization; not to worry over that sort of thing at all; above everything, not to earn my daily bread. I could cry about having to make up my mind on such bristly beasts as economic or social problems!

"The class struggle bores me to tears—yet here it is, we're up against it; and I won't be lopsided! What I want is pure thick cream, daintily fed to me, too, from a handbeaten spoon. So I mustn't have it unless I can get it. And I don't know that I can—you see, it isn't all conscience that's driving me; curiosity's at work. But it's scrumptious to know we're both studying the same thing in a different way—the one great subject, after all: How not to be lopsided! How to be perfectly spherical, like the old man in the nonsense rime. Not wobbly on one's axis—not even slightly flattened at the poles!

"Hurrah for us! Trumpets!

"But I'm gladdest of all that you and Ambo are beginning at last to be friends. You don't either of you say so—it drifts through; and I could sing about it—if I could sing. There isn't anybody in the world like Ambo.

"As for Sister and me, we're getting on, and we're not. Sister thinks I've done marvels; I know she has. Marvels of economy and taste in cozying up our room, marvels of sympathy and canny advice that doesn't sound like advice at all. As one half of a mutual-admiration syndicate I'm a complete success! But as a professional author—hum, hum. Anyway, I'm beginning to poke my inquisitive nose into a little of everything, and you can't tell—something, some day, may come of this. As the Dickens man said—who was he?—I hope it mayn't be human gore. Meanwhile, one thing hits the most casual eye: We're still in the double-room-with-alcove boarding-house stage, and likely to stay there for some time to come."

SUSAN TO PHIL

"Your short letter answering my long one has been read and reread and read again. I know it by heart. Everything you say's true—and isn't. I'll try to explain that—for I can't bear you to be doubting me. You are, Phil. I don't blame you, but I do blame myself—for complacency. I've taken too much for granted, as I always do with you and Ambo. You see, I know so intensely that you and Ambo are pure gold—incorruptible! that I couldn't possibly question anything you might say or do—the fineness of the motive, I mean. If you did murder and were hanged for it, and even if I'd no clew as to why you struck—I should know all the time you must have done it because, for some concealed reason, under circumstances dark to the rest of us, your clear eyes marked it as the one possible right thing to do.

"Yes, I trust you like that, Phil; you and Ambo and Sister and Jimmy. Think of trusting four people like that! How rich I am! And you can't know how passionately grateful! For it isn't blind trusting at all. In each one of you I've touched a soul of goodness. There's no other name for it. It's as simple as fresh air. You're good—you four—good from the center. But, Phil dear, a little secret to comfort you—just between us and the stars: So, mostly, am I.

"Truly, Phil, I'm ridiculously good at the center, and most of the way out. There are things I simply can't do, no matter how much I'd like to, and lots of cozy, opally things I simply can't like at all. I'm with you so far, at least—peacock-proud to be! But we're tremendously different, all the same. It's really this, I think: You're a Puritan by instinct and cultivation; and I'm not. The clever ones down here, you know, spend most of their spare time swearing by turns at Puritanism and the Victorian Era. Their favorite form of exercise is patting themselves on the back, and this is one of their subtler ways of doing it. But they just rampantly rail; they don't—though they think they do—understand. They mix up every *passé* narrowness and bigotry and hypocrisy and sentimental cant in one foul stew, and then rush from it, with held noses, screaming "Puritanism! Faugh!" Well, it does, Phil—their stew! So, often, for that matter—and to high heaven—do the clever ones!

"But it isn't Puritanism, the real thing. You see, I know the real thing—for I know you. Ignorance, bigotry, hypocrisy, sentimentalism—such things have no part in your life. And yet you're a Puritan, and I'm not. Something divides us where we are most alike. What is it, Phil?

"May I tell you? I almost dare believe I've puzzled it out.

"You're a simon-Puritan, dear, because you won't trust that central goodness, your own heart; the very thing in you on whose virgin goldness I would stake my life! You won't trust it in yourself, and when you find it in others you don't fully trust it in them. You've purged your philosophy of original sin, but it still secretly poisons the marrow of your bones. You guard your soul's strength as possible weakness—something that might vanish suddenly at a pinch. How silly of you! For it's the you-est you, the thing you can never change or escape. Instead of worrying over yourself or others—me?—you could safely spread yourself, Phil dear, all over the landscape, lie back in the lap of Mother Earth and twiddle your toes and smile! Walt Whitman's way! He may have overdone it now and then, posed about it; but I'm on his side, not yours. It's heartier—humaner—more fun! Yes, Mister Puritan—more fun! That's a life value you've mostly missed. But it's never too late, Phil, for a genuine cosmic spree. Why not begin?

"Now I've done scolding back at you for scolding at me. But I loved your sermon. I hope you won't shudder over mine?"

The above too-cryptic letter badly needs authoritative annotation, which I now proceed to give you—at perilous length. But it will lead us far.

Though it is positively not true that Phil and I, having covenanted on a hands-off policy, were independently hoping for the worst so far as Susan's ability to cope unaided with New York was concerned; nevertheless, the ease with which she made her way there, found her feet without us and danced ahead, proved for some reason oddly disturbing to us both. Here was a child, of high talents certainly, perhaps of genius—the like, at least, of whose mental precocity we had never met with in any other daughter—much less, son—of Eve! A woman, for we so loved her, endowed as are few women; yet assuredly a child, for she had but just counted twenty years on earth. And being men of careful maturity, once Susan had left us our lonely anxieties fastened upon this crying fact of her youth; it was her youth, her inexperience, that made her venture suddenly pathetic and dreadful to us, made us yearn to watch over her, warn her of pitfalls, guide her steps.

True, she was not alone. Miss Goucher was admirable in her way; though a middle-aged spinster, after all, unused to the sharp temptations and fierce competitions of metropolitan life. It was not a house-mother Susan would need; the wolves lurked beyond the door—shrewd, soft-treading wolves, cunningly disguised. How could a child, a charming and too daring child—however gifted—be expected to deal with these creatures? The thought of these subtle, these patient ones tracking her—tracking her—chilled us to hours-long wakefulness in the night! Then with the morning a letter would come, filled with strange men's names.

We compared notes, consulted together—shaking unhappy heads. We wrote tactful letters to Heywood Sampson, begging him, but always indirectly, to keep an eye. We ran down singly for nights in town, rescued—the verb was ours—Susan and Miss Goucher from their West Tenth Street boarding house, interfered with their work or other plans, haled them—the verb, I fear, was theirs—to dinner, to the opera or theater, or perhaps to call on someone of ribbed respectability who might prove an observant friend. God knows in spite of all resolutions we did our poor best to mind Susan's business for her, to brood over her destiny from afar!

And God knows our efforts were superfluous! The traps, stratagems, springes in her path, merely suspected by us and hence the more darkly dreaded, were clearly seen by Susan and laughed at for the ancient pitiful frauds they were. The dull craft, the stale devices of avarice or lust were no novelties to her; she greeted them, *en passant*, with the old Birch Street terrier look; just a half-mocking nod of recognition—an amused, half-wistful salute to her gamin past. It was her gamin past we had forgotten, Phil and I, when we agonized over Susan's inexperienced youth. Inexperienced? Bob Blake's kid! If there were things New York could yet teach Bob Blake's kid—and there were many—they were not those that had made her see in it "Birch Street—on a slightly exaggerated scale"!

But, as the Greeks discovered many generations ago, it is impossible to be high-minded or clear-sighted enough to outwit a secret unreason in the total scheme of things. Else the virtuous, in the Greek sense, would be always the fortunate; and perhaps then would grow too self-regarding. Does the last and austerest beauty of the ideal not flower from this, that it can promise us nothing but itself? You can choose a clear road, yet you shall never walk there in safety; Chance—that secret unreason—lurks in the hedgerows, myriad-formed, to plot against you. "*Hélas!*" as the French heroine might say. "Diddle-diddle-dumpling!" as might say Susan. Meaning: That strain, Ambo, was of a higher mood, doubtless; but do return to your muttons.

Susan had reached New York late in November, 1913, and the letter to Phil dates from the following January. Less than two months had passed since her first calls upon Maltby and Heywood Sampson, but every day of that period had been made up of crowded hours. Of the three manufactured-in-advance articles for the Garden Ex., Maltby had accepted one, paying thirty dollars for it, half rate, Susan's first professional earnings; but the manner of his acceptance had convinced Susan it was a mere stroke of personal diplomacy on his part. He did not wish to encourage her as a business associate, for Maltby kept his business activities rigidly separate from what he held to be his life; neither did he wish to offend her. What he wholly desired was to draw her into the immediate circles he frequented as a social being, where he could act as her patron on a scale at once more brilliant and more impressive.

So far as the Garden Ex. was concerned, his attitude from the first had been one of sympathetic discouragement. Susan hit off his manner perfectly in an earlier letter: "'My dear Susan! You can write very delicate, distinctive verse, no doubt, and all that—and of course there's a fairly active market for verse nowadays, and I can put you in touch with some little magazines, *à coté*, that print such things and even occasionally pay for them. They're your field, I'm convinced. But frankly I can't see you quite as one of our contributors—and I couldn't pay you a higher compliment!

"'You don't suppose, do you, I sit here like an old-fashioned editor, reading voluntary contributions? No, my dear girl; I have a small well-broken staff of writers, and I tell them what to write. If I find myself, for example, with a lot of parade interiors taken in expensive homes, I select four or five, turn 'em over to Abramovitz, and tell him to do us something on The More Dignified Dining Room or The Period Salon, a Study in Restfulness. Abramovitz knows exactly what to say and how to point the snobbish-but-not-too-snobbish captions and feature the best names. I've no need to experiment, you see. I count on Abramovitz. Just so with other matters. Here's an article, now, on The Flaunting Peony. Sheat did that, of course. It's signed "Winifred Snow"—all his flower-and-sundial stuff is—and it couldn't be better! I don't even have to read it.

"'Well, there you are! I'm simply a purveyor of standardized goods in standardized packages. Dull work, but it pays.'

"'Exactly!' I struck in. 'It pays! That's why I'm interested. Sister and Togo and I need the money!'"

As for the brilliant intertwined circles frequented by Maltby as a social being, within which, he hoped to persuade Susan, lay true freedom, while habit slyly bound her with invisible chains—well, they are a little difficult to describe. Taken generally, we may think of them as the Artistic Smart Set. Maltby's acquaintance was wide, penetrating in many directions; but he felt most at home among those iridescent ones of earth whose money is as easy as their morals, and whose ruling passion for amusement is at least directed by æsthetic sensibilities and vivacious brains.

Within Maltby's intersecting circles were to be found, then, many a piquant contrast, many an anomalous combination. There the young emancipated society matron, of fattest purse and slenderest figure, expressed her sophisticated paganism through interpretative dancing; and there the fashionable painter of portraits, solidly arrived, exhibited her slender figure on a daring canvas—made possible by the fatness of her purse—at one of his peculiarly intimate studio teas. There the reigning ingénue, whose graceful *diablerie* in imagined situations on the stage was equaled only by her roguish effrontery in more real if hardly less public situations off, played up to the affluent amateur—patron of all arts that require an unblushing coöperation from pretty young women. There, in short, all were welcome who liked the game and were not hampered in playing it by dull inhibitions. It was Bohemia de luxe—Bohemia in the same sense that Marie Antoinette's dairy farm was Arcady.

That Susan—given her doting guardian, her furs, her Chow, her shadowy-gleaming imaginative charm, her sharp audacities of speech—would bring a new and seductive personality to this perpetual carnival was Maltby's dream; she was predestined—he had long suspected the tug of that fate upon her—to shine there by his side. He best could offer the cup, and her gratitude for its heady drafts of life would be merely his due. It was an exciting prospect; it promised much; and it remained only to intoxicate Susan with the wine of an unguessed freedom. This, Maltby fondly assured himself, would prove no difficult task. Life was life, youth was youth, joy was joy; their natural affinities were all on his side and would play into his practiced hands.

Doubtless Phil and I must have agreed with him—from how differently anxious a spirit!—but all three of us would then have proved quite wrong. To intoxicate Susan, Maltby did find a difficult, in the end an impossible task. He took her—not unwilling to enter and appraise any circle from high heaven to nether hell—to all the right, magical places, exposed her to all the heady influences of his world; and she found them enormously stimulating—to her sense of the ironic. Maltby's sensuous, quick-witted friends simply would not come true for Susan when she first moved among them; they were not serious about anything but refined sensation and she could not take their refined sensations seriously; but for a time they amused her, and she relished them much as Charles Lamb relished the belles and rakes of Restoration Drama: "They are a world of themselves almost as much as fairyland."

To their intimate dinners, their intimate musical evenings, their intimate studio revels, she came on occasion with Maltby as to a play "altogether a speculative scene of things." She could in those early weeks have borrowed Lamb's words for her own comedic detachment: "We are amongst a chaotic people. We are not to judge them by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them. No peace of families is violated—for no family ties exist among them. . . . No deep affections are disquieted, no holy-wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong. . . . Of what consequence is it to Virtue or how is she at all concerned? . . . The whole thing is a passing pageant."

(Continued on Page 152)

REGAL

"Hudson"

DEVELOPED in very fine Dark Brown Russia Calfskin, with leather sole exceptionally tough and flexible. Swagger vamp, quarter and wing tip perforated and pinked.

A shoe that will appeal strongly to the man who appreciates the supreme economy of buying *good shoes* and taking care of them.

In the Regal command of fine leathers and manufacturing resources he finds assurance of the very best materials, with workmanship, finish and style second to none.

While the long established Regal principle of *many pairs* (with only a conservative profit on each pair) gives him a certainty that every dollar of his shoe money is buying *sound values*.

Sixty Regal Stores in the Great Metropolitan Cities

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268 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Agency Stores in other Cities and Towns

SPRING

SHOES

"*Tie o' the South*"

FRENCH in inspiration, yet so cleverly modelled by Regal that all the charm of the graceful American lines is retained. In the finest dull finish Kid, self-covered Louis heel, with high tongue, two eyelets, to be worn with either voguish ribbons or buckle.

Only the woman who is making her first acquaintance with Regal this Spring will be surprised at the exceptional choice of really fine leathers—the craftsmanship and grace of finish—the conservative prices, *value* considered.

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1920

All the flavor and fragrance of vine-ripened berries come to you in
PAUL'S JAMS
Out in the Valley of the Mountain—where the sunshine and the dew make the berries grow larger and better—we pick the berries for you at the moment of ripeness when every cell is filled with sugars and flavors.
And the full richness of the berries is preserved in a film of pure sugar at Paul's Kitchens in the berry fields.
Your grocer has your favorite berry waiting for you in a vacuum sealed glass.
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CAPS
$2.00 to $5.00

SMART DRESSERS require several Caps: A heavy one for chilly riding, a medium weight for golf and general wear, and a silk or mohair for travelling or office use. Each can be found to perfection in the "Regal" line. Your dealer will be glad to show them to you.

THE REGAL HAT CO., 643 to 651 S. Wells St., CHICAGO
Largest Cloth Headwear House in the World

(Continued from Page 149)

It is probable that Maltby at first mistook her interest in the spectacle for the preliminary stirrings of its spell within her; but he must soon have been aware—for he had intelligence—that Susan was not precisely flinging herself among his maskers with the thrilled abandon that would betoken surrender. She was not afraid of these clever beauty-loving maskers, some of whom bore celebrated names; it was not timidity that restrained her; she, too, loved beauty and lilting wit and could feel joyously at ease among them—for an hour or two—once in a while. But to remain permanently within those twining circles, held to a limited dream, when she was conscious of wilder, freer, more adventurous spaces without! Why should she narrow her sympathies like that? It never occurred to her as a temptation to do so. She had drunk of a headier cup, and had known a vaster intoxication. From the magic circle of her cedar trees, in that lonely abandoned field back of Mount Carmel, the imaginations of her heart had long since streamed outward beyond all such passing pageants, questing after a dream that does not pass.

No gilded nutshell could bound her now; she could become the slave of no intersected ring. Lesser incantations were powerless.

So much, then, for my own broad annotation of Susan's letter to Phil! But I leave you with generalizations, when your interest is in concrete fact. Patience. In my too fumbling way I am ready for you there, as well.

SUSAN TO JIMMY

"I suppose you'd really like to know what I've lately been up to; but I hardly know myself. It's absurd of course, but I almost think I'm having a weeny little fit of the blues to-night—not dark-blue devils, exactly—say, light-blue gnomes! I hate being pushed about, and things have pushed me about rather. It's that, I think. There's been too much—of everything—somehow.

"You see, my social life just now is divided into three parts, like all Gaul, and as my business opportunities—Midas forgive them!—have all come out of my social contacts, I'll have to begin with them. Maltby's the golden key to the first part; Mr. Heywood Sampson, the great old-school publisher and editor-author, is the iron key to the second; and chance—our settling down here on the fringes of Greenwich village—is the skeleton key to the third.

"I seem to be getting all Gaul mixed up with Bluebeard's closets and things, but I'll try to straighten my kinky metaphors out for you, Jimmy, if it takes me all night. But I assume you're more or less up to date on me, since I find you all most brazenly hand me round, and since I wrote Phil—and got severely scolded in return; deserved it, too—all about Maltby's patiently snubbing me as a starving author and impatiently rushing me as a possible new member for his Emancipated Order of Æsthetic May Flies—I call it his, for he certainly thinks of it that way. Now, Maltby and I have not precisely quarreled, but the north wind doth blow and we've already had snow enough to cool his enthusiasm. The whole thing's unpleasant; but I've learned something. Result—my occasional flutterings among the Æsthetic May Flies grow beautifully less. They'd cease altogether if I hadn't made friends—to call them that—with a May Fly or two.

"One of them's the novelist, Clifton Young, a May Fly at heart—but there's a strain of honeybee in his blood somewhere. It's an unhappy combination—all the talents and few of the virtues; but I like him in spite of himself. For one thing, he doesn't pose; and he can write! He's a lost soul, though—thinks life is a tragic farce. Almost all the May Flies try to think that; it's a sort of guaranty of the last sophistication; but it's genuine with Clifton; he must have been born thinking it. He doesn't ask for sympathy, either; if he did I couldn't pity him—and get jeered at wittily for my pains!

"Then there's Mona Leslie, who might have been a true honeybee if everybody belonging to her hadn't died too soon, leaving her hopeless numbers of millions. Mona for some reason has taken a passing fancy to me; all her fancies pass. She sings like an angel, and might have made a career if it had seemed worth while. It never has. Nothing has, but vivid sensation, from ascetic religion to sloppy love; and at thirty she's exhausted the whole show. So she spends her time now in a mad duel with boredom. Poor woman! Luckily the fairies gave her a selfishly kind heart, and there's a piece of it left, I think. It may even win the duel for her in the end More and more she's the reckless patron of all the arts, almost smothering ennui under her benefactions. She'd smother poor me, too, if I'd let her, but I can't; I'm either not brazen enough or not Christian enough to let her patronize me for her own amusement. And that's her one new sensation for the last three years!

"Still, I've one thing to thank her for, and I wish I could feel grateful. She introduced me, at one of her Arabian-Nightish *soirées musicales*, to Hadow Bury, proprietor of Whim, the smarty-party weekly review. In two years it's made a sky-rocketing success, by printing the harum-scarumest possible comment on all the social and æsthetic fads and freaks of the day—just the iris froth of the wave, that and that only. Hadow's a big, black, bleak man-mountain. You'd take him for an undertaker by special appointment to coal-beef-and-iron kings. You'd never suspect him of having capitalized the frivolous. But he's found it means bagfuls of reelers for him, so he takes it seriously. He's after the goods. He gets and delivers the goods, no matter what they cost. He's ready to pay any price now for a new brand of cerebral champagne.

"Well, I didn't know *what* he was when Mona casually dropped me beside him, but he loomed so big and black and bleak he frightened me till my thoughts chattered. I rattled on—like this, Jimmy—only not because I wanted to, but because having madly started I didn't know how to stop. I made a fool of myself—utter; with the result that he detected a slightly different flavor in my folly, a possibly novel bouquet—let's call it the Birch Street bouquet. At any rate he finally silenced me to ask whether I could write as I talked, and I said I hoped not; and he looked bleaker and blacker than ever and said that was the worst of it, so few amusing young women could!

"It seemed to be one of the more annoying laws of Nature.

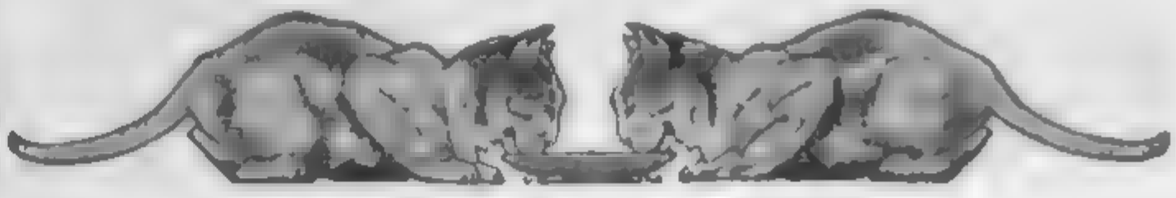
"The upshot was, I found out all about him and his ambitions for Whim; and the fantastic upshot of *that* was, I'm now doing a nonsense column a week for him—have been for the past two—and getting fifty dollars a week for my nonsense! I sign the thing 'Dax'—a signature invented by shutting both eyes and punching at my typewriter three times, just to see what would happen. 'Dax' happened, and I'm to be allowed to burble on as him—I think Dax is a him—for ten weeks; then if my stuff goes, catches on, gets over, I'm to have a year's contract. And farewell to double-room-and-alcove for aye! Else, farewell Whim! So it *must* get over I'm determined! I stick at nothing. I even test my burble on poor Sister every week before sending it in. If she smiles sadly, twice, I seal up the envelope and breathe again.

"That's my bird in the hand, Jimmy—a sort of crazily screaming jay—but I mustn't let it escape.

"There's another bird, though. A real bluebird, still in the bush—and oh, so shy! And he lures me into the second and beautifulest part of all Gaul ——

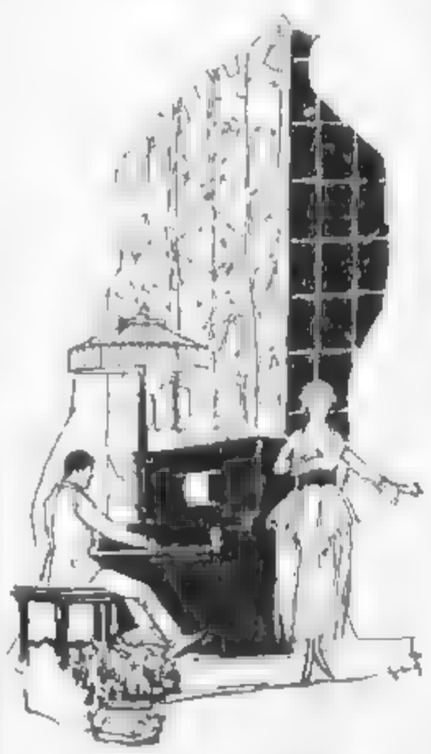
"It's no use, I'm dished. Sister says no one ever wrote or read such a monstrous letter, and commands me to stop now and go to bed. There's a look in her eye—she means it. Good night and good luck—I'll tell you about my other two parts of Gaul as soon as I can, unless you wire me—collect—'Cut it out!' Or unless you run down—you never have—and learn of them that way. Why not—soon?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



GULBRANSEN
Player-Piano

(Pronounced Gul BRAN sen)



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The Gulbransen is built on a different theory from most player-pianos. That principle is direct, natural control of expression *through the pedals* instead of indirect control, through "devices."

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It is no exaggeration to say that our new "Glenbrook" model has been a sensational feature of both the national and local automobile shows.

Its fame has traveled from state to state, city to city, and it now occupies an unchallenged position of leadership in the field of five-passenger cars.

In our long experience as manufacturers, we have never produced a model that has so quickly won its way to public favor.

Everyone, apparently, recognizes in the "Glenbrook" an engineering and designing achievement of the utmost importance.

The "Glenbrook" is now one of the fastest selling cars on the American market and the demand is increasing with each succeeding day.

Already our production schedule has been sorely taxed and orders for spring delivery will undoubtedly result in an oversold condition.

Accept our advice, therefore, and inspect this model at your earliest opportunity.

Compare it with any five-passenger car that the market affords and determine whether it is not, indeed, the greatest dollar-for-dollar value in the light six field.

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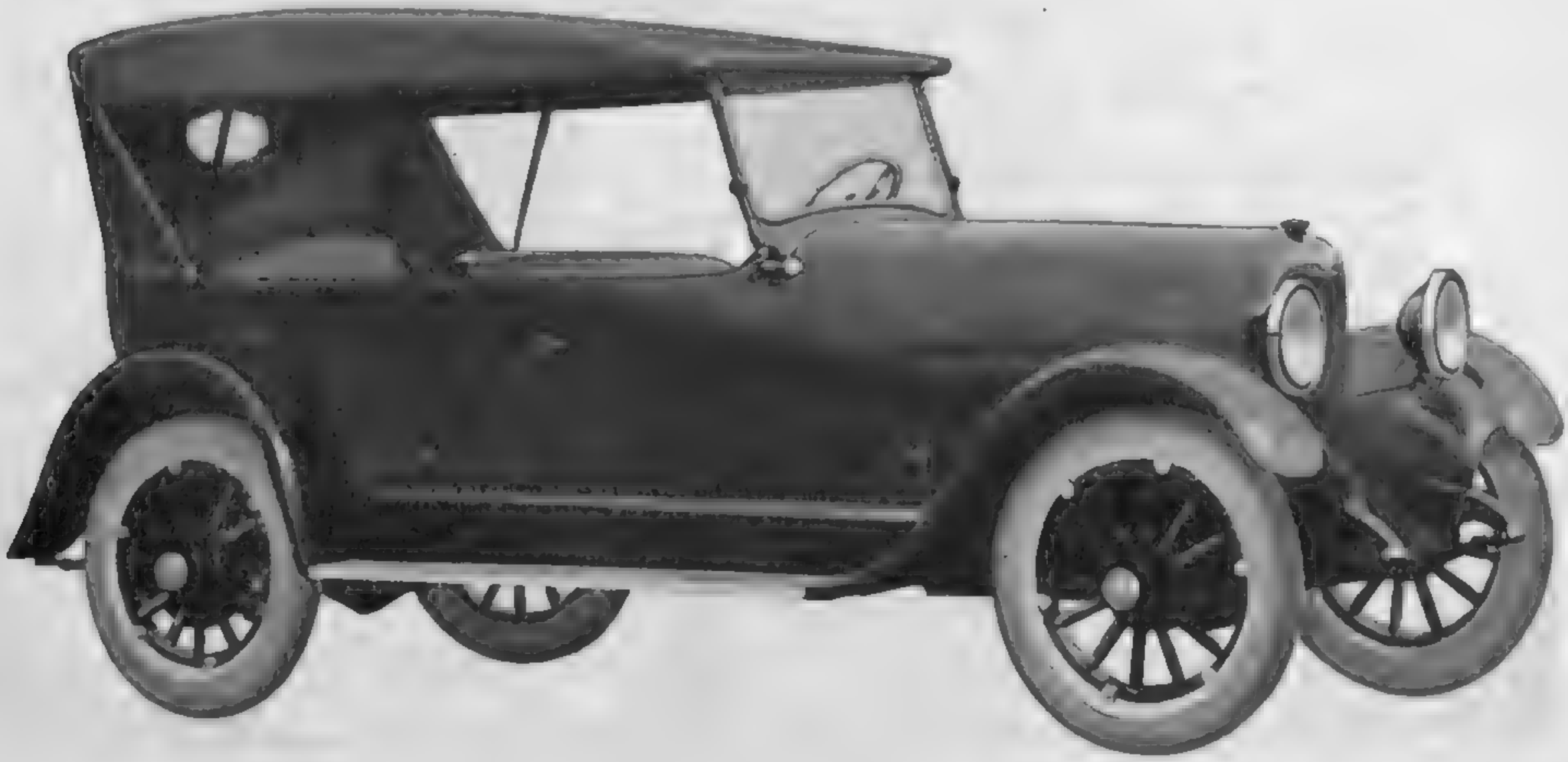

FINDING THE PROFITEERS

(Continued from Page 5)

When this executive visited the town to confer with the merchants great crowds of his own employees who had hooted him a few years before during a strike surrounded his automobile and shouted their applause. But when he met the merchants they asked for an immediate show-down of the names of the profiteers, and presented figures to prove that prices were no higher there than in neighboring towns. Moreover they intimated that the best way to bring down the cost of living was to begin at the source or fountainhead; and they asked about the profits of the company itself. People living in glass houses, it was suggested, should not throw stones.

An important religious and educational organization which comes in close contact with the wage earners recently received a complaint from the general manager of a large corporation in a New Jersey city. He explained that since 1917 he had increased wages twice a year; that he had recently raised wages again, but was waited upon by a committee of workmen who said that the corner grocer had raised prices, the landlord had increased rents, and that they were absorbing the increase in wages so that the workers were getting no benefit. This general manager said he had studied the situation for a good many years and blamed the merchants for deliberately raising the price of goods when they learned through the public press of the raise in wages accorded the workers.

"At our request," said a representative of the organization, "the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics made an investigation with three experts in that New Jersey city. They carefully investigated the rise in prices and tried to discover some relation between the advance in wages and that in prices. The result showed, however, that prices in that city were no different from those in surrounding New Jersey and New York towns, and that the raise in wages came after rather than before the raise in prices."

This universal practice of shifting responsibility is despite an almost superhuman effort to fix the blame. Mark Twain once said that everybody talked about the weather but did nothing about it. That is not true of profiteering. Pretty nearly every country in the civilized world and almost every state, city and town in this country are trying to do something about it. The Attorney-General of the United States has organized a nation-wide campaign, has set up fair-price committees in every large city, and is coöperating with many of the associations of retail merchants and manufacturers.

Easy to Blame

Local district attorneys are hot after the profiteer, food administrators and every manner of civic and consumers' organization are doing their utmost to hunt him down. In addition to all this many states and cities have special commissions which have no function except to investigate the cost of living.

There is no doubt as to the unpopularity of the profiteer. Everybody is against him, not so much because they can locate and punish him as because it is human nature to love to have a scapegoat. The man who hits his thumb with a hammer finds far more satisfaction in blaming his wife than he does in finding fault with the hammer. It is a natural impulse to feel that someone has abused and gouged us.

No amount of education will persuade people that not only profiteering but even the almost countless instances of large and satisfactory but reasonable profits which so characterize the present period of prosperity are the result rather than the cause of high prices. This is a point on which practically every authority whose opinion is entitled to any respect agrees. History reënforces it. But it is the same old case of the thumb and the hammer. You cannot blame the force of gravity with any satisfaction to yourself, but we all enjoy finding fault with other people. We no longer burn our neighbors as witches, but we are able still to call them na nes.

When sugar went to twenty-five cents a pound it was much more natural for a woman to say, as I heard one remark, "This is a free country for skunks," than for her really to understand the sugar situation.

On several occasions scientists in the employ of the Government have discovered as a result of first-hand investigation that fires in farming or lumber regions were due to purely natural causes, though everyone in the neighborhood blamed it on tramps or other human beings.

"This talk about profiteering," said one of the scientists who had been relating the details of his investigation of fires caused by internal combustion, "reminds me of my friend who was riding in a trolley car which came to a sudden stop. He asked the motorman the cause of the delay, and after tinkering round a long time the motorman said with a relieved look on his face, 'I guess the volts have got into the motor.'

"That's the way with most people who are puzzled by the high cost of living. They are ignorant of its real and complicated causes, and someone shouts, 'Profiteering.' They all exclaim, 'Why, of course, that's it,' and feel much relieved and satisfied."

Newspapers have been filled with big headlines of profiteer hunts. But the mountain has labored and brought forth a mouse. Anyone who reads the newspapers will remember a hundred accounts of hunting parties to one account of a catch. The big headlines have all been about what the hunters were going to do, and the little headlines have told of the actual results. The only profiteers brought to book have been a few petty, miserable speculators whose rare and occasional apprehension and even rarer conviction have interested nobody, not even the headline writers.

Busy Prosecutors

When profiteers have been caught they have been so small and insignificant that no one could discover how their operations had had more than little if any bearing on the situation. Consider sugar. Its high price has irritated the public more perhaps than that of any other commodity. Every district attorney in the country has been trying to run down hoarders of and profiteers in sugar. The results have been practically nothing.

According to the statement of a former food administrator who is now chairman of the fair-price committee in one of the largest cities in the country, five weeks of investigation by a corps of secret-service men failed to uncover a single profiteer in sugar. Finally when a few paltry speculators were discovered all the newspaper reporters were called in, but the sensation had evaporated into thin air as far as headlines were concerned.

Perhaps the big culprits have escaped detection and punishment. They are better able to employ expensive counsel to defend them. I was told by a member of a firm of sugar brokers who had had an altercation with the local fair-price committee that the head of the firm would spend a million dollars in fighting the committee if the case were taken into court. Later, however, this same firm was publicly exonerated by the committee, and in fact praised for its conduct.

But though ample means do help protect the guilty as a rule it is difficult to see how any amount of wealth could protect the culpable objects of the present remorseless pursuit. Every political consideration renders it desirable, in fact necessary, for the authorities to make good in their efforts to run down the malefactors of high prices. Success would make votes and millions of them. Nothing would so satisfy the people of this country as to have hundreds of big profiteers in food, clothing and rent adequately exposed and punished.

But that is not all. In many cases those who are in a position of authority are if anything far more sympathetic toward the laboring man than toward business enterprises. Not only is everything in a material way apparently to be gained by catering to the laboring man but many of the public officials are naturally and sincerely more inclined to that side of the fence than to the other.

Not only do votes and honest inclination drive the prosecutors on but they are prodded by constant threats and complaints from labor leaders. "The only revolution impending in the United States," said the secretary of an important labor organization recently, "is one against

(Continued on Page 159)

Stand Roughest Wear Without a Tear

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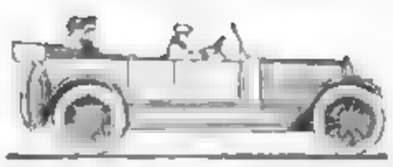

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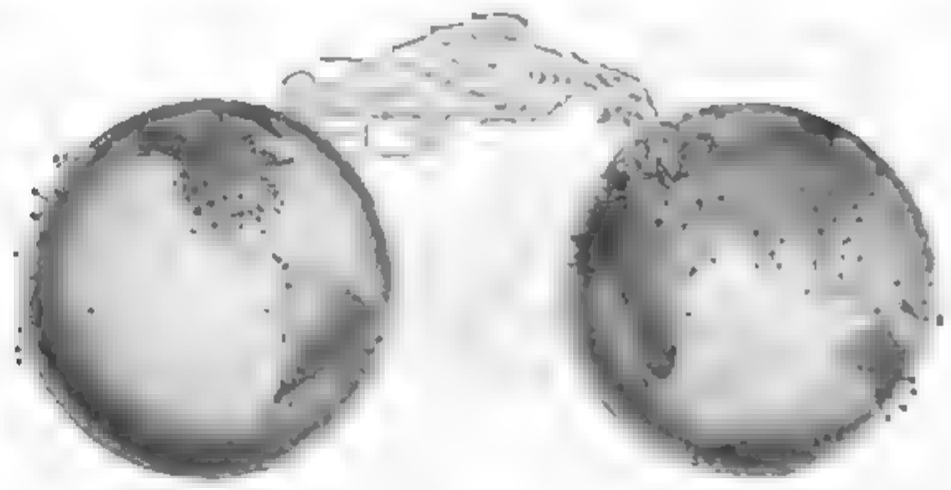
AUTOMOBILES	1919 Models		1918 Models		1917 Models		1916 Models		1915 Models	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Auburn (4 cyl)							A	Arc	A	Ar
Auburn (6 cyl)	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc
Auburn (6-39)					A	Ar	A	Arc		
Buick	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Chalmers			A	A			A	Arc	Ar	A
" (6-40)							A	A		
" (6-48)	A	A			A	A	A	A		
Chandler Six	A	A	Ar	Ar	A	A	Ar	Arc	A	Ar
Chevrolet	A	Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	A
" (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" (F A)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Cole							Arc	Ar	A	Ar
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cunningham									Arc	Ar
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Ar	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	F	F
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Federal	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
Federal (Model S-X)			A	A	A	A				
Federal (Special)			A	Ar						
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	A	A	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	Ar	Arc	A
" (Conl	Ar	A								
" (Model 1)	A	A								
Hayes	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hudson							A	A	Ar	Ar
" (Super Six)	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Hupmobile	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	A
King									A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Commercial)			Arc	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (Model 6-55)							A	A	A	A
" (" ")			A	A	A	A				
Liberty Six (Series)			Ar	Arc	A	A	Ar	A	Ar	Arc
" (Model					A	Arc	A	Ar		
Locomobile	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon			A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl					A	A	A	A		
Maxwell	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
" (Model				Arc	Ar	A		Arc	Ar	Ar
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar
" (T-35									Ar	Ar
Mitchell	A	A	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
" (6 cyl							A	A		
Moline-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Monroe			A	Ar	A	A	E	F	A	Arc
" (Model M4					A	A				
" (Model M	A	A								
Moon			A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
Nash	A	Arc	A	Ar						
" (Model A-6			A	A						
" (Light	A	A	A	A						
National	A	Arc	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A	Ar	A	Arc
" (12 cyl							A	A		
Nelson	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Oakland	A	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	Arc	Ar	Ar
" (8 cyl							A	A		
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	Ar	Ar			Ar	Ar	Ar	Ar
" (6 cyl	A	A	A	A	Arc	Ar			Ar	Ar
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Overland	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	Ar
Packard									A	Arc
" (12	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Commercial	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige									A	Ar
" (6 cyl	Ar	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar
" (" "							A	Ar		
" (" "					A	Ar				
" (" "	A	Ar	A	A						
" (Speedster	A	A								
Paterson	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Ar	A	A	Ar	A
Peerless			Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	A	Ar	Ar
" (8 cyl	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	Arc
" (Commercial	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Scripps	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	
Selden	Ar	Ar	Ar	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	B
" (Model					A	Ar				Arc
Simplex			A	A	A	A	A	A	Ar	
Stearns	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	Ar
" (Knight	A	A	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Ar	Ar	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Velie									A	A
" (4 cyl			Arc	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Ar	Ar	A
" (Model									Arc	
Westcott			A	A	A	A	A	A		
White			A	Ar	A	Ar	Ar	Arc	Arc	A
" (Sixteen Valve										Arc
Willys	A	A	Arc	Ar	A	A				
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	
Winton			A	A						A
Wolverine									Arc	



Many Times the Proof

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THE average motor truck consumes in a year, due to greater mileage and heavier duty, many times as much gasoline and many times as much lubricating oil as the average passenger car.

The heavy duty conditions under which motor trucks operate subject the oil to a more severe test than in passenger car operation. Poor oil shows up its inferiority. Gargoyle Mobiloils show up their superiority, economy and efficiency.

Hundreds of tests are made every year under engineering supervision to determine comparative oil values based on *engine results*.

In test after test of this kind, Gargoyle Mobiloils demonstrate their superiority. When compared in a scientific way, Gargoyle Mobiloils show greater economy in use, greater freedom from carbon and greater protection to the frictional surfaces.

In Melbourne, Australia, the engine of one omnibus using Gargoyle Mobiloils was taken down after running 100,000 miles. All frictional surfaces were found in perfect condition. No wonder that American supremacy in Scientific Lubrication is recognized in all parts of the globe.

Only one thing counts—*engine results*. Physical tests of the oil do not forecast *engine results*. Home-made tests cannot indicate *engine results*. The only valuable test is the test of service.

Maximum *engine results* are secured only when scientific lubrication is employed. Scientific lubrication means the use of an oil that meets with scientific exactness the lubricating requirements of the engine. The oil must be correct in body and high in quality to meet the test of service.

There are between 190 and 490 frictional surfaces in your engine. Every one must be protected by a scientifically correct oil film if you are to get *engine results*. The Chart will solve this problem. It is printed in part on the left. A booklet, "Correct Lubrication," containing the complete Chart will be mailed you on request.

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A grade for each type of motor

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY — *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world* — NEW YORK, U.S.A.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY *Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.* NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Borden's
THE NATION'S MILK

Eagle Brand
Evaporated Milk
Malted Milk
Milk Chocolate
Condensed Coffee

* * *

Established 1857

Have you had trouble overcooking your desserts?

TAKE rice pudding, for example. No one likes to have the grains of rice actually *cooked to pieces* until there is simply one thick mass of starchy matter—all the genuine rice-flavor—all the palatability—gone.

"But," you reply, "if I don't cook it and cook it and cook it, it won't be creamy. The milk needs that much cooking to thicken it." Not if you use Eagle Brand for your dessert cooking. That is the answer. Eagle Brand is *already* creamy. The water has been already removed. So by adding Eagle Brand instead of milk you get the creaminess and you don't spoil the rice flavor.

Eagle Brand is only pure milk and sugar, combined in proportions that make it very convenient for all dessert cooking. There is no guesswork—the same proportions of milk and sugar are always there, and the sugar is a great economy besides.

Eagle Brand dessert cooking is very easy and convenient as soon as you know how to apply Eagle Brand to your recipes.

The Borden Book of Recipes shows you how. It doesn't supplant your regular recipes—just shows how to cook with Eagle Brand—the economical way to have delicious desserts. Send for it now—free for the asking.

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EAGLE
BRAND
by which their Preserved Milk will hereafter be designated; and for additional protection against imposition, each label will bear the signature,
Gail Borden
THE BORDEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, U. S. A

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Kindly send me your free Eagle Brand Book of Recipes.

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Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
(CONDENSED MILK)

(Continued from Page 155)

profiteering." I have heard one of the most conservative and reasonable labor leaders in the country maintain that garment makers were selling their goods from 200 to 300 per cent higher than they needed to.

Nor have the authorities shown any lack of zeal and ability. They have hit out hard, and besides the weapons of the law they have used the force of publicity, and plenty of persuasion and tactful cooperation.

Yet what do we see? The British Food Controller, though a great friend of the working people, recently announced that the profiteer except in certain instances could not be found, and "if it were possible to abolish him altogether there would be no material effect upon the present level of prices." The head of a large community council of defense with 2000 members told me that many of the members complained of profiteering, but he could not cite a single example where it had been found.

Says John H. Sherburne, the chairman of a commission which has spent half a year in investigating prices in Massachusetts:

"The average fair-price committee is loaded for profiteers. Just what a profiteer is, everybody has a different opinion. I have had at least eighteen different ideas in the six months I have been at work. We have hunted and cornered them and thought we had one with his horns all ready to be mounted, but, when we finally came to apply the last knife, in some way or other he has proved that he really was doing about as an ordinary American citizen would do under ordinary conditions."

No one can accuse Royal Meeker, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, of being unduly prejudiced in favor of capitalists. But Mr. Meeker in speaking of the profiteer says: "His influence in boosting prices is negligible. If all the profiteers in the world could be apprehended and thrown into jail or lined up and shot it would have no appreciable influence upon prices."

A newspaper man recently asked this question of everyone he met: "Who and where are the profiteers?" The question was put to at least two hundred people, including those he met on pleasure as well as on business. "Everyone answered without hesitation that there were profiteers," he says. "Some even went so far as to say who and where the profiteers were, but when it came to giving you any clew to a specific instance you might trace down they stopped. I sent half a dozen letters to different parts of the country, and the answers that came back were the same."

What is a Profiteer?

Even the public authorities who are most vigorous in their denunciation of profiteers and most emphatic in promises of what they are going to do usually end their statements to the public by exhortations to be economical, with a further tacit admission at the bottom of the newspaper column that the remedy lies with the people themselves.

So confused and chaotic are the prevailing ideas on this whole subject that the president of a retail merchants' association sent his secretary to the public library to discover a definition of profiteering, but without avail. It is not only that the thing itself is hard to find but men have the utmost difficulty in agreeing upon what they are looking for.

However, I consider this disagreement on definition as a rather imaginary difficulty. An excessive or exorbitant profit is a question of fact. If facts are available reasonable men ought to agree. The question is not one of definition primarily, but whether great numbers of business men are in reality making profits which considering all the present conditions are excessive and exorbitant from the point of view of the public good.

Nothing which has been said in this article is intended to disprove the existence on an enormous scale of profit making. Profits which before the war would have been considered not only exceptional and abnormal but even extortionate are now almost universal. Nor is there any denying that many classes of business men are running literally wild in the matter of both prices and profits. They seem to have lost their balance and standards of normality.

Many people, even leading business men, consider this profiteering, and even will admit their own part in it if you do not quote them. One of the leading textile manufacturers in the country writes me as follows:

"In my opinion profiteering is being practiced universally, I might say without exception, among manufacturers, retailers, jobbers, commission men, and especially dealers in raw materials. All of the abovementioned business interests are exacting abnormal profits. I am free to confess that our profits are exceptional, yet we have the reputation of being the most reasonable in prices of any manufacturer in the country, and considerably below the market at all times."

If this statement is accurate as it stands, without modification, then the acid of greed has almost eaten away the moral foundations of our national life. I am not prepared to admit that such is the case without delving deeper into the causes and meaning of this universal condition which the manufacturer describes. No one should use the word "profiteering" without deliberately intending to imply censure and a lowering of moral standards. Because profits to-day seem abnormal and exceptional by prewar standards it does not follow that the country's ethics have been shot to pieces.

In the first place it is important to distinguish between extravagance and profiteering. Large profits on articles of standard make may be profiteering when they represent only a normal return on luxuries or articles of extreme style. If a shoe manufacturer charged the Government as much for a regulation last of army shoe as he does the dealers who distribute fancy-top creations whose style changes every year he would be a profiteer.

The High Price of Caviar

Two women went to the chairman of the fair-price committee in New York City and complained because a hotel had charged them eighteen dollars for Russian caviar. Of course they were politely shown out of the room, for the purchase of caviar is optional. It is not a necessary of life.

I have heard a somewhat flossy acquaintance of mine complain because an ultrafashionable hotel in New York charged him several dollars apiece for cocktails about a year before prohibition came in. The gentleman, however, received only scant sympathy from his hearers, and deserved none.

Excessive charges for extreme styles or articles which are unquestionably in the luxury class do not constitute profiteering in any sense. Of course the luxury vender may be unwise and may overreach himself, but from the point of view of the public welfare that is no one's business but his own and involves no question of social ethics. If a merchant can induce people to pay $200 for a pair of unusual silk stockings or $110 for a cigarette holder it is altogether a very private matter which does not concern the public, no matter how many thousands per cent the merchant may make.

In one city the fair-price committee set out to reduce the cost of living in what has always been considered the poorer section of the city and one that is much visited by tourists. A shoe retailer in these supposed slums at the instance of the committee put on sale a large number of plain shoes on an army last to retail at $6.50. He could have made a good profit at that price, but none of the residents of the section where he is located would buy the shoes and he had to move them finally at a much lower price and one which resulted in heavy loss. Meanwhile he put on sale some fancy shoes at sixteen dollars and sold them at a big profit.

No manufacturer, middleman or retailer should be accused of profiteering until a sufficient allowance is made for luxury spending and extravagance. Of course the reader will say that prices of necessaries also have risen, but let us postpone that question for a little while. The only point I am now making is that people who pay extravagant prices for fancy articles are not the ones to point the finger of scorn. I went into a fashionable shoe store in New York to ask the proprietor his opinion of prices.

The store was filled with customers and the owner said: "You know I do not sell any cheap shoes and do not pretend to. Yet I have more customers than ever before. Does it look to you as if many of the people in here are worrying about the cost? Did you see any bread and soup lines on Broadway as you came along, such as you would have seen in 1913 when prices, including those for shoes, were low?"

Just before Christmas the stores in Chicago, New York and other large cities were swept as by a cyclone. The shelves were bare of goods and in some cases people could not get into the stores. In Newark, New Jersey, one of the large stores had to open its employees' entrance to the public. On Christmas Day I asked a woman of much experience and wide observation whether she thought that merchants had become more greedy than in the past.

"The greed is not all on the side of the seller," she said. "There is just as much greed on the side of the buyer."

Extravagance has had one very bad effect. With many manufacturers and retailers there is more profit normally in the high-priced fashionable article than in the low or moderate priced article of standard type or style. It has always been to the interest of many business men to push the stylish and high-priced article at the expense of the other. But extravagance has intensified this condition. The public seems now to have very little choice between crude and very inferior goods on one hand and the finest quality on the other. Both seem obtainable in sufficient quantity, but the medium priced and styled garment appears more difficult to obtain.

I do not mean to say that careful shopping will not disclose moderate-priced articles. But never before have manufacturers and retailers both gone after the high-priced trade so eagerly. Just how far this condition is due to the public's greed for fancy goods and how far to the dealer's greed for fancy profits is hard to say. Personally the writer feels that in this particular respect many dealers and makers of goods as well are under grave suspicion. The burden of proof rests upon them. If they really want to prove that they are not profiteers they had better take to heart these sentences from a speech recently made to a convention of shoe dealers:

"You know yourselves that the lasts in the factories that make the cheaper shoes are idle. Why? Because all of you say there is more money in luxury shoes; there is more money in high-priced shoes. It is better business and you go and demand from the manufacturer these higher-priced shoes and there is more money in it for him. Act for the public. Tell the manufacturer that there may be more money now for him in the higher-priced shoes, but the long game is in the end the profitable game. Get him to put out a shoe for eight dollars that is just exactly as good as the one you sell for twelve dollars, and advertise it. You will get the class of trade that you are going to use for the next twenty years."

Even the trade papers published for the merchants themselves admit that not enough effort is being made to sell the lower-priced goods.

When Turkey Was Fourteen Cents

"While it might not have been the intention of the store to discredit low-priced goods a show window was seen yesterday that contained a rather sharp contrast between what a high price would secure and what could be obtained for less money. The display of low-priced garments appeared to be in keeping with the economy sales advocated by the Government. Alongside of these ill-fitting and carelessly made models were shown some designs combining perfect workmanship with excellent materials. For the poorly made garments as much as $24.50 was asked, and to show these off to their worst advantage were models priced up to eighty-five dollars."

But the extravagance of the public on one side and the willingness of dealers to take advantage of it do not strike very deep into the subject of profiteering. I told a friend about this article and remarked that it was very difficult even to define the word "profiteer."

"I don't think so," he replied. "A profiteer is one who takes advantage of a situation to charge more than formerly when it costs him no more to do business."

Ah, but there's the rub! A great deal of what the public in its haste calls profiteering is only apparent, to be lost almost immediately by the recipient when he turns to spend his income and confronts in his turn the high cost of living.

When you or I go to a store and find that the price of an article has advanced our first instinct is of annoyance or even anger. But how about the merchant? Have his expenses remained stationary? An old German butcher at Christmas time said that he remembered when he bought turkeys wholesale at ten cents a pound and sold them at fourteen.

"Nobody kicked then. Now I buy at fifty-five cents, sell at sixty-two, and my customers call me a profiteer."

It is a prevalent idea that anyone who charges more than he did a few years ago is a profiteer. That is, of course, the sheerest nonsense. I went into a little tailor shop recently and the tailor said that his spools of thread had risen from forty cents to $1.25; his cloth had gone up threefold and the wages of his helpers from twenty-five to forty dollars a week. Such figures can be duplicated a thousand times and then we shall not be finished with them.

"Talk about profiteering," said a banker of considerable wealth. "I have a bootmaker who used to charge me eighteen dollars and then went up to thirty dollars. At first I thought he was doing me, and so I asked him whether his business was profitable. He showed me his books and I discovered that he was actually making less money than before. He was passing it all on in increased wages, rent and the like. So I made him put his price up to thirty-four dollars."

The Drop in Production

Retailers have learned from long and stern experience that the ratio of profit must keep constant—that is, a few have learned the lesson and the rest have failed or merely made a meager living. If it was necessary for a retailer to make a gross profit of, say, thirty per cent on his sales six years ago it is even more necessary now. If the cost of his business has risen it is a matter of life and death to him to raise the amount of his gross profits. No man should be treated as a profiteer who takes out of his business enough to provide for his living. Most of us know that it takes more to live than it used to.

If the purchasing power of the dollar has declined as much as most of us have been led to believe, why is it that so many people become outraged when a dealer expects somewhat higher profit than five or six years ago? Are the dollars which make up the annual profits of a grocer, milkman or shoe dealer any more elastic, do they buy any more, than any other man's dollar? It's a poor rule, so we have been told, that works only one way.

Much has been said recently about the falling off in production and the world-wide disinclination to work. These subjects are not under discussion in this article, but there is little doubt that production has fallen off in many lines. Wherever that takes place the expenses of doing business go up more than the actual drop in production. This is because overhead expenses cannot be reduced at once, and become proportionately greater.

Of course the fact that manufacturers and retailers alike have greatly increased expenses to bear does not free some of them from charges of making excessive profits. But many people seem to forget that the costs of doing business must be met. Business men are paid for their personal services, the use of their capital and for the risk they assume. On a newspaper page recently two items appeared side by side, the curious juxtaposition probably not being intentional. One item told of the outrageous cost of grapefruit in a New York hotel and the other told the story of the brief lives of most New York hotels and how rapidly they go out of fashion.

A paper manufacturer was recently telling about the enormous price which he paid for half a million pounds of glue. He frowned as he related the incident, and then his face broke into a smile as he said: "But I used to buy glue from those people at less than it cost them to make it."

Of course what we see going on universally is a very simple thing, an effort on the part of everybody to pass on to his customer the increased cost of what he himself has to pay. In other words everyone is trying to escape the penalty of the war and the decreased purchasing power of the dollar which has followed it. The war was a great calamity. It is supposed to have cost fully $340,000,000,000. It resulted in the destruction of property, a scarcity of goods and labor, the demoralization of markets and the laws of trade, and a vicious inflation of credit and currency. In all probability this nice little bill will have to be paid for, but those who are able to raise their wages or profits fast enough are simply passing the buck to someone else. It is not

(Continued on Page 162)

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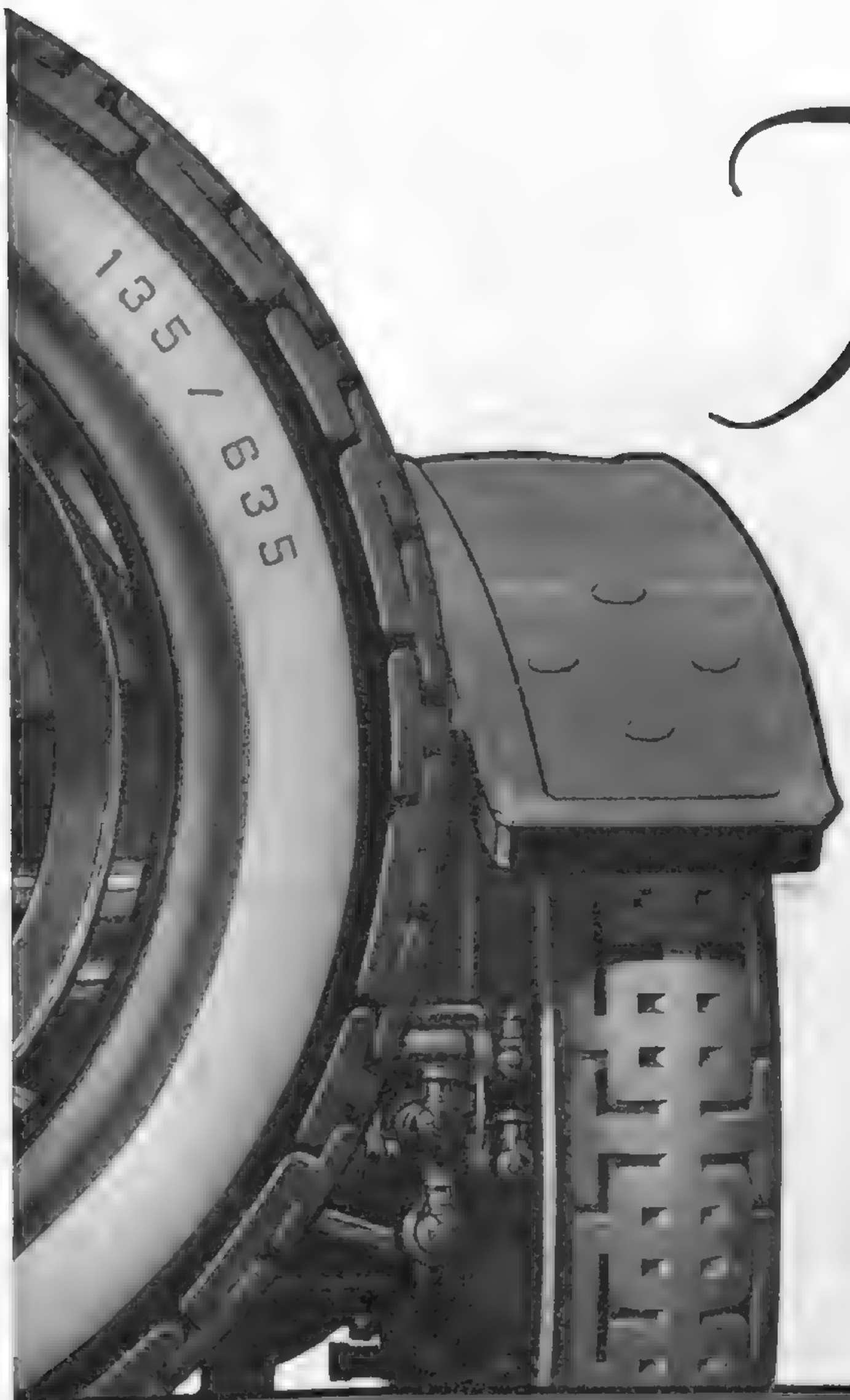

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CORDS

(Continued from Page 159)

so much a reprehensible thing, ethically considered, as it is a frantic effort to postpone the dreaded day of reckoning.

Professor Irving Fisher, one of the country's ablest students of price movements, has explained this game of passing the buck more clearly and forcibly perhaps than anyone else. He says the evils of both rising and falling prices are well illustrated by two recent sharply contrasted periods—that from 1873 to 1896 and that from 1896 to the close of the great war.

"Prices were falling during the first of these two periods. People who had things to sell—the farmer and the active business man—complained that their profits were being cut down or entirely wiped out; for the prices of their products kept falling while many of the charges they had to meet—interest, rent, and so forth—remained fixed. On the other hand people who had money to lend—the 'bloated bondholder' and the 'dead hand'—estates, foundations, hospitals, endowed churches and universities—were coming 'to own the earth.' Their money incomes were fixed, but each dollar would buy more and more every year. For the same reason salaried clerks were waxing fat.

"But from 1896 to the present, with prices rising instead of falling, the luck changed. The creditor, in his various guises of bondholder, savings-bank depositor, lessor, salaried man and wage earner, became the victim; while the stockholder, the farmer, the business enterpriser and the bull speculator were the winners in the lottery. In a word good luck befell the man who took what was left—the so-called profiteer—after paying a nearly fixed number of dollars—each with a diminished purchasing power—for his operating expenses, his interest, rent, wages, salary, and so forth.

"Hence it is that a new class of rich now inhabits the palaces on Fifth Avenue. The 'bloated bondholders' could not keep up the old magnificence under the growing strain of high prices. They have given place to the 'profiteers.' In these two phrases the great untutored public shows a curious intuitive sense for the truth which it cannot comprehend. It knows at least 'who got the money.' It fails to understand the cause of price movements, but it sees who made money out of them at the expense of others and seeks a remedy against these winners.

"Shakspere stated an economic truth when he said, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' This tide between 1873 and 1896 carried the bondholders on to fortune and made them 'bloated,' while between 1896 and to-day it carried the stockholders on to fortune and made them 'profiteers.'"

Can You Blame Them?

"It will do no good, of course, to rail at the lucky winners in the lottery. The public was greatly mistaken in attributing low prices to the 'strangle hold' of wicked bondholders and it is equally mistaken to-day in attributing high prices to the personal turpitude of profiteers. The fault is not theirs. While they have, in a sense, won their neighbors' stakes or picked their neighbors' pockets, they did so without intent to defraud. They have simply played the game. We should stop the game, not blame those who played it.

"How can we blame a business man—especially one who as officer of a corporation acts in the interest of others whose capital he is managing—for getting the best prices he can? We cannot expect him to sell below the market. In fact if market conditions cause profits to fall in his lap, he would be recreant in duty to throw them away. What we should aim to do is to make such abnormal market conditions impossible."

We are now close to the heart of profiteering. One of the chief reasons for the high prices of shoes, clothing and the like is the almost universal and for the most part amazingly successful effort of dealers to get into the lucky class and keep from having their pockets picked by the next great sweep in prices, which they fear will be downward. Or, to be more technical, I refer, of course, to the widespread practice of all the dealers involved of selling goods on the basis of what it will probably cost to replace them rather than what it cost to buy them. The public has no conception, nor can any language of mine begin to convey an idea, of how serious a factor this custom has been in pushing up prices.

The practice has become far more general than ever before of selling goods not on a basis of a fair profit added to the actual cost but on a basis of the probable or feared cost of replacing them. In other words almost every dealer in goods has been playing safe with a double margin.

As one merchandise manager says: "If a thing costs two dollars to-day and is going to cost three dollars next spring the retailer is apt to price the goods which he now has in stock on the basis of a cost of two dollars and a half or even three dollars. He will tell you that the market price will come down and he must mark his goods somewhere near their replacement value, and he must make greater profits now to take care of the losses he may swallow in case the market goes back from three to two dollars. Now the retailer figures that way, the jobber figures that way, the manufacturer figures that way on his raw material and even his labor, and the producer of cotton figures that way. You can see that everybody is carrying his goods as though he were riding for a fall, and where he has been doing that for the last two and possibly three years he has been making a lot of money and getting more than normal profits on a great deal of his merchandise."

Uncertainties of the Future

Dealers are afraid that prices have gone so high that the public may soon rebel and refuse to buy anything except food. Of course the wave has a crest somewhere. Prices cannot rise forever without a smash-up or panic of some sort in which many dealers in goods would go on the rocks. To protect themselves against this possible slump later on they have been stretching their profits to an extent which if it were not for this fear would be beyond all reason. The astonishing feature of the situation is brought out strikingly in the following statement from a textile manufacturer:

"Conditions under which we are all doing business are tantalizing, full of uncertainties, and everybody is looking for the day when the top will have been reached and when the slide will begin. This is, of course, a natural business instinct. This feeling of uncertainty started with the first advances, and the general policy has been for everybody to take all the profits they could get, clean up, and be ready for the drop. However, this has been going on for about six seasons, and prices are still going up, with everybody taking the additional profit each season."

It is not literally true, of course, that all goods are being sold on this basis. Many of the larger and stronger concerns are able to sell at least part of their merchandise at prices proportionate to the original cost. Nor are business men by any means agreed that it is wholly proper to mark all their stock up to the replacement costs that they fear for the future.

There are many notable exceptions in the way of moderation, which incidentally are sometimes taken advantage of. A certain very large steel company is reputed to have kept the price of a product at $3 75 though the smaller companies were selling at $4 50. Meanwhile jobbers were said to be buying from the big company and loudly praising its moderation and public spirit while at the same time selling to retailers as if the cost had been $4.50 to them.

But there is no lack of outspoken defense of this marking-up process. As one speaker said at a jobbers' convention, if a man does not insure against future losses he is called a bad merchant and if he does he is called a profiteer. Certainly it is desirable that business concerns should have ample cash reserves and be in a position to meet emergencies. The question is where to draw the line. In a period of rising prices the public always forgets the losses that have so often been sustained on a falling market. As L. D. H. Weld, manager of the commercial-research department of Swift & Co., said to a recent convention of shoe merchants:

"It is just as legitimate to sell goods for what they will bring on a rising market as to sell them for what they will bring on a falling market. The unexpected profits of the rising market are necessary to protect the merchant for the inevitable drop that will follow some day—no one knows when.

"The principle is nowhere better illustrated than in the packing business. In selling cured pork products, for example, we sell them to-day at the prevailing market price, irrespective of the original price paid for the hogs two or three months ago. Last spring we bought hogs at seventeen and a half cents. In July they went up to twenty-three cents, and pork products went up accordingly. For a while we had the pleasure of selling meat from seventeen-and-a-half-cent hogs at prices equivalent to twenty-three-cent hogs.

"Then in August the price dropped from twenty-three cents to fifteen cents, and we had the pleasure of selling meats that cost us twenty-three cents live weight, on the basis of fifteen-cent hogs. Swift & Co. took a loss of over $10,000,000 in six weeks on the pork products in process of cure. Do you call that profiteering?"

Back of every discussion of the high cost of living, back of every aspect and conception of what is called profiteering, lies the stark, horrid fact which all the legislation and attorney-generals on earth cannot alter, that the world is short of goods. The direst punishment for greedy profiteers will not prevail against the remorseless, inevitable effect of natural laws, and one of those laws has it that as long as production falls below consumption prices will rise.

Catch every profiteer, boil him alive in oil, and prices will continue to rise as long as people have about twice as much money with which to purchase a smaller amount of goods.

The world is long on money and short on goods. High prices are only symptoms, like the headache in a cold. Prices are high all over the world, in Japan as well as Chicago, in Russia and Australia as well as New York. What we want is more goods, and the profiteers will vanish like a mist. Robinson Crusoe was in about the same position when he remarked:

"I smiled to myself at the sight of this money"—which he had found in a locker. "O drug," said I aloud, "what art thou good for? Thou art not worth to me—no, not the taking off the ground; one of these knives is worth all this heap."

But exactly how does this shortage or scarcity of goods fit in with profiteering? Because to-day the market is solely a sellers' market and has been so for several years, the law of supply and demand is demoralized, because it is mostly demand and very little supply. Buyers have been overbidding each other in order to get their share, with the result that extraordinary temptation has been put before anyone who has anything to sell.

"What we call profiteering to-day," said the textile manufacturer who has been quoted several times before in this article, "is simply pricing goods at less than what buyers will pay, and yet enabling the seller to make enormous profits."

Is This Man a Profiteer?

Let us be quite clear and explicit on this point. Let us get down to cases. The writer is acquainted with a lumberman running two large camps cutting hardwood timber. This man borrowed money a number of years ago to buy the lands, and the interest and taxes on the purchase ate up all the profits right down to the end of 1919. It is true that he is making large profits now, but for more than ten years there was no demand for these lands, and anyone who bought the lands in 1907 or 1908 and who sold even as recently as 1916 or 1917 would hardly have made four per cent on the investment.

This lumberman was selling logs on the cars at his camps six months ago for from twenty to thirty dollars a log, according to the wood. To-day he is selling the same type of logs from twenty-six to forty dollars, hemlock and maple having jumped from twenty to twenty-six and twenty-eight, and birch, basswood and elm having gone up from twenty-eight and thirty to forty dollars each. Incidentally it may be remarked that the cost of cutting the logs, hauling and loading them on the cars has risen since before the war nearly 300 per cent. But that is not the point to be considered here.

The significant fact is that the lumberman on his last revised schedule of prices—twenty-six to forty dollars—made about a month ago, actually could have gotten at least two dollars more if he had held out at all. The buyers were very anxious to get the lumber at the prices given.

As the lumberman says: "Am I a profiteer? These prices were offered me. I suppose when large mill owners offered me forty dollars for my logs I should have said: 'No, I will take the old price of twenty-eight dollars.'"

There has been no end of talk about the falling off in production and the scarcity of goods, but little real general understanding of the situation. It merely stupefies people to quote long rows of figures to show how world supplies of this or that have fallen. One or two concrete cases are easier to comprehend. For instance, consider the hosiery industry.

All full-fashioned hosiery machinery has heretofore been made in Germany, but for five years no machines have been imported into the United States, England, France, Spain or other countries. During the war and since, the demand for this kind of hosiery—which is said to be the highest grade made—has increased enormously, especially in silk hosiery. The plants in the Allied countries of Europe were shut down or converted to other uses during the war, and the few manufacturers in this country were confronted with the problem of supplying the world.

One of the largest makers in this line has actually refused attractive offers from foreign buyers who were willing to pay anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred per cent higher prices than even the enormously increased domestic scale, the company preferring to confine its product to the United States.

This same condition exists in many other industries, and can be duplicated in detail over and over. The simple fact is that this country has been called upon to supply the world with raw materials and manufactured products which formerly were supplied by England and Germany, especially by Germany. We exported $4,000,000,000 more goods in 1919 than we imported in spite of the manifest check upon exports because of Europe's difficulty in arranging payment.

Why Furniture is High

More than this, aside from any question of actual extravagance, the scarcity of goods has been accentuated by enormously increased domestic buying. For one thing, the South has become a new retail customer. A few years ago manufacturers hesitated in some cases to develop business in the South. Markets were poor and retailers demanded long credits. But the discovery of oil in the Southwestern States, the high price of tobacco in the eastern tier and the fabulous prosperity of the entire South as the result of cotton prices have resulted in a surprising increase in demand.

Retailers now discount their bills, and whereas in the past buyers from cities of 100,000 said that only "500 counted," it is now more likely that 95,000 count. The South has become a customer of the industrial regions of the country in the sense in which the West alone used to be.

There is another highly important development which perhaps people are not altogether willing to face, but which might as well be reckoned with. There is not the slightest doubt that the enormous development of the automobile in the last few years has made the shortage of certain products distinctly worse. Tires use up about 400,000 pounds of cotton each year, and the amount is growing.

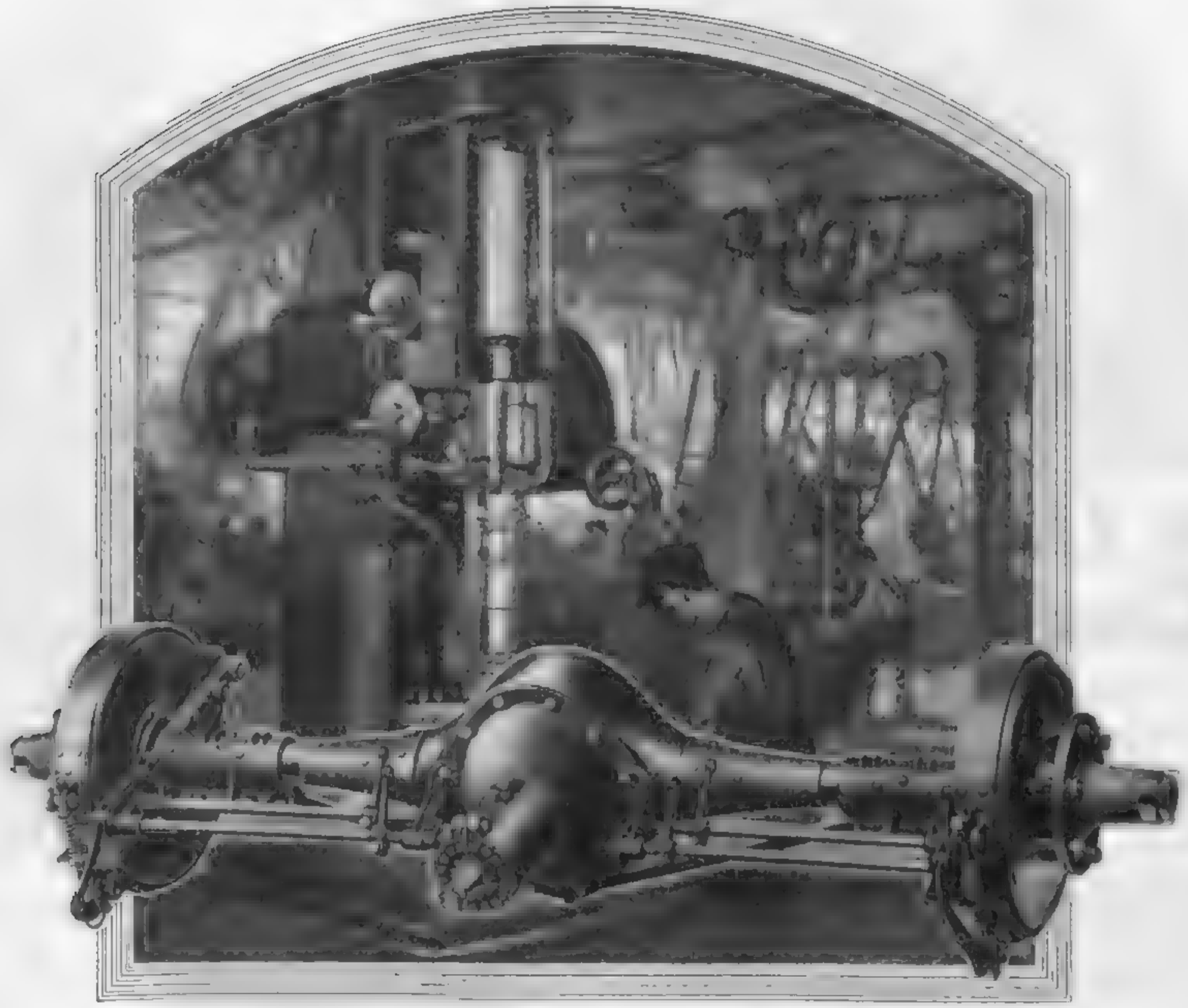
One reason for the high prices and shortage of certain types of furniture is the difficulty of getting mirrors. One glass manufacturer sells eighty per cent of his output to the automobile makers. The automobile has become by leaps and bounds a consumer of materials that formerly went into other products. This statement is not made in criticism of the automobile. It is probably worth all and more than it costs. Obviously the automobile makes up in other directions what it causes us to lose in high prices.

Of course there is one cause of scarcity that will not prove permanent, and that is the stocking up or replacement of goods following the economy of the war period. In course of time people who denied themselves furniture and clothes during the war will get back to a reasonably normal basis of spending. All the returned soldiers will have stocked themselves up with civilian clothes, and millions of newly rich, whether of the employing or employee classes, will have satiated themselves with furs, jewels, furnishings and belongings in general.

A furniture manufacturer, after describing in detail the reasons why prices of furniture have risen, remarked with point and accuracy: "Yet the demand still keeps up, and remember it is not cheap furniture but expensive furniture. For my part I can hardly understand such an excessive demand at the present prices except that with everything else advancing in price nine

(Concluded on Page 165)

SALISBURY AXLES



The accuracy with which parts of the Salisbury Axle are machined to exact measurement stands as an example of the precise methods which have been responsible for the uniform excellence of our product. Perfect relation of working parts is one of the foundation stones of Salisbury Quality.

For fourteen years we have been building axles for motor cars. During all this time it has been our aim to produce a product which would be worthy of the institution behind it. That we have accomplished this is evidenced by the place which Salisbury holds today in the axle industry and estimation of the motoring public.

SALISBURY AXLE COMPANY, JAMESTOWN, N. Y., U. S. A.

How Can You Tell a Good Sponge?

By Elmer R. Murphey, President

SPONGES grow in almost endless variety. Like diamonds, they have a wide range of value. It is difficult for most people to determine this.

You can always tell the value of a sponge bearing the "Colossus" trade-mark.

The "Colossus" label on a bale of sponges means that every sponge in the bale is not only uniform in size and true to grade, but is a *pure sponge*—free from such impurities as glucose, or Epsom salts, often put into the sponges to add weight and deceive the buyer.

The "Colossus" tag on a sponge in your dealer's store means that the sponge is carefully selected according to its grade, and priced according to its value.

Look for the "Colossus" trade-mark and you will always get full value when buying sponges.

JAMES H. RHODES & COMPANY
America's Leading Sponge Packers
153-159 W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill. 115-117 Fulton St., New York City
San Francisco Cleveland Cincinnati Philadelphia Detroit

Manufacturers and Producers of Sponges, Chamois, Pumice Stone, Steel Wool, Felt Wheels, Buffs, Felt and Cut Felts, Emery, Rouge and Abrasives

Colossus Sponges

Dealers

Take the guesswork out of your sponge business by selling "Colossus" Sponges packed in case assortments graded, price tagged and guaranteed to your customers under a trade-mark known wherever sponges are used. You can supply practically any demand for sponges with our $13.35 "Colossus" Assortment. Ask your jobber. *Write us today for catalog.*

COLOSSUS OF RHODES
TRADE-MARK

You can always tell a "Colossus" Sponge or a bale of "Colossus" Sponges by the Colossus of Rhodes trade-mark. Look for it. It's your guide to pure sponges.

(Concluded from Page 162)

people out of ten have made money and for four or five years during the war they did economize and consequently now feel able and can buy."

"Our customers cannot get the goods they want," said a banker who deals with many merchants. "They are lucky if they get an apportionment from the mills. There is a big department store we have done business with for more than fifty years. It seemed to be dying of dry rot. The older partners had gone and the newer generation showed no ability. But this last holiday season they were swept off their feet. Old unsalable stocks which they had been carrying for years were taken away by eager customers.

"The only thing they couldn't sell were some handkerchiefs priced at seventeen cents, and the manager told me that no one would buy a handkerchief at less than twenty-five cents. The store is in splendid shape now, and I know of hundreds of firms which were just scraping bottom before the war which are making plenty of money now."

I have hardly more than indicated the extent of the scarcity and eagerness of the demand for goods. Any child with eyes to see can bear witness. Everywhere you hear women complain that they cannot buy what they want. Evening gowns are not to be had. The ordinary brands of men's underwear are often difficult to get. The scarcity is a matter of the commonest everyday observation.

Under such conditions it has been as natural for the average merchant to get all he can as it would be natural for you or me to sell a piece of real estate at a higher price after gold has been found under the ground than when it was only a piece of waste land.

The actual effect of scarcity is perhaps not fully understood. It may seem simple enough, but there are certain steps in the process of merchandising under conditions of unusual shortage which need to be explained. At such a time the large, strong, well-connected retailer gets first call upon the stocks of goods that the manufacturer has to sell. The larger retailer in many lines buys direct from the manufacturer, and when there is a scarcity he is apportioned a certain fairly regular amount of goods.

But at such a time the manufacturer can pay no attention whatever to the small and especially to the new retailer. Moreover, the new and small retailer is more likely to buy through a jobber even in normal times. Now see what happens when scarcity appears. This is an actual case.

From Chairs to Church Bells

The shortage of certain grades of furniture has been particularly acute. A retailer having but lately entered the business and having no regular connections with manufacturers found he could buy no stock through the regular channels. He went direct to the makers and was told that all the stock had been sold to large dealers and department stores. Not to be rebuffed in this way he drew out a considerable sum in cash from his bank, went direct to the factory and plumped a pile of bills of large denomination down on the desk in front of the astonished manufacturer.

"Here's the money," said the retailer. "Never mind when you make delivery. I'll take the furniture when you can give it to me, but you take the money now."

"Get out of here," shouted the manufacturer.

"Isn't my money as good as anyone else's?" replied the retailer.

"Not here," replied the manufacturer; and with the help of a foreman he actually ejected the merchant from the building by main force.

But the merchant had to have the furniture or go out of business. Therefore if any speculator or broker could be found with a little furniture to sell, the retailer had to go to him and pay his price. This is exactly what has happened to thousands of small, weak retailers in various lines. Particularly have small haberdashers been obliged to resort to middlemen because the mills have had nothing to sell except to the big stores in each city. Of course the little fellow has to pay more for his goods getting them in this way, and he has to charge the customer more.

It is scarcity which makes for speculation, not speculation which makes for scarcity. The newspapers have reported the indignation of the Clerical deputies in the Bavarian Diet because of the shameless profiteering and extortion going on in church bells. It appears that during the war the bells were commandeered for munition purposes, but that the Armistice arrived before all the bells had been converted, and the government had in its possession plenty of bell metal, broken bells and even undamaged church bells. But the government instead of returning the metal and bells to the churches, so these deputies charged, sold it to firms and dealers outside of Bavaria.

Prices Forced Up by Speculation

The result is an enormous, a shameless rise in the price of bell metal. "What does the state government intend to do to prevent such shameless extortion?" is the eloquent but altogether childish plea of the Clerical deputies. What do they expect? As well remove a man's tongue and expect him to speak as to tear all the church bells out of the steeples, send the metal outside the country and then expect to replace them easily. It took generations, perhaps centuries, to make all those church bells. You cannot destroy the normal processes of trade and then expect trade to go on normally. You might as well remove all the white corpuscles from a man's blood and count upon him to resist disease as well as before.

"The profiteers are not to be found among the legitimate business men or brokers," says the chairman of an important fair-price committee. "It is the second-rate broker who is the real profiteer—the man without an office, who buys up an option on a small quantity of goods and holds it until someone is forced to purchase. These small brokers would not make any special difference if there were only a few, but when you multiply them by the thousands in all parts of the country the amount of food that they deal in has some effect on the market."

"As in all other trades where demand begins to run away with supply as we have it now, there is immediately attracted to the industry a speculative element whose only interest in the trade is to gamble on the skins brought into the market by sound and responsible dealers, and to increase the ultimate cost to the public," said an authority on fur who was recently quoted in a trade publication.

"A typical illustration of how this speculation is carried on is the following instance that came under my observation: A certain dealer whom we will call Dealer Number One made a purchase of three bales of skins on the basis of $1.50 a skin. He turned these skins over to a dresser and while they were in process of being dressed made a sale to another dealer at a profit of twenty per cent. Dealer Number Two did not take the time to make an examination of the skins, but immediately made a sale to Dealer Number Three at a profit. Dealer Number Three likewise made a sale to Dealer Number Four at a profit. Dealer Number Four made a sale at once to Dealer Number Five at a profit on a basis of $4.50 a skin. Through these transactions the price advanced from $1.50 to $4.50, an increase of 200 per cent, a factitious price having been created on this class of skins by the actions of the speculative element in the industry. Dealer Number Five before making the purchase demanded a right of examination, which was granted after he had deposited $1000 as evidence of good faith in the matter. When he made the examination he found to his surprise that the skins were not at all suitable for use in the fur trade and were only good for the hatters; so he immediately demanded the return of the deposit. After that began the scramble of the other speculators to get out of the deal as best they could."

The curse of a scarcity market is the natural failure of the ordinary channels of distribution to meet the strain, and the consequent and almost inevitable springing up of all manner of petty speculators. But I fail to see the logic or usefulness of wasting time upon the petty speculators. If a rather strong parallel may be permitted, and one which I have used before, the way to prevent maggots from feeding upon a dead body is to keep life in that body. To destroy the worms after life has gone does not bring back the vital spark.

If conditions are so unnatural as to break down the usual channels of merchandising it will do no good to rail at the gadflies which hover about. What we want is health and normality, and the flies will disappear.

Another bad feature of a scarcity or sellers' market is that prices which consumers pay of necessity lag behind producers' prices. Even when hides have fallen in price and cattle on the hoof bring the farmer less than before we must from the very nature of the case continue to pay high prices for shoes and beefsteak. Call the packers, manufacturers and all the rest of them buccaneers if you will, but that does not alter the fact that it takes from six months to a year to work through from raw materials to finished goods. Therefore the high prices of many raw materials of last summer will not be and cannot be fully reflected in prices to the consumer before this coming spring and summer.

The Crushing Burden of Taxes

From the time a hide is purchased it may be six months to a year before it is on the shelves of the retailer in the form of a shoe. Present consumers' prices are pretty much those paid to producers last spring. The statistician of the American Writing Paper Company, who has made an interesting study of the cost of living, refers to the fact that eggs may actually be higher when more of them are in storage then when only a few are held.

"The egg put in storage now," he says, "was laid by a hen raised in 1918 from grain raised in 1917, and the grain was sowed by a man whose clothes were made in 1916 from cotton raised in 1915. Thus it will take years before the high costs of production have spent themselves."

One of the chief reasons why the older standards of profit making have been abandoned is the effort of business men to pass on to others the enormous burden of taxation incident to the war. Many authorities even contend that the present excess-profits tax is the keystone of the arch of high prices. It was the evident intention of Congress to make the stockholders of rich corporations bear this tax. But for the most part the corporations—and everyone else in business for that matter, including all the small dealers and retailers—have been successful in passing the tax on in the form of higher prices for what they have to sell.

Congress and the public generally had the idea that an excess-profits tax was in some way a device to check profits. But in reality it has enlarged them.

Taxes always have been and probably always will be considered an expense of doing business, just like interest charges on borrowed capital or fire insurance. Now the fact that these excess-profits taxes are indefinite because based on a sliding scale and therefore impossible to compute before the end of the year leads to the practice of setting up a reserve, which cannot be computed definitely in advance. The result has been that very liberal reserves have been set up.

Each member of the distributive chain, from the producer of the raw material to the retailer—and there may be a dozen of them—feels obliged to make ample allowance to cover the tax. Not knowing exactly what the tax is going to be he more than covers it. He wants to make as large profits with the tax as without it. But not knowing just how large an element in the expense of doing business his tax will be he raises the prices for his product more than he otherwise would. He aims to play safe.

The High Cost of Snowballs

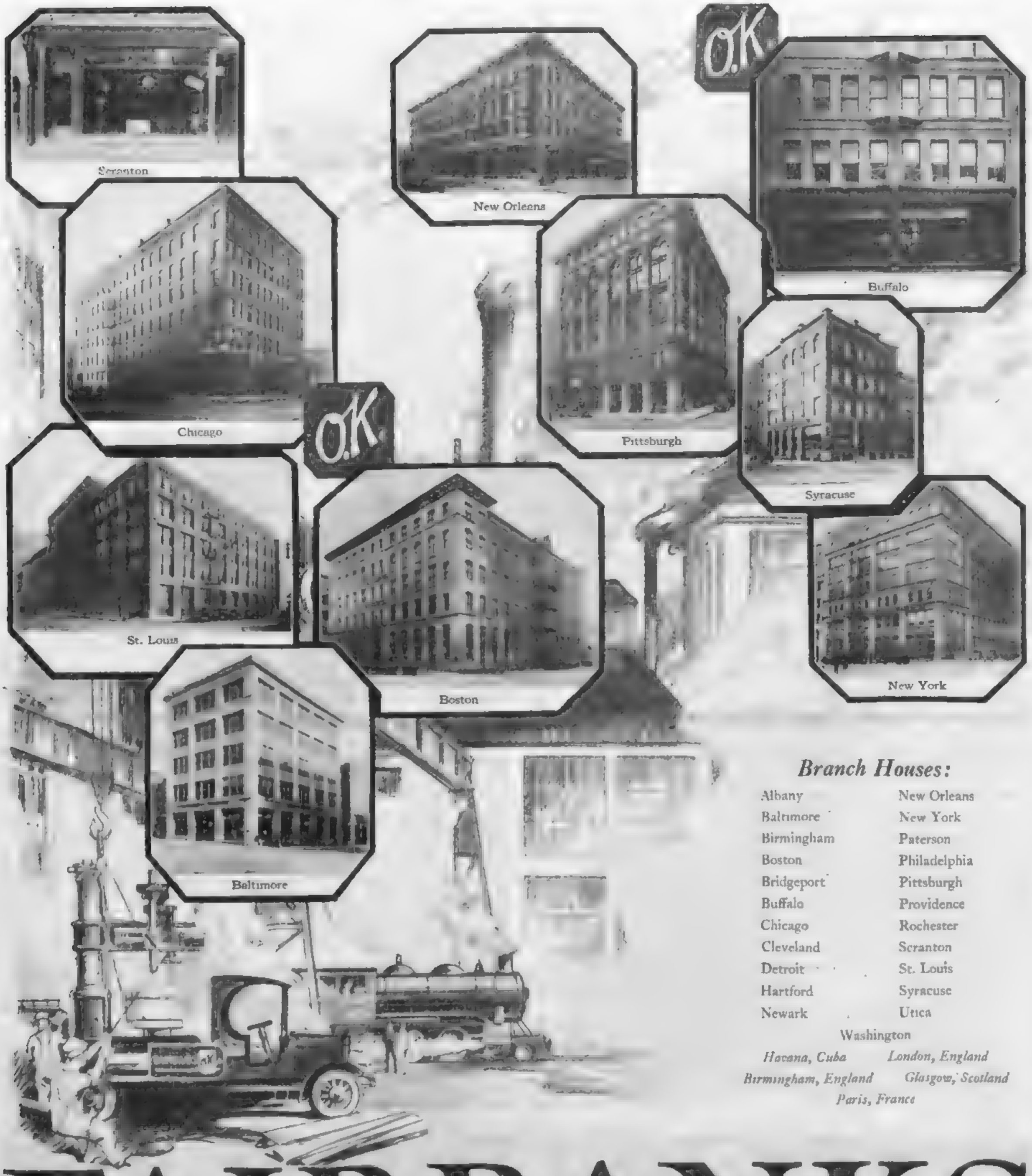
Call this profiteering if you like. But the business man who does not make a liberal allowance for the tax is considered an unsound executive. In this case it is not the man who is to blame, it is the tax. But the allowance for the tax grows as it is passed on. It becomes like the snowball rolling downhill. It is one of the most vicious links in that endless chain of the high cost of living. In one study of the effect of the tax on prices it is estimated that one to fifty excess-profits taxes are included in every article sold.

The amount of the excess-profits tax that a concern must pay depends as much upon its capitalization as upon the actual amount of profits. In figuring the tax the relation of the profits to capitalization is highly important. It follows that certain concerns are forced to give up more of their profits than others because this relation, or ratio, varies. This induces some concerns, which are otherwise afraid of being left behind in the race, to demand more profits than others need, and the others follow. Naturally the decided shortage of goods has made such a procedure easy.

We can hardly expect to have light taxation following a war which cost the world $340,000,000,000, and a low cost of living with high taxes is more than anyone can reasonably expect. But it ought to be within the powers of Congress to devise a tax that does not pyramid profits to the extent of the present excess-profits levy.

This and other reasons for the present era of high prices as described in detail in this article do not indicate, I submit, any general breakdown in the moral fiber of the American business man. In view of these explanations for high prices and large profits I believe that dealers should not be described as extortioners without the most damning array of evidence. It may be, however, that such evidence will emerge if we examine in detail the prices charged all along the distributing chain for several commodities.

This article has considered profits and profiteering as they relate to business in general; but perhaps different conclusions may be drawn as one studies individual businesses. It is the purpose of the next article to trace a number of commodities through from producer to consumer.



Branch Houses:

Albany	New Orleans
Baltimore	New York
Birmingham	Paterson
Boston	Philadelphia
Bridgeport	Pittsburgh
Buffalo	Providence
Chicago	Rochester
Cleveland	Scranton
Detroit	St. Louis
Hartford	Syracuse
Newark	Utica

Washington

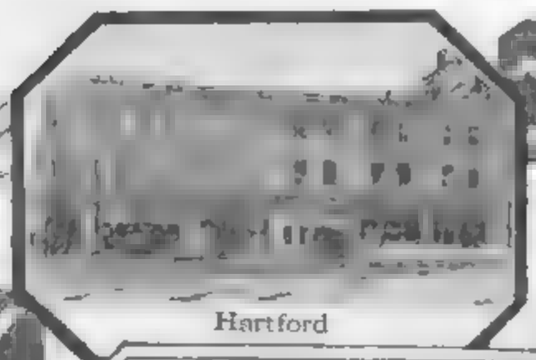
Havana, Cuba *London, England*

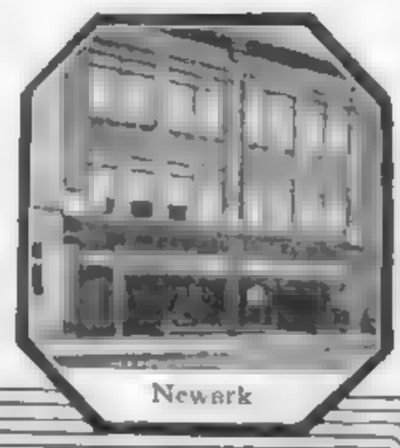
Birmingham, England *Glasgow, Scotland*

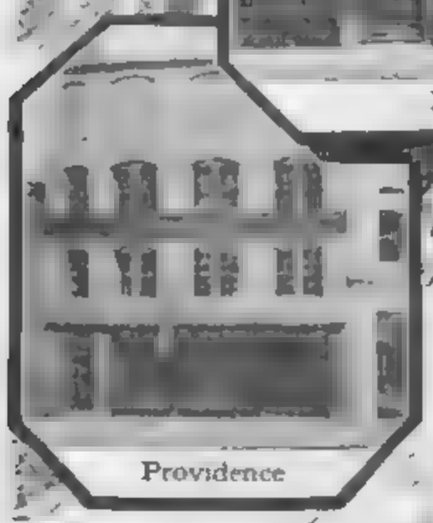
Paris, France

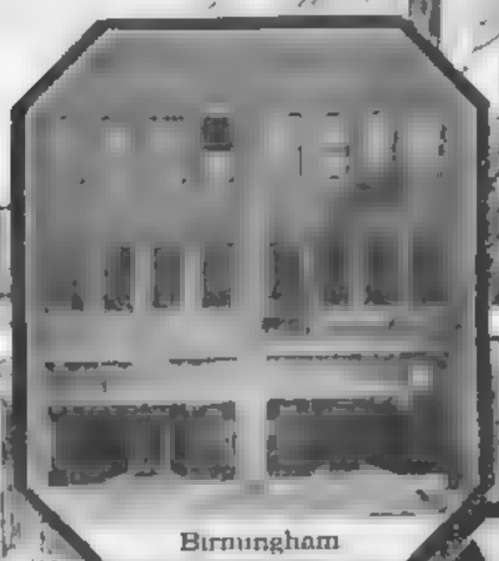
FAIRBANKS

Detroit


Hartford


Newark


Providence


Birmingham

Philadelphia

Utica

How 23 Fairbanks Branch Houses serve the Nation's Industry

THE story of The Fairbanks Company's service to the nation's industries is too big to tell in type. You may read the list of products which bear the "FAIRBANKS O.K."—and yet grasp only in part the meaning of this mark of merit on mechanical equipment and supplies.

The "FAIRBANKS O.K." and its story are told in machinery, tools and specialties for mill, factory, mine, railway, farm. Behind the symbol of quality is an idea—to supply the builders of America with all their mechanical needs; to group under a single guarantee the product of many makers, each the best in his field; to provide, in the nation's market-places, 23 Fairbanks Branch Houses with full stocks of mechanical devices of every sort.

Fairbanks valves for steam, water, air and brine; trucks for factories and warehouses; Fairbanks Scales, the world's standard weighing machines: The "FAIRBANKS O.K." guarantee is applied to these, as well as to mechanics' tools, wheelbarrows or concrete mixers. The Fairbanks line runs all the way from gasoline and oil engines and Lincoln electric motors, through belting pulleys and shafting, to a complete machine tool equipment for the largest shop.

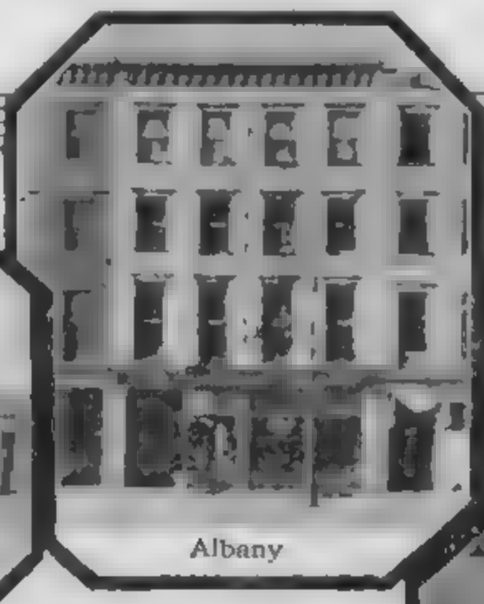
"FAIRBANKS O.K." is not only a mark of merit, applied to goods of time-tried worth; it is the standard of an organization which constantly seeks new machines—new methods—better designs to aid the nation's producers. Its service of distribution has made nationally available many useful devices which otherwise might have reached only a few users.

Thus The Fairbanks Company serves. Because it does things in a large way, it does the small things well. Its painstaking care in day-by-day details wins the confidence of buyers wherever mechanical equipment and supplies are used.

Buyers are aware that the reservoir of machines and materials in Fairbanks Branch Houses make large stocks of their own unnecessary.

THE FAIRBANKS COMPANY *Administrative Offices:* NEW YORK

Havana, Cuba


Albany

Bridgeport

This comfortable, durable classroom floor of Armstrong's Linoleum was installed by John H. Pray & Sons Company, of Boston

Exterior, Wellesley College. 4,000 square yards of Armstrong's Brown Battleship Linoleum are installed in this famous woman's college

Over 8,000 square yards of Armstrong's Linoleum are on the floors of the Bell Telephone offices, Detroit

Armstrong's Linoleum
for heavy foot traffic

HERE are views of Armstrong's Linoleum floors in Wellesley College, Bell Telephone Company offices, and in an army supply base, a hospital, and a theatre.

Although these places differ widely from one another, they have the same need for attractive, comfortable, durable, easily cleaned, sanitary, and economically maintained floors. And high-grade linoleum, such as Armstrong's, admirably fulfils these qualifications in the types of buildings shown here, also in schools, churches, clubs, hotels, lodges, and residences.

There are colors and designs for every scheme of interior decoration, whether for commercial or public buildings or for the home. The Armstrong Line includes plain colors, Jaspés in two-color moiré effects, Parquetry Inlaids which look like hardwood, and Carpet Inlaids in novel and pleasing patterns.

The telephone exchange room in the U. S. Army supply base, Brooklyn, N. Y., shows another practical use for Armstrong's Linoleum

Write us for the book of particular interest to you mentioned below. It's free

For architect, builder, decorator, and purchasing agent "Armstrong's Linoleum Floors," a convenient book containing detailed information about linoleum floors, weights, gauges, specifications for installation, etc.

For the floor-covering merchant "Building Linoleum Business," a 64-page book describing the Armstrong Selling Helps—window displays, newspaper cut service, slides, hangers, car cards, etc.

"Pocket-size Pattern Book," showing all of the 200 Armstrong's designs in full color—one-eighth actual size.

For the retail floor-covering salesman. "Helpful Hints for Linoleum Salesmen," a 52-page book of sales suggestions fully illustrated with half-tones and color plates.

For the Linoleum layer "Detailed Directions for Laying and Caring for Linoleum," a 32-page book describing in detail the most approved methods of installing and caring for linoleum floors

IN these linoleums, the colors and patterns run clear through to the burlap back, and need only an occasional waxing and polishing to maintain their original bright attractiveness.

Genuine linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour, and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Armstrong's Linoleum is of such material and construction that, when laid right, it makes a *real* and lasting floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of builder's felt paper. After the linoleum is laid, it should be rubbed thoroughly with a good floor wax.

Somewhere near you is a high-grade merchant who sells Armstrong's Linoleum. On request, he will gladly furnish samples and estimates completely covering your floor requirements.

The comfortable, silent floor of the Race Theatre, Chicago, is Armstrong's Cork Carpet

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, *Linoleum Dept.*, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

For Every Room (A) in the House

An Armstrong's hospital installation. Corridor, Connecticut Hospital for the Insane, Middletown, Conn

THE CAFÉ OF THE FIVE SISTERS

(Continued from Page 13)

Dark hair and hazel eyes, Shade Six—no, the can nearer the end of the shelf, with a flush of sunlight in it.

"The last was Sylvia, a red-headed little *divvle*. Talk about pep! Compared to Sylvia, cayenne is talcum powder; only she was nice and didn't go sifting herself on a hot stove to make folks uncomfortable. You knew she had the temper if she'd let it loose, but she was too much of a lady. She was the coffee expert. Anna, the slim princess, looked after the house and Mabel helped; and at mealtimes Mabel broiled the chickens or collated the ingredients of the corn-beef hash, browned in the pan. Each one of the girls had her own special job, and no industrial-relations guy needed to horn in on the way she did it.

"Lou was the solid member, a little the oldest, and she mothered the bunch. She was one wise owl, that Lou. Calm and poised and sweet, and when she put her foot down good and hard it was conclusive. The others knew she meant business and they could bank on her judgment. She was a natural leader—say, I don't want to go on blatting about Lou just because ——

"Well, I sported with Amanita, all right. You know, even if I do say it, Janes don't shy much at N. Jeremiah Todd. Most of 'em will come right up and take lumps of sugar out of my coat pockets and kind of whinny and expect to be patted. It was that way with the five sisters. If a lot of guys of my acquaintance had known what I'd fallen into no one would have needed to complain that the little old signboard wasn't good advertisin'—I might say, male-order advertisin' at that.

"Used to sort of touch me too—those innocent young things all ignorant and isolated that way. New York was their idea of something unattainable and far away, like Mount Blank or the famous forbidden city of Tie Bet. And, by the way, speaking of Tie Bet, reminds me of —— Well, some other time.

"They took naturally to the sportin'-in-the-shade idea, which expressed itself in the form of picnics and mountain climbin' and huntin' for mushrooms and buildin' rope swings and such. They all got to callin' me pop—all except Lou. She called me Jerry—said the Nap was all wore off. Of course I'm forty-three summers—cheese on the winters, friend, my birthday's in December.

"It was an idylicious existence, and the first week I took on ten pounds. I might have gained more if it hadn't been for my conscience naggin' me about paying only six dollars for a hundred and ninety-seven dollars' worth of food, standard New York Hotel Bandit Schedule, with a bed scented with dried heliotrope throwed in. I used to say to myself, 'Gratitude is one of the noblest emotions connected with the human system. What can I do to prove to myself that I wouldn't be capable of hangin' round the park, livin' off infants' nursing bottles?'

"Then the big idea came and abode with me like an angel that didn't mind where it—she—treaded—trodded—well, stepped. It was a scheme all fraught up with philanthropy and subtlety and financial emoluments. It possessed the elements that have always made my business ventures shine out upon the dull expanse of commerce like a carbuncle on a fat man's neck. It was as full of romance as a Harold Mac Grath plot, and crowded with variegated edibles, like one of Irvin Cobb's greatest masterpieces. You know how you feel when you have read his famous description of a roast turkey, a *chef do over* which, if he had never written anything else, would have enshrined him as one of our greatest authors, along with Ralph Waldo Longfellow, Samuel J. Coldridge and the Eliot brothers, George and Charles.

"My idea was to catch a lot of gents when they felt that way and feed them regular food.

"'Girls,' I said one evening after a frugal repast of hot cornmeal johnnycake, fried potatoes, sliced cold baked ham, one of those beaten-up omelets as light as feathers and thick as a mattress, preserved spiced pears and four-layer cake—'girls, my vacation is hastenin', not to say canterin', to its close. It is lucky for me that such is the case, otherwise I should have to buy two tickets for myself to take me back to New York. The name "Pop" that you have so affectionately christened me is sure going to have a tragic and prophetic significance when my buttons start barraging.

"'Bless your hearts,' I went on, dashing aside a manly tear of which I was in no way ashamed, 'a man that would come here and subsist for six bucks a week and not make you some adequate return ought to be condemned to inoculated desuetude in an armchair and forcibly fed with dried apples and water until he floated away like a balloon and was heard of no more until he exploded in the rarefied atmosphere of the upper regions.

"'I accordingly invite you all to come with me to New York at my expense. I have practically every dollar of my snowplow money in my belt. As long as a penny of it remains it is yours, and you shall revel in the hectic gayeties of the Hotel Marthy Custis or the Y. W. C. A., have a hired chaperon, and go to the movies six nights a week.'

"I paused dramatically. All the girls drew one big, gasping breath, held it as long as was humanly possible and expelled it like Annette Kellermann rising from the sea.

"'Furthermore,' I went on, 'I will guarantee you the fruition of your fondest dreams in the matter of ——'

"Another pause.

"'Well?' breathed the five innocents.

"'Husbands!' I snapped the word out so sudden they all jumped and grabbed their chairs. While the idea percolated I talked.

"'Every girl is entitled to at least one husband. Life is hollow and incomplete for the female of the species who has never learned how it feels to dominate a being bigger and stronger than she is—to make him cringe at her slightest frown, jump through a hoop, lie down and play dead and rack his brain for the elusive alibi when he blows in at two A. M.

"'And as a matter of plain fairness, not only it's an injustice to yourself to remain unmarried, but it's a greater injustice to the five handsome, spirited, affectionate and wealthy young men who, somewhere in this broad land, though they don't know it yet, await the opportunity to let you henpeck 'em.

"'Girls, if this were only that dear Turkey—but say no more. On the summit of my bean the flies blithesomely practice the Dutch roll and the figure eight. Time has set its mark upon me with indelible ink. Thanks to you girls I have attained a prominence appreciated by no one but my tailor, who will have to make me an entirely new outfit of clothes. His bill will be so big I shall have to burn it in two installments. I have spoiled a bum Adonis to make a still bummer Falstaff; and as a husband I guess I'm out of the running.'

"I sniffed, and wiped away another drop of honest brine. Mabel, she of the Irish eyes and sugar-coated tongue, shot me a look. She said she thought that for a man of my weight I had a distinguished carriage, and wasn't it remarkable how a stout party could often dance better than a thin man.

"'Mabel, darlin',' I says in an imitation brogue, 'bless the blarneyin' tongue of ye, but thim honeyed words will never make a silver-mesh bag out of a pig in a poke.'

"Then I went on and made further oration, outlinin' my scheme for despoilin' the Philistines at so much per despoil, and obtainin' for every lovely sister a millionaire husband. It was a plot all oozing with plums and plausibility. It was safe. It was financial to a high degree. And it was adventure upon a sea as yet uncharted by the jolly brotherhood of beefsteak buccaneers controlling the hotels and restaurants of little old Manhattan.

"It went over big. It looked pretty easy. It had its aesthetic side too. It appealed to the sentimental and philanthropical depths of the feminine cosmogony. Those five beautiful and soft-hearted angels were going to do New York good. Yes, I felt that under my guidance they would do it good and proper.

"Now you know what the germ was that lay at the root of the Café of the Five Sisters. But I have yet to relate to you how it flourished like a green bay hoss until in time the fel. foot of circumstance handed it the *coup de* what d'you call it and deprived our fair city of the only place where robbery was ever justified by the quality of the grub.

"I invaded the dim and sounding Isle of Manhattan followed closely by my five assorted Minervas, dressed in the best clothes they owned. Jumping Moses! Wasn't I glad to get 'em herded into the hotel before the police got me for parading without a license! How would you like to pilot a bunch of Sis Hopkinses through New York, with the entire populace turned out to hand 'em the hearty laugh? It's a terrible test of faith in the feminine sex, friend.

"I got rooms for 'em, and then I sent out for one of those professional shoppers.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I give you *carte du jour* and *habeas corpus*. Go as far as you like.'

"Then I enriched her with much green and yellow currency and she departed away with a glad fierce light in her eyes. Late in the afternoon she brought home the spoils and was welcomed with loud squeals of delight. The carnage was terrible. She handed me back a dollar and sixty-three cents, after figuring up her expenditures and her commission, but I was too dazed to take it.

"All I said was, 'You stick round and help 'em get into a suitable assortment of these here duds to eat in without bein' mobbed, and I'll wait in the tesselated foyer until they come down.'

"So by and by down they all came, and the shopping lady went hence with her net increment distributed variously about her clothes—she had too much to put in any one place.

"But I decided it was worth all it had cost. Clothes may not make the man, but —— Well, when I headed the procession that invaded the dining room of that hotel a new chapter of the Great American Fraternity of Rubbernecks was opened in due and ancient form.

"When I got a chance I put Lou wise, and that night, while her four sisters were asleep, she did with her hands and arms and malice beforehand, contrary to the peace and quietude of the state, clandestinely abstract and embezzle all the clothes the bunch had struck town in, including her own, and made a big bundle of 'em. She sent 'em down to me by a lady bell hop sixty-four years old and I imparted them hurriedly to a panhandler on the street, who, I presume, went and swapped them for a glass of this here desecrated essence of hopeless, hopless hop with which we are not fooling the honest workin' man.

"Next day I went and found a lawyer and had myself incorporated, capital one hundred thousand dollars, all fully paid up and nonassessable. Then I swapped with myself all the visible assets and good will and copyright privileges of myself and my big idea in exchange for the capital stock. The visible assets consisted mainly of about three thousand dollars, which was all the shopping lady had left me after the girls were outfitted.

"Also, in due and legal form, I caused to be entered into between Napoleon J. Todd, Inc., sole proprietor and lessee of the embryonic Café of the Five Sisters, and each of the said five sisters, a good and valid contract, consisting of about sixteen pages of closely typewritten matter, which none of 'em bothered to read. They all smiled trustingly, however, and affixed the name on the dotted line. They just simply knew anything pop asked 'em to do was all right.

"I took forty-nine per cent of the capital stock and divided it into five equal parts, as near as I could, and gave each girl her part. Substantially, therefore, I was only owner of about fifty-one per cent of myself. It gave me a kind of funny feeling, thus to apportion myself out in what would appear to be a reckless and prodigal manner. I wondered if all six of us ought to go to the tailor's when I picked out some new clothes; but I decided that I was, after all, the majority of me, so I didn't have to call a meeting of the directors to select a pattern. I had a right difficult hour showing the girls why they were not a majority of me, being, as it appeared, five to one, but they finally seemed satisfied.

"After that I took a couple of days and got a location—you remember, corner of —— Yes, that's right—up one flight. We hung out a dinky little shingle like a combination jig-saw and burnt-wood masterpiece—and say, it looked sort of pathetic and helpless, down there among all the big brass signs of brokers and bankers and bond houses that controlled all the wealth in the U. S. I guess I meant it should.

"That wasn't until we got the café all fixed up, though. We'd brought down a little of the old-fashioned furniture and the braided rugs and such from the farm, and the girls got busy and made window curtains and ruffles and things out of some blue goods —— Yes, cretonne. We bought a lot of small tables and rush-bottom chairs; and we built the grill and serving counter along one side, with a cashier's desk at the end. Say, what was left of my snowplow money just about got the bunch of us a sandwich apiece the night before we opened.

"Work! I never saw anyone work the way those five sisters did. Everything they knew about home makin' came in handy, and it was a whole lot. The place looked immense. I guess you'd call it quaint, but it was more than that—it was substantial, and somehow it made you think of one of those scrubbed-up farmhouse kitchens. We even had a copy of the Old Farmers' Almanac hangin' on a hook.

"We opened on a Wednesday, at eleven. No one gave us a tumble until just about twelve, and then we heard scuffin' footsteps on the stairs and our first customer ambled in. He was an elderly gent, in a high hat like you've seen in pictures of Stephen A. Douglas and he kind of peeked in as if he was scared of somethin'.

"Then he spied Lou. Oh, my eye! Wasn't she the noblest work of a beneficent Creator, assisted by the subtleties of one of the best costumers in New York! Her get-up—and it was the same as the other four had on—was foolishly simple. You remember, that kind of a kerchief effect with blue gingham and the cap and all. A knockout! And down the line, like well-trained soldiers, stood Billie and Anna and Sylvia, with Mabel waiting behind the little cashier's cage, all ready to do the strong-arm work. I picked her for that job, and I sure did use swell judgment.

"Old Fuzzy Hat gave a gasp and darn near swallowed his store teeth. As luck would have it, I knew him. I was standin' near the door, and I scribbled a line on my little memo pad: 'We've hooked a whale! It's Æsop Geltner,' and slipped it to Lou.

"You know Æsop—richest old scrunger between Trinity and the East River. I suppose he'd drifted in looking for a new way to beat the game. I once heard he had a lunch limit of thirty cents.

"He picked up a shiny copper tray and shoved it along the counter. Quick as a flash Lou gave him a small bowl of soup. I could see the smoke of it wreathing round his nose. With the soup he got one of Lou's best smiles.

"'Lovely day, isn't it?' she said. Æsop grinned and forgot to ask the price of the soup.

"'Finest in the world,' he cackled; I don't know whether he meant the soup or the weather.

"He progressed. Billie contributed a half chicken, done to a buttery brown, still hissing contentedly as if it had enjoyed its nap on the hot coals. Along with the chicken went a muffin, built on the general specifications of a powder puff. Old Æsop got out his handkerchief and dried the corners of his mouth.

"Anna, with a big sharp knife, whittled off some slices of a real Virginia razorback ham and laid them on his plate, along with a preserved peach entirely smothered in its own sirup, in a little dish. Then Sylvia gave him a dab of fluffy beaten potato, a cup of coffee, pitcher of cream and a narrow wedge of what I will venture to say was the first honest-to-goodness, genuine home-baked apple pie that was ever seen in Wall Street.

"The financier poked off to one of the little tables and got busy. When he cast a thin lip over the muffin he rolled his eyes piteously heavenward, as if he regretted a long, barren and empty life. He almost wept when he got to the chicken, and when he reached the coffee and pie he was close to maudlin.

"Meantime some other customers drifted in. I reckon the jig-saw sign excited their sympathy and the Five Sisters roused their curiosity. They got their trays and draped themselves round the room, and most of 'em shot sidelong looks at old Æsop. They knew who he was all right.

(Continued on Page 173)

~~Battery Repairs~~ Better Service

THREAD RUBBER

BATTERY REPAIRS are often the result of poor battery service, lack of battery service—or failure to use the real, trained battery service which the Willard organization has provided for the car owners of America in over seventeen hundred places.

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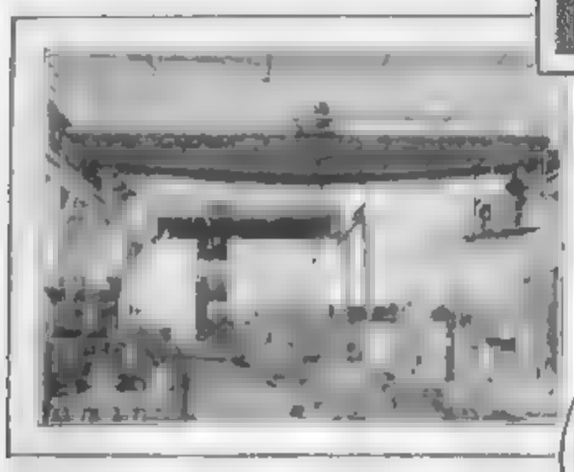

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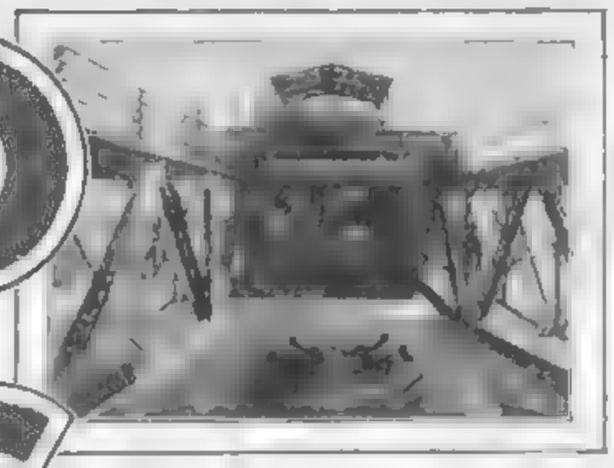

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Any capacity—5 to 400 tons—for any service

THE TOLEDO BRIDGE & CRANE CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Giants on the Job

(Continued from Page 169)

"I watched 'em pretty close, and somehow they seemed to be in a kind of daze. They couldn't believe their own eyesight or their own palates. If you had told them there was such food in New York they would have said you were a slave of some habit connected with hallucinations and delusions. Meeting it face to face like this they still doubted; but they ate all right.

"When Geltner finished he got up and tottered over to Mabel's cage.

"'How much, my dear?' he demanded in that thin cackling voice, so that the rest of the lunchers looked up.

"'Three dollars,' says Mabel, flashing him a smile and a look out of her Irish eyes. I held my breath.

"Æsop gazed at Mabel with a kind of paleness spreading over his features. For a moment I thought the shock was going to be too much for him. Then his lips began to work, as if he was making a courageous effort to form appropriate language for the occasion. I anticipated that his first word would be: 'Outrageous!'

"'I hope everything was satisfactory, Mr. Geltner,' purred Mabel. You see, Lou had passed my memo along the line. The old fellow gasped, and for a second time that day just escaped swallowing his teeth.

"Suddenly he gathered his scattered forces together and dug into his pocket for an antique and rusty leather poke, from which he extracted three one-dollar bills as tenderly as if they had been made o' spun glass.

"'Very good indeed,' he squeaked. 'I don't know when I've tasted apple pie like that.'

"He grinned cheerfully and shuffled out. I could hear him thumping down the stairs one step at a time.

"'He'll be back,' I thought. By George, he was; two or three times a week. And later the papers announced that he'd given two million dollars to some charity or other. Say, I'll bet it was the wholesome influence of that three-dollar food that warmed the old boy up to the givin' point. He'd never done such a thing before.

"With a dozen customers in the room you can be sure the news that we charged three dollars for a lunch wasn't long in spreadin' through the financial district, and it was a great send-off to have old Æsop for our first customer. The combination of nerve and novelty made an instantaneous hit.

"Of course some of the customers hollered their heads off the first few days. That kind didn't come back. But to a lot of those boys three dollars didn't mean any more than two bits, provided they got what they wanted. The big price was a great advertisement, and the privilege of being served by those five radiant sisters sure made the luncheon look reasonable. I don't need to tell you there was a sprinklin' of four-flushers in the bunch who couldn't afford the price; but they didn't last. I don't believe any restaurant ever built up a solider clientele or did it in the same length of time.

"There is nothing that the average man kids himself about as he does about his eats.

"You hear him say: 'I seldom eat a hearty lunch; makes me so drowsy in the afternoon; oh, dear me, yes. Just a hasty bite satisfies me—sandwich and cuppa coffee, y'know. And I eat a very, very light breakfast!'

"That's all right about the breakfast, because a man that gets up at seven-forty-five, bathes, shaves and catches the eight-fifteen really hasn't much opportunity to gorge himself. And he honestly believes he's telling the truth about the sandwich. But at least four days out of six he's so hungry on account of his skimpy breakfast that he goes out to lunch with Bill or Charlie and he guesses half a dozen Cotuits would go pretty good, and a couple of chops and some hashed-brown potatoes, and something sweet, with a cup of coffee and a few water crackers and a bit of cheese—oh, yes, ordinarily he just snatches a hasty sandwich—he never forgets the apology, even while he's stuffing himself, which he does with a hunted look in his eye. To-day is the exception. Oh, hunk!

"If all the hasty-sandwich boys weren't deluding themselves there wouldn't be a living in the restaurant business, and the Cafe of the Five Sisters would never have been started. The reason we built up a big business was that our customers appreciated a good square meal. Not much psychology about that, eh?

"I got to be the original old Aunt Sophrony when it came to the demon-chaperon stuff. Those girls were as safe as they would have been in a nunnery. Absolutely nothing rough was permitted, and the guests soon tumbled to that. Anyone with a tendency to be fresh very suddenly found that he'd better shower his patronage on some other beanery. It was funny to watch the earnest and well-meanin' ones tryin' to make good with the sisters and still stick inside the bounds of strict propriety.

"I had 'em all neatly catalogued by classes. I took pains to know the names of the good old reliable repeaters and I got the Dun and Bradstreet on every one of 'em. I'll say there were maybe two hundred of these, averaging two or three times a week. With the transients we did a business of about a hundred lunches a day. It was all we could handle and keep up the standard. So when we reached the limit we simply put up the rope. Usually we had a line of 'em extendin' down the stairs and out into the street. Think of it—keepin' all that wealth waitin'. A newspaper man wrote it up for a Sunday feature, and called it New York's New Bread Line.

"I did the marketing myself. Had to get up mighty early in the morning, but it paid. There was never an ounce of meat that we used that I didn't give my personal up-and-down. Same way with vegetables. If I couldn't get the best I didn't buy. I went away back into Jersey and Westchester for some things—butter and eggs and new green stuff.

"And we stuck absolutely to old-fashioned cooking. Ever eat any genuine New England apple dowdy, molasses flavor, baked in a deep earthenware dish? Do you know the difference between a real State-of-Maine fish chowder and the common chowder of commerce?

"What, in your opinion, is the most universally popular fruit? The onion, friend, the onion—if you know how to use it. Do you know the proper way to make apple sauce to go with roast ribs of prime young poke—no, no, never say pawk. Always speak of it lovingly and kindly—poke, not por-r-rk.

"Did you ever, in your wanderings to and fro or vichy versa upon this tight little island—of course it isn't so tight as it was up to and including June thirtieth—meet up with a real honest-to-goodness edible codfish cake? The codfish cake of New York is useful for keeping the draft from shutting the door or heaving at the cat—but as an article of diet it enjoys an unpopularity easy to understand.

"A codfish cake worthy of the name possesses as much delicacy of texture as a wad of whipped cream. It is browned just a trifle darker and more golden than the tan on the arm of a blond girl after two weeks at Asbury Park. And it is all studded with tiny little nodules of crispness that crumble on your tongue and melt away into nowhere, leaving behind a flavor that just tantalizes you, but never quite satisfies.

"There is nothing vulgar or plebeian about a codfish cake. It is an aristocrat among Yankee delicacies. It must not be smothered and degraded by a flood of heavy reddish fluid which can be used interchangeably as soup or sauce. To bring out the subtle goodness of the codfish cake, if you insist, there is nothing that can beat genuine homemade chili sauce. Codfish cake will abundantly repay fair treatment, brother.

"I'm only just telling you some of the basic principles on which we ran the Café of the Five Sisters. I am not goin' to pose as the human bill of fare and enumerate everything we gave our patrons. If you were ever a customer you ought to remember without me goin' into details.

"After five or six weeks I got the girls together one afternoon when we'd just closed up, and spoke as follows and to wit:

"'Ladies, I'm goin' to remove the lid. I'm not goin' to pull it off entirely, bust the hinges and throw the key away. It's got to be done with decorum and a proper regard for the conventions, both national and state. But it's throwed back wide enough.

"'In other words, motor parties are now on the white list. Time limit, eleven-thirty by the village clock, and no extensions. The purpose for which you and me made coalition can be fulfilled only by givin' some of these moon-eyed guys a little encouragement. You submit the names of your candidates to me and I'll check 'em up in the card index. Remember the terms of the contract, ladies, and everything should progress as smoothly as a marriage bell. Go to it, and God bless you.'

"Well, I'll tell the world they proceeded to have one dandy time. They behaved like ladies—and that's what they were. But inside of six weeks every one of 'em was a reliable guide to all the good motor roads within fifty miles of New York. They were drawin' twenty-five dollars a week salary, much of which they'd saved; and if they needed more I let 'em draw on the exchequer. They had some good clothes; and if there's a better combination than motor rides and good clothes to please a dame I've overlooked it.

"Once in a while there'd be a mosquito in the cold cream though and they'd come to me and tell me their little troubles; and next time Mister Fresh walked into the café he turned round and walked right out again. By gollies, that bunch of runabout-owning swains found out mighty quick that a man had to be a gentleman to go with those girls.

"They were like a flock of colts turned out to pasture. You never saw anything more inspirin' in your life. They all made the most of their opportunities, I thought, except Lou. She hardly ever let any of those chaps date her up, and when she did she seemed to prefer some of the more sedate, elderly ones that liked a good play—musical comedies barred—better than hikin' round the country behind a honk-honk. Even this form of dissipation she indulged in but seldom.

"Lou was actin' treasurer of Napoleon J. Todd, Inc. She kept the books, looked after the cash and all that. Often when the others was off joy-ridin' Lou would stick round doing these little things; she was businesslike. She doted on seeing the coin roll in, and she could think of more ways than a few to keep down the overhead without nicking the service. I used to wonder if maybe she didn't overdo it a bit.

"She was in my opinion every mite as swell lookin' as any of her sisters; in fact considerable more so. Yet she'd shoo the gang off her doorstep and keep 'em at a respectful distance, smilin' all the while. So she added to her other allurements the charm of the unattainable. Dog-gone it, inside of me I was sort of pleased, in spite of my realizin' fully the disadvantages of my bald spot, accumulatin' gray hairs and exaggerated style of architecture; for I had never been able to cure myself of my addiction to the five-sisters brand of provender.

"Well, things went along for quite a spell, with the bank account growin' even faster than my waistline. Nothin' happened out of the ordinary until one day Billie came to me, very confidential, after we'd shut up shop, and made medicine like this:

"'Pop, you're such an old darlin' I just hate to tell you what I've got to.'

"Inside I chuckled; in fact, my right sleeve was all clogged up with merriment and chicanery. I knew what was comin'—or I thought I did. Billie had been goin' out once in a while with young Peter Edgett, of the National Sugar and Confectionery Bank, in which his father was a director.

"'What mischief you been up to, honey?' I asked; and, oh man, she looked good enough to eat, and was right on the verge of sheddin' some of the most fascinatin', heart-movin' tears between Spuyten Duyvil and the Aquarium.

"'I'm in love,' says Billie.

"'All in the contract,' I says, 'and fully provided for. You have a perfect right to be in love; in fact, I brought you down to New York with that very thing in mind. Lead in the victim and I will have words with him.'

"'Oh,' says Billie, 'he can't leave his desk at the bank until closing time.'

"I had a water color of young Edgett stayin' at a desk if he felt like quittin'.

"'That'll be all right,' I says. 'Peter'll run over here if you phone him.'

"'Peter?' cries Billie. 'Peter nothin'! My boy friend is Charlie Gilsey, over at the National City.'

"I fixed her with a cold and fishy eye.

"'How does this Gilsey stack up?' I demanded. 'How much dough does he assay to the ton? The contract says ——'

"'Why, thirty a week is his salary now; and he expects a raise the first of the year. Isn't that perfectly splendid! He's only twenty-two.'

"I was mad. I went to the safe and got the contract, all signed in due and regular form by the parties of the first and second parts, which was me as the president of Napoleon J. Todd, Incorporated, and Billie C. Briggs, respectively; both properly witnessed.

"'See here, young lady,' I said, 'you're under agreement to work with and for the Café of the Five Sisters, of which fifty-one per cent is me, incorporated, for a period of five years from date hereof, unless released by me under conditions as hereinafter named and specified. All matrimonial candidates has got to pass the board of censorship, which is myself. Also, in the event of your busting your connection with the business, your stock and undivided profits revert to me ——'

"'Oh, bother the old contract!' says Billie, pouting. 'I didn't know all that nonsense was in it or I wouldn't have ever signed it. Charlie and I are crazy about each other, and we expect to get married right away. Some day he'll be president of the bank, and then you'll be proud you knew us and befriended us.'

"She let loose one shiny tear that I wished I could grab and have set in a scarfpin.

"'But this Gilsey hasn't a cent,' I wailed. 'He don't even come here steady—not on thirty per.'

"'He will some day.'

"'It'll cost you twenty-two thousand five hundred berries, besides your share of the profits of the café; and I'll be out twenty-five hundred.'

"'How absurd, pop,' says Billie. 'I haven't got that much money, so how can I lose it?'

"'It stands in the contract that I can make any candidate for your heart and both hands pay me to cancel your contract, and I was figuring twenty-five thousand would be about right; and it is agreed I turn this dough over to you, less my commission of ten per cent.'

"'Why, Pop Todd!' squeals Billie. 'Aren't you the cold-blooded, mercenary old thing! Do you think I'd be a party to any such scheme?'

"'You don't flatter yourself any,' says I, 'if you don't think the lucky suitor would be gettin' a bargain.'

"But she only looked at me, reproachful, with those tears chasin' one 'nother down her cheeks, and all of a sudden I began to feel as if the electric chair would be no adequate punishment for a duck as mean as me. I had to pat her and comfort her and fetch her a wet napkin to dab her eyes with; and she tellin' me how I was the only one she had to turn to in trouble, what with havin' lost her father in early youth. Oh, thunderin' guns, what could I do?

"I tore up the contract and give Billie a check for her split of the profits to date—it was some grand little check to start housekeepin' on, let me tell you—and got her signature on her stock. Then I kissed her a fatherly kiss strongly flavored with salt, and sent her away happy.

"Next day we went out and corralled a girl to take Billie's place. Oh, of course she seemed to me pretty shy on looks, judged by my standards. Still, she may have looked pretty to some. The four remainin' sisters took her into camp and taught her some of the secrets of the almost-lost art of real cookin'. In a couple of weeks she'd got pretty handy, and our clients had nothin' to complain of, though quite a lot of 'em inquired in grieved tones what had become of Billie.

"When the gang learned that Billie was married they took new courage and assaulted the fortress of the remainin' four beauties with increased vigorousness. They figured if one could be copped out the others could. The air was full of motor rides and theater tickets and American Beauty roses. Lou continued to stand 'em off, but Anna and Mabel and Sylvia found life one round of hectic gayety.

"Then one day Anna came to me with that sheepish guilty look in her eye, and right away I hardened my heart. This time I was going to earn my commission and make good on my contract. I felt a righteous determination to protect that innocent child against her own rashness and see that she got a plush-lined husband with the bonus as made and provided by statute.

"Say, what do you think? The darned little chump was homesick. She was tired of the allurements of the great city and its vicinity, and longed for the simpler pleasures of Higginsville. Furthermore, there was a hick back home she'd known since childhood, and he possessed a thirty-acre

(Continued on Page 176)

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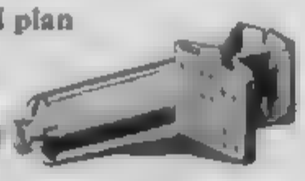


(Continued from Page 173)

farm, all free and clear. She'd been correspondin' with him ever since she'd left home, and blamed if she didn't insist she loved him and wanted to go back and wed up with him and chaperon the pigs and the lowin' kine once more.

"I gazed at the slim youthful grace of her, that would have made the Madison Square Diana look like a washwoman, and I says sorrowfully: 'Kid, don't be a fool! Don't go and waste your young life on that yap. Listen, Anna, I'll not only get you a husband and a fistful of pin money, but maybe I can fix it so later you can have a nice divorce. What more could a reasonable girl ask for? It ain't in the contract, but my motto is to always give full measure and a little bit over.'

"She wouldn't listen. The contract didn't mean anything in her young life; she hadn't even read it. She pulled a line of stuff similar to Billie's, and I, like a big boob, fell just as hard as I had before. I helped myself to another fatherly briny kiss, wrote her check, called in her stock and put her on a train for upstate in a new traveling suit and a condition of moist blissfulness.

"Next day we hired in another apprentice and things went along as usual—on the surface. But I caught myself singing, kind of lugubrious, that old song: 'Take One Beer Bottle Down From the Wall,' and so on. It sort of give me the shivers. I knew darned well I was due for another blow soon, and sure enough it came. Sylvia announced that she was goin' into the movies. She'd had a nice contract offered her. She said she filmed well and was naturally fitted for the job. When I trotted out our agreement she turned on the waterworks and wanted to know if I was goin' to stand in the way of a poor, friendless but aspirin' girl's worthy ambition, for sordid reasons like those mentioned in this document, concerning the contents of which she had, she said, never had the slightest inkling.

"So I said I wouldn't, though I sure had meant to; and the sorrel-topped beauty departed with my blessing and a nifty slice of kale to buy costumes and grease paint with. I have to hand it to her, for she sure did make good. I hear she gets five thousand a week.

"That left only Lou and Mabel, along with three new Janes that I couldn't seem to scare up a mite of personal interest in, though I suppose they were easy enough to look at. Our price and service remained the same and the business never fell off a dollar. It seemed as if the two survivors were ten times more beautiful than ever, and the assaults of the besieging hosts redoubled in fury; though the new girls got their share of attention, I noticed.

"And then came the toughest blow of all. What do you think Mabel did? She went and took the veil; yes, sir. Immured herself into a nunnery for the rest of her life. I don't know what started her, but she was as serious and sincere as a horse eatin' hay. She allowed the world and its vain pleasures no longer attracted her. She would away into a cloistered cell and spend the rest of her life in meditation, prayer and service. I asked her what better service she could render mankind than she was already doin'; and couldn't she get off by herself and meditate all she wanted to without doin' it in a cell? But she was Adam Ant.

"So next day she blew her job behind the cashier's wicket where she had played the Lady Robin Hood so cleverly, received her contract all torn into neat strips—she said she honestly didn't remember ever signing any such document—and when I was going to come through with her part of the profits she said anything sordid like money was repellent to her. So I made the check out in favor of the kids' hospital that was run by the nuns, feeling sort of solemn and righteous and philanthropic while doing it. Oh, it was all right. Ever go through a children's hospital? If you can do it dry-eyed, God have mercy on you!

"So there was me and Lou, marooned on an island of broiled chicken and apple pie, so to speak. I was owner of pretty near ninety per cent of myself, with Lou holding the balance. What was left of the profits was about equally mine and Lou's, and I wasn't quite even on my original investment. I fell into the habit of gnashing my teeth and kicking myself whenever I thought of my lost ten per cent on the twenty-five thousand each I'd planned on removing from those four successful suitors—ten thousand cool seeds, and Lou yet to be heard from. I wondered if I couldn't boost her contract to fifty thousand when the time came—and I was sure it would; but the thought gave me an awful disgusted feeling; in fact, the whole blame enterprise sort of looked cheap and shoddy and tin-horn.

"Still, I felt a sad kind of obligation toward Lou. I'd promised all the girls a rich husband, and I hadn't made good. Maybe it was their own fault, but something told me I'd bungled the job. Lou was practical, I figured. I happened to know too that she'd read her contract from beginnin' to end. She had all the good looks and charm and pep that her sisters had had, and something more—she was plumb sagacious. She was the prize pippin in the basket. Even now, with four substitutes, she was runnin' the café as smooth as ever and without any noticeable fallin' off in business. Of course she was workin' about four times as hard as she ever had before. I guess if she looked back on her life in Higginsville it must have seemed a flowery bed of ease compared to runnin' a sublimated combination of farm kitchen and Busy Bee.

"A few gents still pestered round, the persistent ones, and I watched pretty close to see which way the cat was goin' to jump. It come over me like an attack of chills and fever that the day Lou Briggs made her decision was goin' to be Blue Monday for me, no matter what time in the week it happened. It tore me in two to think of her leavin' me. I lost interest in money for my own use and behoof. Money was easy enough to get. But a girl like Lou ——

"But there was my obligation to her. A rich husband was written into the contract, and it was up to me to land him for her. I couldn't keep my self-respect and fall down on the proposition.

"And along about now I pulled the biggest bonehead play in all my career as a restaurateur. I took Lou's money and mine out of the bank and bought a block of Oozone Oil and Gas Company stock from a capitalist named Felix O'Shea. Of course we had to vote the cash out of the treasury to do it, but as I controlled about ninety per cent of the corporation Lou didn't really have much to say. She reckoned if it was my judgment to make the investment it would be all O. K. with her. We were makin' money pretty fast anyhow.

"This O'Shea was a promoter and a very smooth performer. I had been watchin' him for some weeks, and gettin' the low-down on him, and I figured him to be worth all of a couple of million. He operated a very fine suite of offices and did a large business. He was big and handsome, and possessed the gift of tongue hypnotism to a high degree. He sort of inspired you with confidence and the desire to hand him money. And you know as well as I do an easy-money bird is always a sucker for the other fellow's game. O'Shea had me so full of deep sands and anticlines and rigs and offsets and leases that I talked about 'em in my sleep. I thought Lou and I had our coin in something that faded the restaurant business to a faint washed-out baby blue that one more trip to the laundry would bleach to a pure white.

"And then Felix began shinin' up to the sole remainin' member of my original beauty quintet. In a couple of weeks he nosed out ahead of the field and had the rest of the bunch winded. He had a breezy way with him, and he worked very fast. As for me, I seemed all of a sudden to be beneath his notice. He blew in every day for his lunch and barely nodded to me like I was a page boy with no more responsible job than openin' and closin' the front door for the likes of him. Right away I began to entertain propositions and plans for assassinatin' him. Yet if Lou liked him well enough to —— Oh, dog-gone! I lost my appetite. Five-Sisters chow tasted just like ordinary hash-house grub. I was pretty far gone.

"I reckoned the showdown was comin' almost any day, and I girded up my loins to nick F. O'Shea, Esquire, for all the traffic would bear when it came to parting with that contract. All the time I felt like a cur dog promulgatin' a sheep raid.

"So one day Lou come to me and says: 'Jerry, do you want me to marry Felix O'Shea?'

"It hit me right in the solar complexion, but I managed to preserve my imperturbableness sufficient to reply: 'That's entirely up to you, my dear; providin', of course, you remember how our agreement reads.'

(Concluded on Page 178)

EDUCATION

COLORED with romance, told under a thoughtful sky, teachers of Arabia gather around them youth and age, and in the cool-quiet of the evening carry their hearers back over years of conflict and of glory.

The progress of the past is but our starting point. Those who have the advantage of following a great age often lose their opportunity by living in the past rather than for the future.

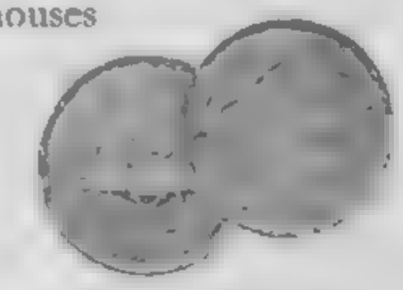
Today is forever putting yesterday on trial. History is our port of departure; a safe haven, but ungainful. Advancement is the measure of our ability; and our first forward movement comes through education.

That advertising has acted as a great educational force, a great developing energy in the life of the individual and the nation, is evidenced by everything about us that has come into being through the intelligence and activity of man. And not the least of these are the schools of the land, the schools which have grown in service and ability through the strength derived from advertising.

In this strength and service we find justification for pride; a pride born of the knowledge that hundreds of these schools have been able to increase the scope and quality of their training because of the advertising we have done for them.

This study of the ways and needs of youth has kept us before each coming generation, leading the way from the class room into industry; anticipating the changing needs of business as expressed in advertising.

So the markets of tomorrow are known to us and lend a certainty to our intimacy with the markets of today. It is this established ability to make advertising pay the advertiser and the consumer that is available to houses holding an ambition to serve.



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(Concluded from Page 176)

"'Oh, perfectly,' says Lou, cool as a cucumber; and walks out of my presence with the air of a queen steppin' on a carpet of proletariats.

"That night O'Shea showed up at my boarding place.

"'Say,' he says, quite abrupt, like you would address a man standin' in front of you at a ball game, 'what's this about some authority you have to determine which guy is qualified to marry Miss Briggs?'

"'I have such authority,' I says. 'Would you want me to exercise it in your favor?'

"'I don't give a damn whether you do or not,' he comes back. 'I'm goin' to marry her anyhow; but I told her I'd speak to you. She seemed to want me to, as a kind of formality; so you can consider yourself spoken to.'

"'Is that so?' I says, truculent. 'Well, I'll speak a few well-chosen words in my own behalf at this point in the entertainment. I have a contract with Miss Briggs that concretely and asphaltly specifies ——'

"'Forget it!' butts in Felix. 'Your contract's no good. It's invalidated by the fact that you've allowed four other parties to bust it on you.'

"'Not this contract,' I says.

"'Exactly similar ones. Also no agreement like that would stand two minutes in any court. You knew it when you had it drawn. You was bankin' on the fact that no man that fell in love with a girl would drag her name into court. He'd rather come through with the cash.'

"'I'm figurin' on the boot's bein' on the other foot. You think too much of Miss Briggs to have her mentioned publicly in this connection. Wouldn't it look nice in the newspapers ——'

"He stopped and grinned. Sometimes I reckon if I'd been half a man I'd have rose up and slayed—slewed—slaughtered him right then and there. I see he had me in a hole.

"'If Lou Briggs wants to marry a skunk like you,' I said, 'she can. A woman that hasn't got any better taste than that deserves to pick a lemon. Good night,' I says; and I kicked him enthusiastically from the door of my room to the top of the staircase and gave him a little help on the way down. It soothed me considerable. But afterwards I was full of remorse, for I had fallen down the fifth and last time. I had failed Lou just the same as I had failed the others. The only comfort I had was the thought of our investment in Oozone Oil. And if Lou married O'Shea she wouldn't need that!

"Next mornin' I went up to Times Square on an errand, and round ten o'clock I stopped and slanted at a ticker in one of the big hotels. Right there I clapped my hand to my brow and groaned so that the rest of the crowd must have thought I was hallucinated with the idea I was Sir Henry Beerbohm or Louis Mann. I did a Brodie into the Subway, and inside twenty minutes I busted into the Café of the Five Sisters with what hair I've got left standing out in all directions and a look of panicky anguish in my eyes.

"Lou was building pies and teaching one of the entered apprentices the basic principles of pastry fit for human absorption. She looked up, sort of calm and questioning.

"I says: 'You know what's happened? Oozone Oil and Gas has dropped out of sight. We're trimmed, kid, we're trimmed; and your friend Felix ——'

"Lou came up to me and laid a soothing and floury mitt on my coat sleeve. Then she propelled me, very gentle, into the little coop we called the private office.

"I looked at her, so fine and cool and queenly and—yes, by golly, sympathetic—and a big lump come in my throat.

"'To think,' I said, 'I've let myself give you up; and to that flimflammin', widow-robbin', chuckleheaded, hog-jowled crook!'

"'Hush, honey,' says Lou. 'I'm not goin' to marry him. Don't worry!'

"'Ain't you?' I half blubbered. 'Are you sure? Well, who the hell are you goin' to marry, then?'

"'Anyone you like, Jerry.'

"Well, her face was right close to mine, and I could feel the warmth and strength and wholesomeness of her. Gee! What was I to do? I grabbed her. I pretty near did a lot of damage, for I'm a strong man; but Lou is a pretty husky lump of a lady, y'betcha!

"I said: 'What's all this hocus-pocus about Felix O'Shea?'

"'Well,' said Lou, 'I knew you hadn't made a dollar out of your contracts with my sisters; and you brought us all down here and set up this business at your own expense; and your scheme had failed through no fault of yours. I made up my mind it was only decent to carry out my contract to the letter—to stand by you and give you a chance, according to the agreement. The other girls didn't understand it the way I did. You were an old dear with them, and they treated you like a stepchild. I'm not built that way. Then, when I asked you about O'Shea the other day, you were so cool and matter of fact ——'

"'Heart of my heart,' says I, 'it was because I was tryin' to keep the faith with you and see you get a rich husband, like I promised from the first. It was breakin' me all up, but ——'

"Right there Lou kissed me—and oh, boy! The doors of heaven swung wide at that moment.

"When I could get my breath I said: 'But are you satisfied marryin' a poor man? Will we go back and work the old farm? I'm plainly too unsophisticated for life in a great metroluppus.'

"'We will not!' says Lou. 'You'll be all right. This café ——'

"'This café is too good for New York,' I says. 'I'm goin' to close it. Without even one of the five original sisters it's only a hollow mockery and a fraud. Let the denizens of this benighted wilderness wallow in filet mignon and alligator-pear salad and such coarse, plebeian grub,' I says. 'I'm all through. I'm tired of restaurateurin'.'

"'Don't worry,' said Lou. 'I've got a swell scheme for starting a swagger millinery garage up on the avenue.'

"'Usin' what for capital?'

"'Proceeds of our Oozone Oil and Gas.'

"I must have looked puzzled. Lou went on: 'O'Shea was in this morning to get me to go away with him. He said he had told you where you got off; and now the market for Oozone had gone blooey, and he was going a-way from here while the a-waying was good. But not a-lone, ha-ha! He laughed like the villain in the show, and I began to feel toward him just as I do toward a rat.

"'So I went to the safe and got our Oozone certificates, that you and I had both indorsed officially in blank, in case anything should happen to either of us, and I said: "Now, Mr. O'Shea, I'm going to sell you back this stock for what Mr. Todd paid you for it." He squeaked, just as any rat would; but I had the telephone in my hand, and I began to jiggle the hook up and down, mentioning the district attorney's office into the receiver in a sweet low voice. O'Shea swore, and pulled out a big roll of bills and paid me for the stock. Then he did go a-way from here; but he went a-lone.'

"So that's the story of the Café of the Five Sisters; and explains why I made opprobrious and scathing comment when I spied Felix O'Shea just now.

"And it also clarifies to you my remark concerning a capitalist and his strongest link, which may be the superiority of his intellect or the luckiness of his horoscope or even the intervention of a mysterious but kindly Providence in supplying him with the best wife that ever crossed the Harlem River."

"And your present business is—er ——"

I let the line of my curiosity troll idly astern as we rose and wandered toward the street exit.

"Oh, I'm an author and educator just now," replied Napoleon. "I wrote Todd's Guide to Commercial Success, in Twelve Easy Lessons. It's selling like hot cakes and my royalties are equivalent to a king's ransom—darned sight more'n it would cost to ransom some kings, I guess. I'll send you a set with my compliments. 'Night."

The difference between a hole in the wall and a real door —

A DOOR that doesn't always close and stay closed is no better than a hole in the wall. The door that has a Yale Door Closer is a real door. It closes *every time*—quietly and softly; closes automatically, without any help.

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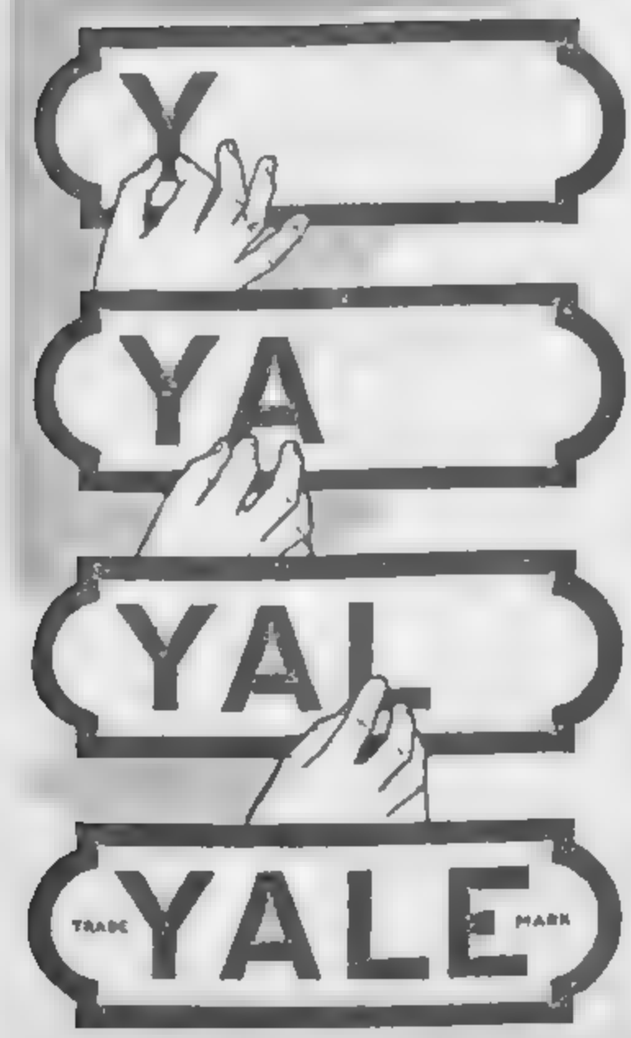
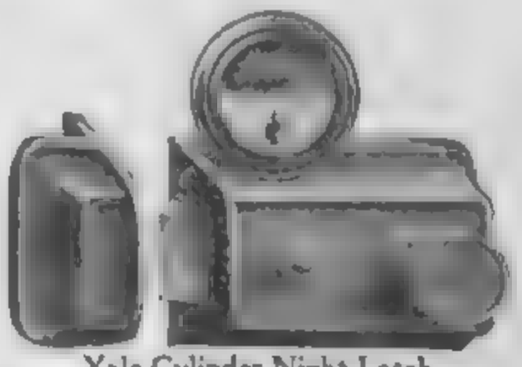


Yale Builders' Hardware



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The Long-Bell Lumber Company
R. A. LONG BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MO.

THE LONG WAKE OF JOHN BARLEYCORN

(Continued from Page 11)

so large. But on the other hand, science is constantly finding new uses for this curious little plant, which can be grown in any "garden" where it has sugar and moisture and warmth—as a source of nitrogen in our food, to be mixed with the flour in bread and in biscuits, or added to soups or stews, as a remedy for certain forms of digestive disturbance, and last but not least as a source of the now famous and precious vitamines, or life essences, which are so necessary for health and growth. So that yeast production bids fair to grow into a whole industry of its own, with alcohol for commercial purposes as a by-product. And we may even see the comic reversal of great brewing plants, built and run for the turning out of what used to be regarded as waste product.

One flickering gleam of hope came from the laboratories to the votaries of Gambrinus. If vitamines were formed in malting, why might they not be present in beer and account for its invigorating effects? But the very first actual investigation quenched even this feeble ray, for no trace of vitamines could be found in the foaming tankard. The later processes of brewing had apparently destroyed them completely.

As to the general effect of bone-dryness upon humans themselves, it is too early to speak positively, partly because the bone still had a little juice or marrow left in it. But it may be safely said that so far nobody seems to be much the worse for it, except in his feelings and a ruffled sense of interference with his personal liberties and privileges.

Meanwhile, certain significant straws are beginning to blow, and all in the same direction. Teachers, for instance, in the industrial and tenement house districts of cities are reporting almost unanimously that their children are coming to them better dressed, better fed and in better physical condition than before. They seem to be less nervous and less easily tired, and their standing in both school work and in conduct is distinctly higher than it was last year. On inquiry many of them frankly reply that "mother gets more of dad's wages on Saturday afternoon than she used to, and we get better eats and more of them." Or that their mother doesn't have to go out to work any more since father was shut off from the booze, and so they themselves aren't made to work so many hours outside before and after school.

The Age of Sugar

From all the shops of every description, particularly the groceries and clothing stores and boot shops, comes a unanimous report that they never in all their lives had such a Christmas trade as the one just past. It began early and hung on late and is estimated anywhere from twenty to sixty per cent greater than that of any previous year. Never has there been such an extraordinary multiplication of shops and counters where fruits, candies, light lunches, sandwiches, hot and cold sodas, bouillons, milk-and-egg drinks, and the like, are to be had as within the last six months. No longer are ice-cream sodas, nut sundaes and hot fountain drinks to be regarded as feminine luxuries and dissipations. There are as many men as women customers at these unscreened bars, and the consumption of fruit, sweet drinks, ice creams, candy and other forms of sugar has risen enormously.

This might give us a thrill of apprehension for the safety of the national stomach. But when we remember that sugar is the substance of which alcohol is only the shadow, that it is a real food and fuel instead of a sham one, that it gives strength instead of a mere feeling of strength, and that if we are well and active we can burn half or three-quarters of a pound a day of it, clean and safe and without injury to our boiler linings, we can be reassured that we still have a margin of safety between us and dangerous excess.

Particularly striking has been the blossoming out on every foot of possible soil of a multicolored crop of packet and tube and roll candies of every description, in forms convenient for carriage in the vest pocket. Peppermints, fruit-juice tablets, gum, in lozenges, squares and rings, catch the eye now on every news stand, at every subway or railway station, at the entrance or in the hallway of every office building. And all this in spite of the serious shortage of sugar and the highest prices for it that have ever been known. What the ultimate effect on the national health may be remains to be seen, but so far all that is visible is that one health officer after another is pointing with pride to the lowest death rates on record, and we know well that as a disturber of the peace of the stomach alcohol is a champion and sugar a mere amateur. The latter, in the language of the ring, could be told to go and get a reputation before it would have a right to demand a contest for the belt.

The effect of prohibition upon crime is far too huge a subject to be entered upon as yet. But one or two singular and scarcely expected results have already shown themselves. There has been naturally a considerable falling off in the number of arrests for drunkenness—nearly 20,000 less in Boston in 1919—and ordinary street brawling and barroom fighting and assaults upon women. And in some of the smaller towns and the suburban precincts of larger cities jails or station houses have become entirely empty, or so nearly so that it has been possible to close one or more and accommodate all their prisoners in a single place. One warden of a good-sized prison in Massachusetts lifts up his voice and complains that he hasn't got prisoners enough to run the jail properly!

Criminals Harder to Catch

On the contrary, in the larger cities, notably New York, Chicago and Boston, there have been positive crime waves of considerable intensity. And the baffled and humiliated police officials complain bitterly that in certain classes of crime, particularly bank robberies, elaborately planned hold-ups and expert burglaries, prohibition has made their task more difficult for them; first, because criminals are not nearly so likely to get drunk or even slightly keyed up with liquor before a job, and so bungle their attack or leave careless traces which are easy to follow; second, when they have pulled off a coup successfully and converted their booty into cash they don't find it half so easy to get drunk and in consequence are not so liable to talk freely and leak valuable information, while the closing of many of the saloons has deprived them of their best hunting grounds and natural catch basins and social resorts for the underworld. In other words, the professional and expert criminal seems to have been made more efficient and more dangerous to the community by depriving him of alcohol. But if even a criminal can work better without liquor, what about the other ninety-nine per cent of the community?

One result of the long, long dry spell has an unexpected touch of the humorous about it. If there be any place where the effects of the cutting off of the supply of alcohol would be likely to be promptly and unmistakably noticeable it would surely be in the various missions and rescue homes for human wreckage—among the derelicts and down-and-outers. Accordingly, early this winter a reporter with a keen scent for uplift stuff went down to the famous Jerry McAuley's Mission on the Bowery in lower New York. He was cordially welcomed by the matron, and the reply to his first question went even beyond his expectation:

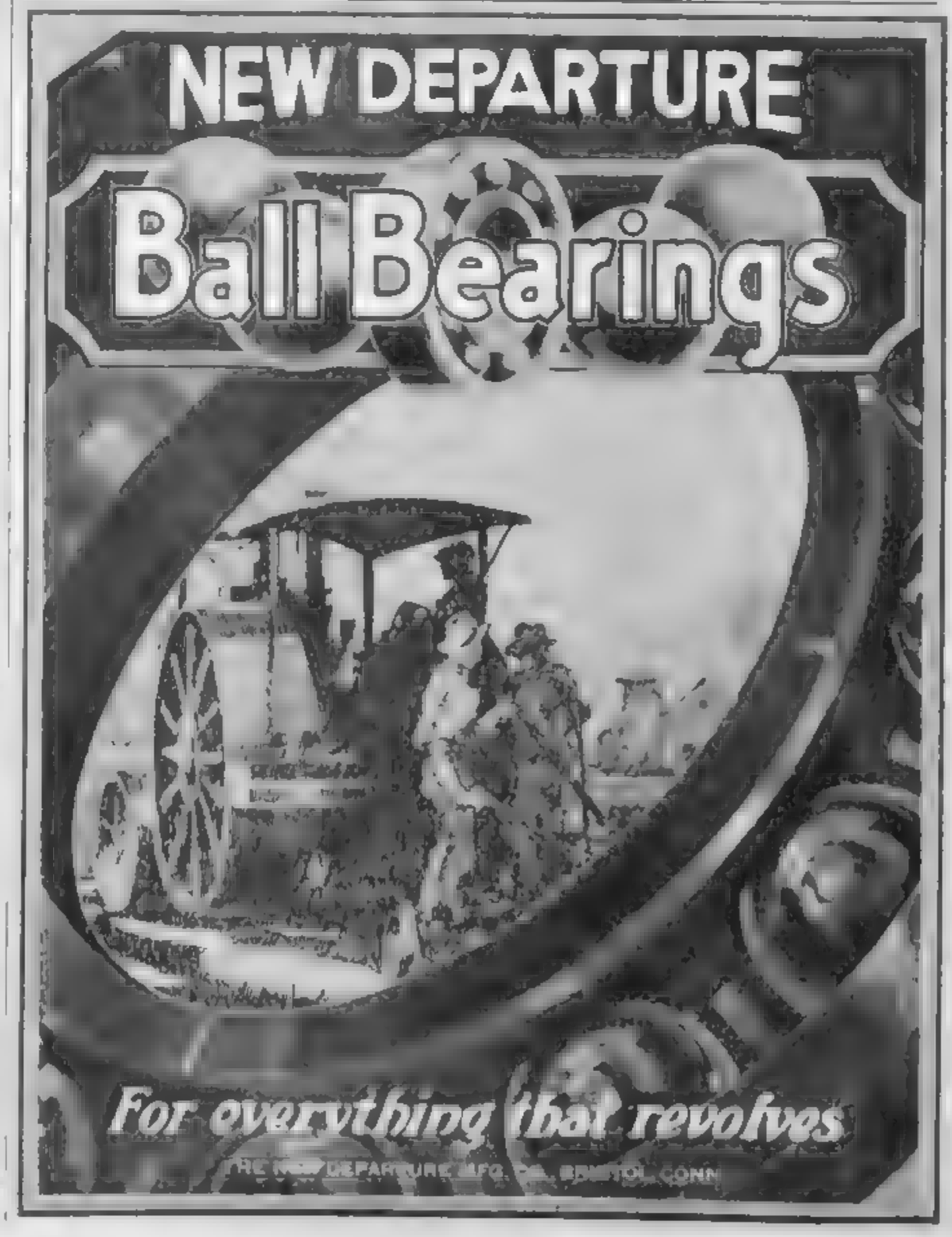
"Oh, yes indeed, there has been a most striking result!"

The attendance at the mission had been cut down more than one-half already. At their regular weekly free dinner last week, for instance, they had only had between fifty and sixty guests, while at this time last year they were feeding every week between two and three hundred.

Eager for further details of this splendid improvement, the reporter asked one question too many.

"Well," said the matron, "some of them may have gone back to work, but I think the main reason is that most of our winter visitors are wanderers who drift about the country as tramps and hobos, and since the United States has gone dry they are not coming to New York for the winter, but going to Montreal, where it is still wet."

One of the most striking features in the reports for 1919 of the health commissioners of the great Eastern seaboard cities is



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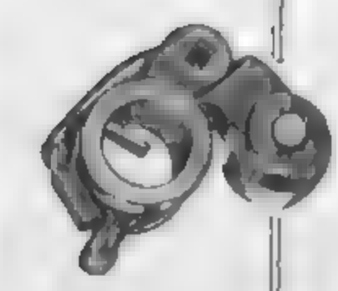

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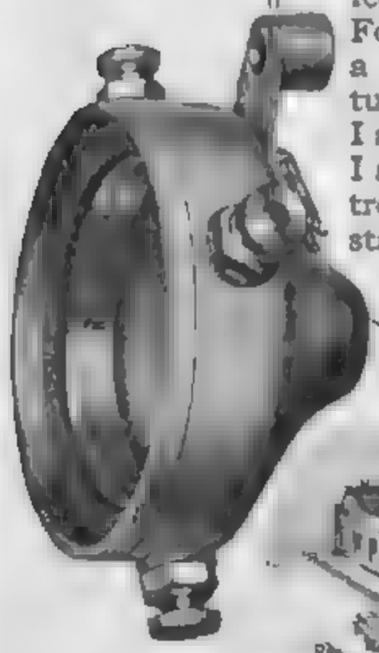

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the marked decline in the death rates, particularly for the last six months of the year. New York, for instance, reports the lowest death rate on record, both for the year and for the autumn and early winter months. Boston announces a decline in fatality of fifteen out of the twenty principal recognized causes of death. Part of this gratifying improvement was no doubt due to a grim after effect of the dreadful epidemic of influenza which raged through them in the autumn and early winter of 1918 and January and February of 1919, and which had, so to speak, swept off and mowed down before they were ripe all those whose resistance was lowered by congenital weakness or chronic disease and who would otherwise have lingered along into another year.

But this will not account for all of it by any means, because the influenza, far from limiting its attack to weaklings and semi-invalids, spent its chief fury upon the strong and the robust, seeming to have almost a malicious preference for those in the prime of life and in vigorous health. Moreover, after other epidemics of this description there are always left large numbers of cripples, whose hearts or kidneys or lungs or nervous systems have been seriously damaged by the disease and who succumb one by one during the following year. There was a certain amount of this aftermath, but within a few months of the end of the plague—that is to say, late in the spring—the death rate began to go rapidly down, reaching a record low level by midsummer, and then to everybody's surprise instead of rising again as it usually does in the early autumn and winter months it hung on at this low level almost to the close of the year. As the report of one of the great insurance companies sums it up: "From a health point of view the latter half of the year 1919 has been full of agreeable surprises."

Of course no one would be rash enough to ascribe this unexpected betterment to any single cause, but it is certainly an interesting coincidence that the first six months of prohibition should have coincided with the lowest death rates on record for five years past, and in some cases in the whole history of the health department; especially when, on account of the influenza, the high cost of living and the strikes, shortages and readjustments after the war the official expectations had been for a higher mortality than the average.

Falling Death Rates

Even after giving full and well-deserved credit to the increased efficiency of the health departments and the great improvement in popular education and intelligence in health matters, there would appear to be some new influence at work. At all events there is no lingering basis for the dread forebodings that our national vigor would be lowered and our health undermined by the cutting off of our supply of beers and light wines for table use. It is a distinct straw pointing in the direction of what science has for some years past taught in ever clearer and louder tones—that though alcohol in moderation taken at meal times does increase the flow of the gastric juice and improve the appetite, yet later by its well-known antiseptic and preservative effect it checks the process of digestion more than it stimulated it in the beginning, so that it takes more away with one hand than it gives with the other. As an aid to digestion it is little better than a delusion, and its use, even as a medicine in disturbances of digestion and diseases of nutrition, has very little rational basis.

The possibility that alcohol may have played some part in this unhoped-for improvement of the public health, after the fashion of the pins in the schoolboy's essay which were declared to have saved thousands of lives—"By not swallerin' of 'em"—is strengthened by the groups of diseases which show the largest falling off in their death rates. These are, roughly speaking, the diseases of malnutrition or underfeeding, the chronic diseases of the heart, liver and kidneys, and accidents of all sorts—street, industrial and railroad.

The relation of alcohol to the last of these is of course obvious to the most careless glance. The morgue of the city of Chicago is reported more than three-fourths empty since the city went dry, and the traffic policemen everywhere are reporting that their work has been made much easier in the last six months in the control of both the inebriated pedestrian lurching blindly across the crossings and the exhilarated joy-riding chauffeur.

The same is true in less degree in the chronic diseases, for it has long been recognized that though alcohol may not actually cause these processes of breaking down and degeneration, bad eminence being held by the toxins of the infectious diseases and fevers in most cases, yet by its slowly poisonous effect on protoplasm it does much to aggravate and accelerate them and little or nothing to help. As is grimly proved by the unanimous findings of the great insurance companies, even the moderate use of alcohol shortens the life and lowers the life expectancy of their policyholders more than twenty per cent. It is greatly resorted to by these chronic sufferers, because it gives a whip to their failing appetites, relieves their wretchedness and makes them feel more comfortable for the time being. Which pathetically supports the great physiologist Voit's famous statement that the principal effect of alcohol is upon the judgment, which it blurs by its narcotic effects and produces not strength but only the feeling of strength.

The Drop in Tuberculosis

The relation between the diseases of malnutrition and underfeeding and dryness is, of course, less obvious and direct, and many more factors enter into the problem. Probably the fairest thing to do would be just to state the coincidence and let the public draw its own conclusions. But it is an interesting circumstance that the first six months of prohibition should be accompanied by a striking decline in those two disease groups which are regarded by health experts as furnishing the best index of the nutrition and vigor of the community—tuberculosis and the diseases of infants under one year of age.

There were in New York City, for instance, in 1919, more than two thousand fewer deaths from tuberculosis than the average of previous years, and nearly fifteen hundred fewer deaths from the diarrheal diseases of infancy. This unprecedented drop in tuberculosis was not due to the carrying off by influenza the previous year of a large number of the advanced cases who would have been likely to succumb within the next year or so in the ordinary course of events. The cases of tuberculosis in New York City have been reported to the board of health and registered for years past, and a careful study of these lists last spring by tuberculosis experts revealed to everyone's surprise that the death rate among them had scarcely been increased at all by the epidemic. Indeed, it seemed as if their disease had given them an immunity against the influenza, for its death rate among them was actually lower than in the rest of the community. The same almost incredible result was reported from a number of the large sanatoria for tuberculosis.

But the cutting down of drinking might have a very definite effect upon the death rate from tuberculosis for the simple reason that the only drug of any value in consumption, next after fresh air, is food, and the most expensive sorts, milk and eggs and butter and beef and ham. These at present prices are practically out of reach for a large mass of the workers. Indeed, when we say that a city can buy as much health as it is willing to pay for, consumption is one of the chief diseases which we have in mind.

If a fraction of a per cent of the tens of millions of dollars which New York City spends every year for alcoholic beverages could be applied to furnishing rich and abundant food for the great mass of consumptives among the workers the saving of life would be almost incalculable. Though it might not cure a thousand of them in the first six months, it could easily prolong that number of lives for years and ultimately restore a good proportion of them to health and working power.

As the late Doctor Osler, whose recent death has cast a shadow of grief over the whole medical world, put it some years ago: "When workers have living wages, when the house becomes the home, when the nation spends on food what it now spends on drink, there will be millions instead of thousands with practically continuous immunity—against tuberculosis. For the enemy has been tracked to its stronghold, which is defended by three allies—poverty, bad housing and drink."

The same economic relation holds in the case of diseases of childhood. If the mother

(Concluded on Page 185)

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How Much Pure Rubber?

See the Certified Statement of Ingredients attached to each genuine Auburn Certified Tire

Pure rubber is to tires exactly what pure wool is to clothes. Know how much rubber and you know the quality of any tire. There is no safer guide for the average car owner.

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Go see the Auburn dealer. Look for the Certified Statement of Ingredients. Note the handsome *look* and the fine rubber *feel* of the tire. Here are tires sold openly upon their merits—tires built the only way that will assure maximum life under hard usage.

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METAL culverts, storage tanks, caskets, and grave vaults can be made to last a long time underground if the metal used in their manufacture is Armco Iron. It takes the exceptional *purity* and *uniform texture* of Armco Iron to insure a pure uniform galvanized coating that will withstand the moisture, the alkaline conditions of the soil, and the other severe corrosive influences which are always at work beneath the earth's surface.

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The unusual rust-resisting properties of oil and gasoline storage tanks made of Armco Iron prevent the possibility of leaks developing from corroded joints or rust-holes underground. They also take and hold a galvanizing coat better than tanks made of kindred materials, because of the purity and evenness of Armco Iron. A large number of manufacturers are making Armco Iron gasoline and oil tanks for underground use. If interested, write us for their names.

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Hydro-Kaustine Septic Tanks, made of Armco Iron, provide a practical means of disposal of waste in small towns, villages, groups of buildings, factories, schools, and residences. Running water with bath, water-flushed toilet, and other up-to-date fixtures are now within easy reach, and modern-plumbing-equipped buildings are made possible in the country by this sanitary process of sewage disposal. Hydro-Kaustine Septic Tanks, made of Armco Iron, are installed by the Kaustine Co. (Inc.), of Buffalo, N. Y.

Armco Iron Grave Vaults and Caskets

Caskets made of Armco Iron combine attractive appearance, unusual protection, durability, and moderate expense, and do not add excessive weight. You may have them as elaborately beautiful as you please—they take a finish like the finest wood grains. And you will make doubly sure of protection by enclosing the casket in an air-tight, water-tight, rust-resisting Armco Iron grave vault. Write us for list of manufacturers of Armco Iron Grave Vaults and Caskets.

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The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that products bearing that mark are manufactured by The American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence, and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for them. The trade-mark ARMCO is registered in the U. S. Patent Office.

ARMCO

(Concluded from Page 182)

during the first six months had more money to spend for rich and abundant food for herself so that she could nurse her baby better, and later for milk and eggs and fruit juice and cereals for the child, and better surroundings for them both, it would easily lower the death rate even more than New York's twelve per cent drop.

There is good reason to believe that this hopeful conversion is taking place. The workers are making more money and spending less of it for drink, with an effect upon the health of the community already evident. Instead of the father's spending a good slice of his wages on Saturday afternoon and Sunday for food for himself in the form of alcohol, he turns it over to the mother, who can buy with it from eight to ten times as much real food for the entire family.

One of the injurious results which it was feared by many might follow the coming of the drought has been thrown into high relief by the return of the dread plague influenza. The purchase of liquor for purely medicinal purposes had been surrounded with such galling restrictions and such interminable coils of red tape that there might be difficulty in getting a proper supply for the purpose of treatment in case of a widespread epidemic. This fear was justified to the extent that many of the druggists had declined to involve themselves in the troublesome restrictions and complicated formalities and refused to take out permits for the sale of liquor.

When the disease began to spread widely there was such general alarm and outcry over the difficulty of getting whisky to fight the epidemic that in some cities the health officials actively urged the druggists to take out liquor licenses as a matter of public duty and service. Of all the beliefs that are firmly held about alcohol, even by those who doubt its value in health, the most widespread is the conviction that it is of high value in supporting the strength and increasing the resisting power in disease, particularly in fevers and infections.

In actual practice there is still a wide difference of opinion among physicians of experience and repute on this point. But so far as the results of experimental tests in the laboratories are concerned there is very little indeed to support the belief. In fact, the findings in laboratories on both sides of the Atlantic are almost unanimous that the very opposite is true, and that alcohol even in moderate doses lowers the resisting power against all sorts of infections, and even destroys the natural immunity which some birds and animals have against certain diseases.

Alcohol in Medicine

Instead of strengthening and supporting the heart, it weakens and depresses it and actually hinders the body tissues from forming their natural antidotes against the toxins or poisons of disease. How far these results can be translated bodily over into the treatment of human diseases is perhaps a question. But one thing is certain, that the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease, even in fevers and infections, has fallen off enormously in the last two decades—at least eighty to ninety per cent—and is still falling. Many physicians still believe that it has a limited field of usefulness in the treatment of certain conditions and stages of disease, but almost everything that it was supposed to do in disease is now done vastly better by other remedies or methods, particularly careful feeding with quickly absorbable foods, like sugar and milk, and the use of the various antitoxins and serums. For instance, pneumonia, in which the heart used to be supported by alcohol, is now often treated by injections of a solution of sugar—glucose—into the veins, with marked reduction of the death rate. Probably two-thirds of the medical profession could get along perfectly comfortably without alcohol, and in the epidemic of influenza last year the vast majority of reports gave it as of little or no value.

In an ordinary cold, for instance, there may be a certain amount of excuse for its use in the form of hot toddy or hot lemonade, because it makes a patient feel drowsy and less miserable and with the assistance of the hot water dilates the blood vessels of his skin and makes him perspire. When he has had his sleep and his sweat the reactive powers of his body have already asserted themselves and begun to get the disease under control. But in a serious infection like influenza, where the greatest danger is from depression and possible pneumonia about the third to the fifth day, alcohol in the beginning does little but increase this danger by its depressing after effects on the heart and on the formation of antitoxins by the body.

So real and well recognized is this danger that the New York Academy of Medicine in its special bulletin of advice to the public in the face of the present epidemic formally urges: "Do not take any beer, wine, whisky or other spirits unless ordered to by the doctor." So that any interference by prohibition with self-treatment with alcohol would be little to be regretted. And there is no apparent evidence as yet of any lowering of the resistance of the community against the disease by the coming of the drought, as the mortality so far is distinctly lower than in last year's epidemic, though other factors, of course, may enter into this, such as a worn-out condition of the germ.

Deaths from Wood Alcohol

One of the most dramatic and direct results of the passing of John Barleycorn has been the large number of deaths from drinking wood alcohol during the Christmas celebrations, reaching to more than one hundred in New York and New England and some two hundred and fifty for the entire country. These were distressing and regrettable enough, and have been trumpeted far and wide as illustrations of the desperate resorts to which men are driven by the rigor of the drought. But it is only fair to remember that even this shocking death toll would equal scarcely a tenth of the deaths due to acute alcoholism—delirium tremens, and so on—cirrhosis of the liver, street accidents due to drunkenness and other direct effects of alcohol. The falling off of fatal accidents in Boston, for instance, during the first three months of prohibition nearly equaled the total wood-alcohol toll for New England, while in New York City there were more than six hundred fewer deaths from acute alcoholism and cirrhosis of the liver last year than in 1917, so that the balance of life saving is still strongly in favor of prohibition.

It is safe to say that the calamity will never be repeated on any such appalling scale; first, on account of the tremendous and terrifying object lesson which it has furnished to thirsty souls of the danger and deadliness of all sorts of bootleg whisky; second, because the vast majority of deaths in New York and New England were the work of a gang most of whom have been arrested and severely punished. Finally this kind of disaster is by no means peculiar to dry districts. One of the largest epidemics on record was seventy-two deaths from wood-alcohol poisoning following a Christmas celebration among the tramps in a large municipal shelter in Berlin in 1911.

Wood, or methyl, alcohol, which is closely related to ordinary, or grain, ethyl alcohol, can be made by distilling any form of vegetable fiber—most commonly sawdust—as indicated by its name. In its natural state it has such a vile and offensive odor and taste that even the most copper-lined toper would never dream of drinking it. In fact, ten per cent of it added to ordinary alcohol makes the latter impossible to drink.

Its whole dangerousness depends upon the fact that unfortunately about twenty years ago a method of deodorizing it was invented, which though it didn't make it palatable enough to drink did remove the worst of its rankness and vileness, so that it could be smuggled into varnishes, bay rums, colognes and other toilet articles, Jamaica ginger and even the cheapest brands of whisky for the lowest saloons. It is an extremely dangerous poison, not merely capable of causing death in sufficient doses, which may be anything more than four ounces, but in much smaller amounts causing blindness by direct effect on the optic nerve.

The only thing necessary to rob it of nine-tenths of its dangers is absolutely to forbid by law its deodorizing, and thus render impossible its substitution in beverages, toilet articles and flavoring extracts for its less poisonous relative, grain alcohol.

Alcohol comes of a bad family stock. Nearly all its brothers and sisters, both older and younger, from fusel oil to wood alcohol, are dangerous poisons of swift action and evil odor. We are beginning to suspect that it differs from the other members of its family chiefly in its slower action and more agreeable flavor.

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SPECIAL—If you can't find it at your dealers' send $1 to us for 100 Puncture Package, postpaid.

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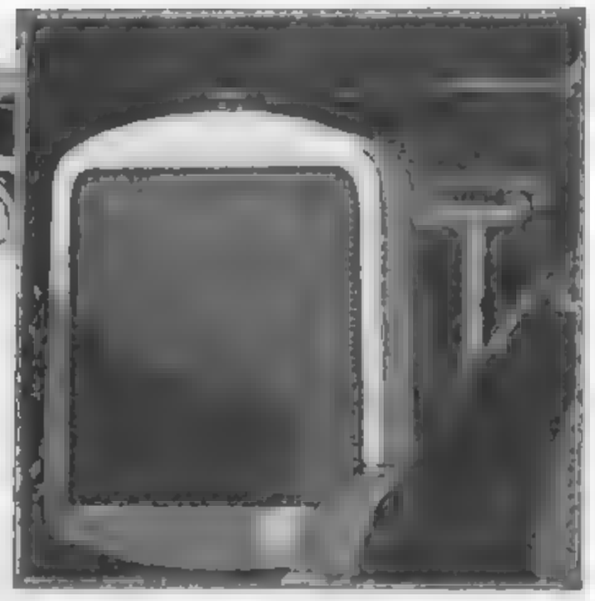

IS IT good sense to overhaul the engine *carefully*—and *neglect* the cooling system?

Chances are it is *clogged* with Rust and Scale, which is causing the motor to work at about 50% of its efficiency! If the radiator or other parts do not leak *now*, Rust, Scale, Vibration, etc., will *cause* leaks sooner or later.

"X" Liquid is a Scientific Process that *permanently* repairs leaks *everywhere* in the cooling system. Makes quicker repairs at *less cost* than soldering. Works in places that solder *can't* reach. And if kept in the water "X" Liquid *prevents* future leaks, keeps the system water tight everywhere.

The chemical properties of "X" loosen the Rust and Scale *now* present. And as long as "X" is present, no *new* Rust or Scale can form. Keeps the cooling system as nearly as possible to 100% perfect.

Use "X" *now*. Save time and trouble later in the season.

What "X" Liquid Does

1—Repairs all Leaks *permanently*
2—Prevents *future* Leaks
3—*Loosens* all Rust and Scale
4—Prevents *new* Rust or Scale
5—Improves Cooling
6—Saves Oil
7—*Not a radiator cement but a scientific Liquid repair process*

LARGE SIZE
$1.50
Will do $25 in repair work!
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"CORNS"

Removed with "Freezone" It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone on a touchy corn or a callus for a few nights. It stops aching after the first application, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off. No pain at all! No soreness!

Any Corn—Anywhere—Also Calluses on Bottom of Feet

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, also corns between the toes and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet.

Tiny bottles of Freezone, sufficient to clear your feet of every corn and callus, can be obtained at drug stores anywhere!

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

BARREN SOIL

(Continued from Page 32)

stalked on solemnly, pecking here and there. Finally he shoved his hands in his pockets and sauntered over to the kitchen. No one in there either; only that old odor he knew so well and some dirty dishes on the table.

"Mamma!"

No answer.

He turned and went upstairs and pushed open the door of his mother's bedroom. There she was on the bed, sound asleep, snoring.

He smiled, then said loudly, "Now then!"

Slowly the old woman opened her eyes and stared at him.

"*Mon Dieu*, and me asleep!" She rolled off the bed and came to him. "When'd you get here?"

He bent down and kissed her.

"Just now."

"Why didn't you tell me you was coming?"

"Didn't know myself up to the last minute."

"Well, I thought you'd never come, and you didn't write any too much either. How's your jaw?"

He showed her his teeth and worked his jaw about. She took him by the coat lapel and turned him toward the light. Finally she said, "Which side is it, anyway?"

"Can't you see?"

"Not without my glasses. Wait a minute."

She took her spectacles off a newspaper on a table by the bed and reëxamined him.

"Yes, you can see a little difference, and yet you'd have to be looking for it. So they hold—all those real white teeth?"

"Better than the old ones."

"Well, for this once you can't say you haven't been well treated. Have you eaten?"

"No."

She tied a handkerchief round her head and they started downstairs. Halfway down she turned quickly and said, "How long you back for?"

"I'm demobilized."

"What! For good?"

"Yes."

"Then, great heavens, why don't you say so 'stead of not saying a word? What's got into ye? And if ye'd only written I might have arranged things—had in the cousins."

"I tell you, I didn't know myself until the last minute."

While she went into the kitchen to prepare him a meal he took a stroll in the garden. It was in a terrible state. A glance in the stable showed a big hole in the roof and the one cow remaining there seemed to be nothing but skin and bones. Slowly he returned to the courtyard and finally he came to a standstill as it rushed over him that this was the end of it all, this was that home-coming he had dreamed and talked about and yearned for so often in the trenches. How many times had he sighed, "When will all this be over?" Well, here it was all over with now!

He sat down overcome on the kitchen steps and stared at the ground.

Eventually he muttered, "I ought to have stayed in Paris."

Then at last his mother called him and he went in and sat down to eggs and bread and cheese and answered her questions in monosyllables and tried not to show her how he felt about it. After all, she meant well and it wasn't her fault any more than it was his. But after he had eaten he saw that the time had come to speak of his plans. She was talking on about the cow now.

"She's thin—thin, yes. I've had nothing to give her."

"Never mind, we'll sell her all right."

"Sell her?"

"Yes."

"But there's not a better milker in the village. Think of the milk I've drained out of her! All she needs is feeding up."

"We'll sell her all the same." A moment's silence, then he pushed back his plate and blurted on awkwardly, "Because we're going to sell out everything, the whole damn caboodle from one end to the other—weeds and all."

"You're not crazy by any chance?"

He calmed down at once.

"I know what I'm talking about—don't you worry."

While she stared at him speechless he looked up and nodded his head at her.

"Yes, yes, sell out and clear off to Paris. Old Digard has been threatening to foreclose on his part for the last ten years if we didn't pay interest. Well, let him do it now—he's welcome to it. He can even buy the other half if he wants to, though we'll have a regular sale—an auction."

And as his mother still sat there motionless he continued loudly again, "It's finished, all this—ruined. Nothing more to be done here; everything in ruin, fields barren, stable tumbling in, nothing left. I'd rather begin again in Paris, thank you, and at least work only eight hours a day."

"Paris!"

"Yes, Paris. I've got friends there, you see, and I want to be with them." Then he added mysteriously, "Besides I've got to be there."

"Then a lot of good it was me paying off the mortgage!"

He scowled.

"Pay off the mortgage?"

"Yes."

"And with what?"

"With money I saved."

"How?"

"Yes."

"What? Five thousand francs?"

"Yes. For four years I've been putting aside the government allocation I got for you and Henri. Then there's been the milk or butter and the eggs. And you know how well everything pays these days and I've sold quite ——"

"D'ye mean to say y've handed over five thousand francs to Digard?" he suddenly thundered at her. "The whole five thousand?"

She nodded her head. He thumped the table and sprang to his feet.

"What you do it for? Can't ye see the Digard fields won't never make five thousand francs difference at an auction when we sell the place?"

"You never said anything about selling before."

"And what did you think we was going to do then? Don't you see it's all finished here? Eh? Can't you see that?"

"There're weeds and the roofs are falling in a bit, but roofs don't stop wheat from growing."

"Wheat!" he shouted. "And who's going to grow it?"

"Well, you."

"Me!" He thumped himself upon the chest and leaned forward at her excitedly. "Me!"

"There's no better worker anywhere, once you get going."

"Oh, yes, yes! I know all about that. See here now, if me and the old man and Henri couldn't hardly make things pay all of us together, what can I do now all alone and when everything's gone to hell and there's nothing left even to start with?"

"Everything sells well nowadays."

He swung away from her furiously and went to the stove. Thought he saw it all in a flash, the old woman was growing senile.

"Then I done wrong?"

He turned back at her.

"You might just as well have taken that five thousand francs and thrown them in the stove here!"

Her head bent forward. While she hid her face with her hands he began pacing about the room. Once he stopped and clinching his fists above his head almost broke forth. Then at last he suddenly whirled round in front of her again and leaning forward, cried, "I—I'm not going to say anything, because you're my mother. But ——!"

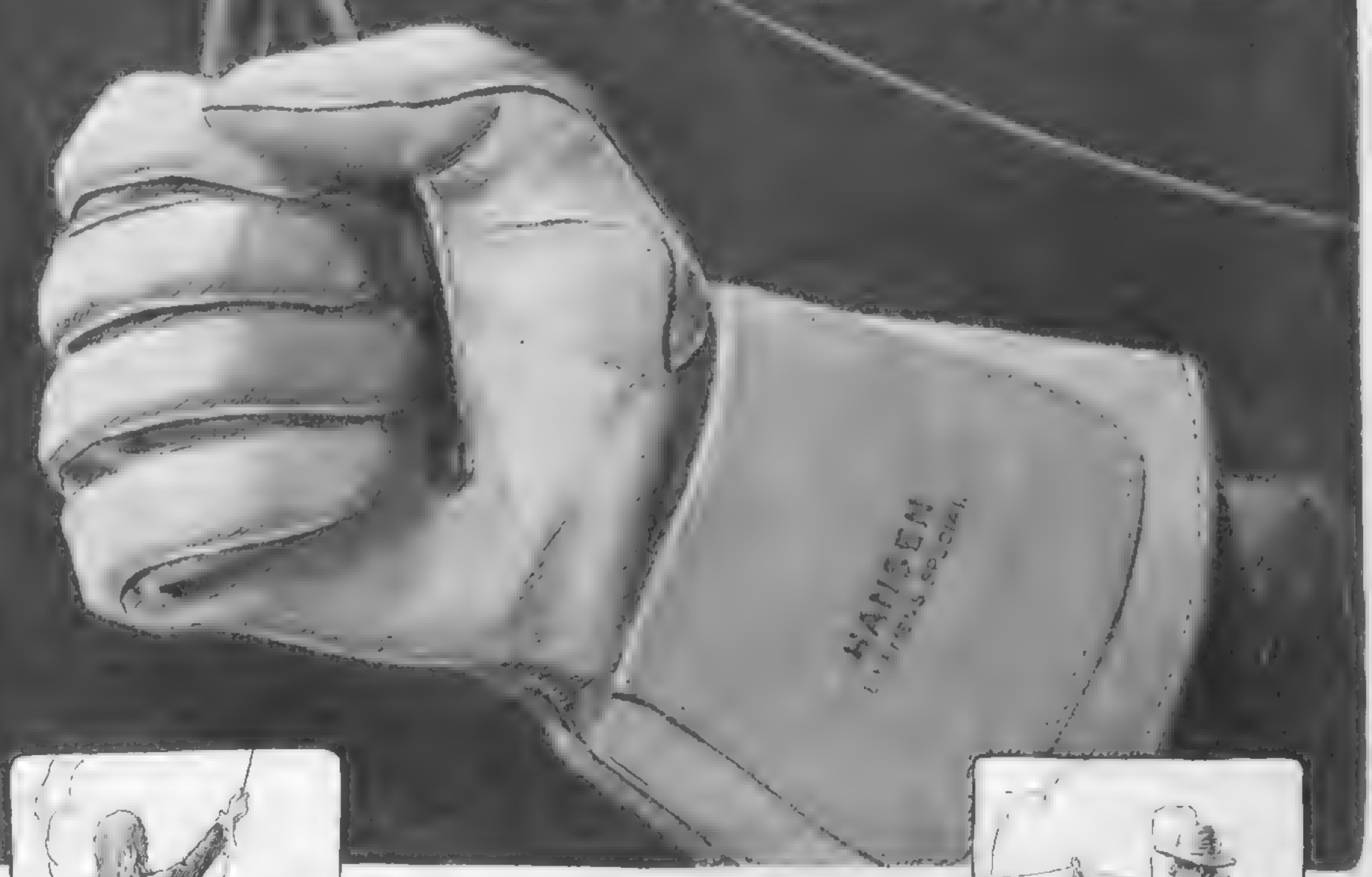
The next minute he had stamped out of the room. For half an hour or more she could hear him roaring about the courtyard and banging things round. Then by and by she could not hear him any more and she knew he must have gone out somewhere. Once he was up there in the fields he saw it was all worse than he thought. Not for five years or more would they be in shape. He kicked up the turf of one with savage kicks.

"Look at it!" he yelled. "Look at that, will you? Just like leather. Look at it!"

And yet if they were to recover now any part of that damned five thousand francs—think of the amount of money that was, think of it—he must get these Digard fields into some kind of shape, make some kind of a bluff, before having an auction. As well then plant potatoes again and a few other vegetables and have the sale in September. Ah, no! It was unbelievable that such a thing as this could happen! He took

(Continued on Page 189)

HANSEN GLOVES



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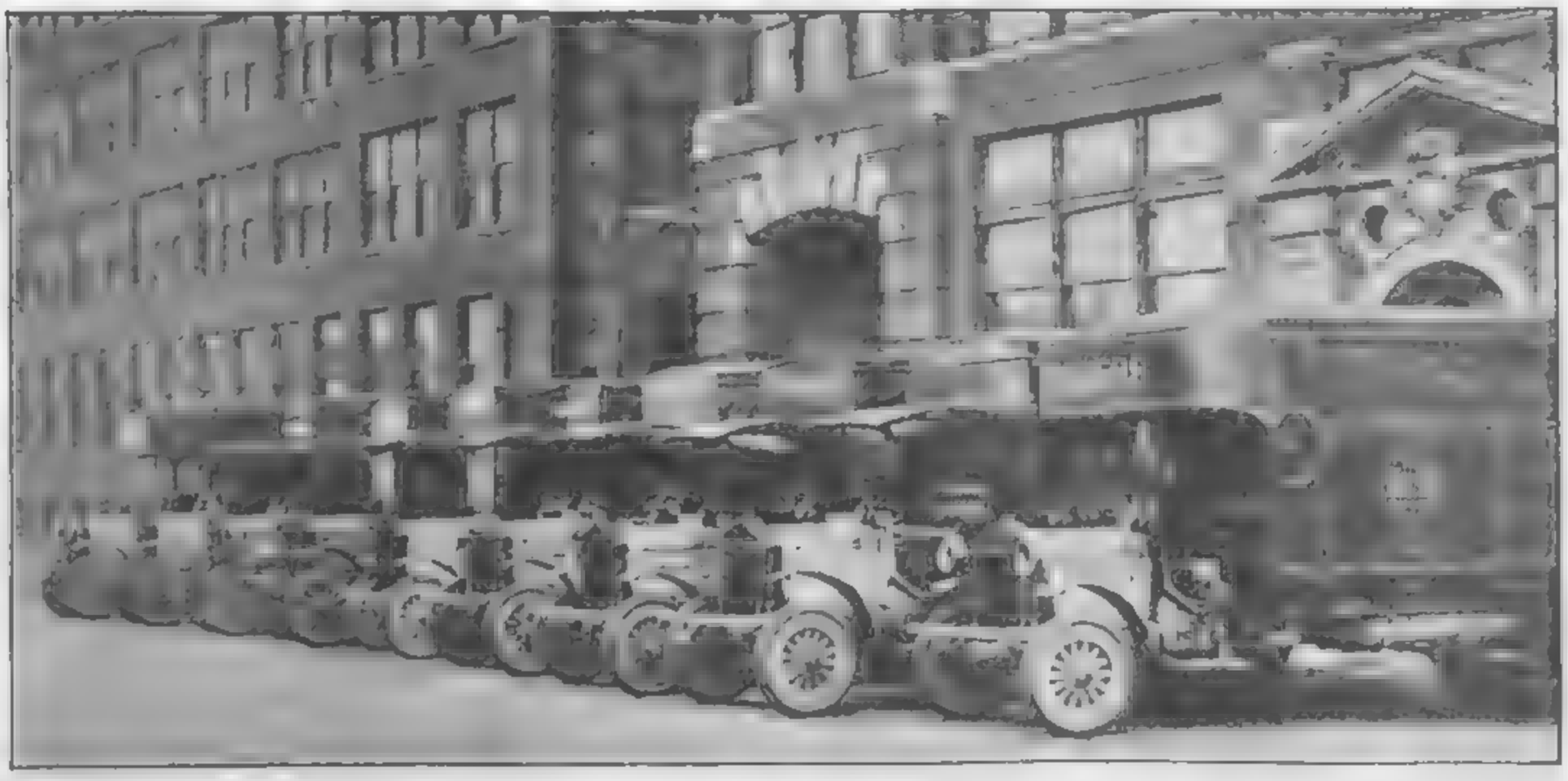

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The Fisher Bros. Company
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The truck transportation of Great Industries from coast to coast is moving today on Sewell Cushion Wheels. For twelve years they have been testing and now fully endorse the soundness of the Sewell Principle—"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel." They realize now that they are not buying an experiment. They know that the Sewell Wheel was the pioneer of Resilient Wheels; that for twelve years Sewell Wheels have been successfully designed, successfully manufactured and successfully operated.

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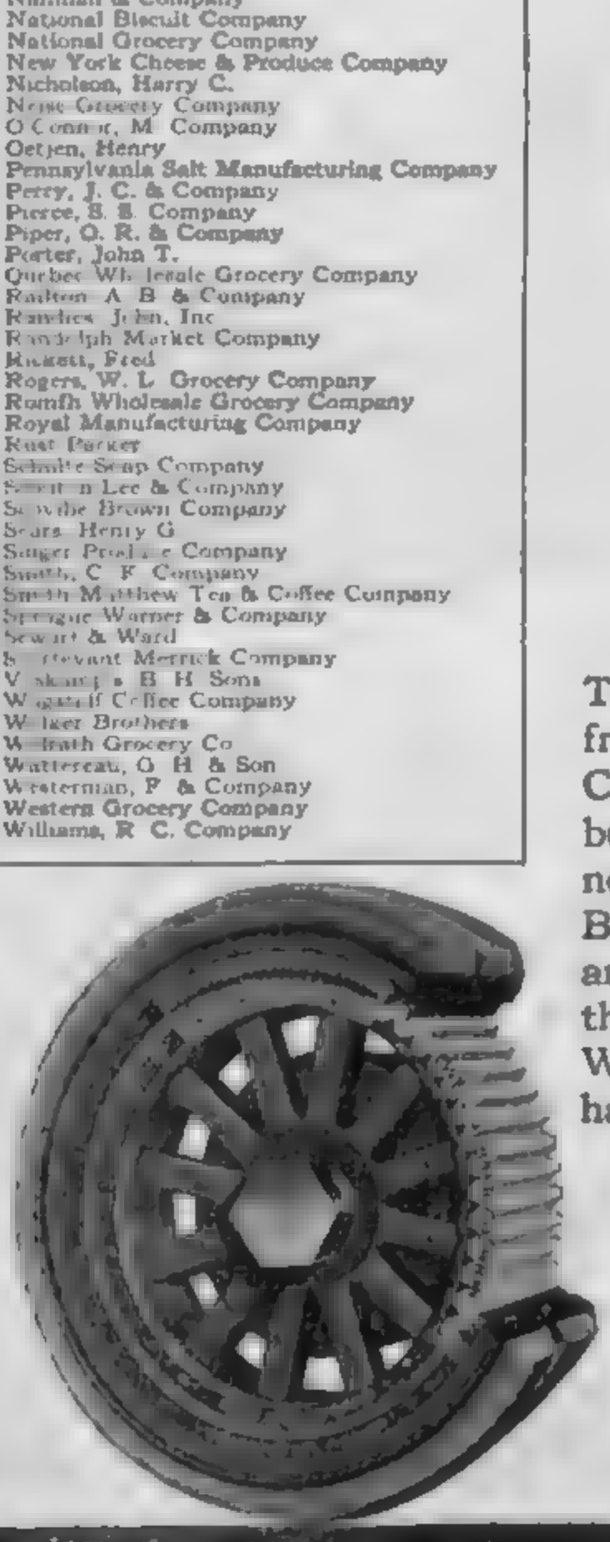

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Sewell Wheels Can Be Applied to Any Motor Truck Without Changing the Design or Construction of the Truck

(Continued from Page 186)

a path across country to the field he and his brother had managed to keep under cultivation all these years.

There it was, and though the weeds in it were racing up everywhere he saw to his disgust that there was still time to save it. But after a moment's scowling over its wide expanse he went on down its length until he reached the other road there. His mind was made up; he was going back to Paris; he didn't care what happened to the field.

And though as he walked off homeward it was just as if the field were calling out after him, telling him to come back and weed, weed, before it was too late, he kept on steadily. Only as he began to approach the first houses of the village did he finally turn round. Then standing there in the middle of the road, he yelled at the open sky all the turmoil within him, cursed the field and the soil in general, and France and the war and everybody and everything, and all the while despite himself intermingled his mother's name.

When he got home he found that his mother had asked in the cousins for supper. All in turn wanted to examine his teeth and jaw.

Then as all were talking and marveling at it his cousin stepped forward, and showing his own row of dirty broken teeth said with a grin, "Say, suppose I go and get my jaw broken too?"

And at that everyone burst out laughing and answered, "Yes, he'd better," and still laughing sat down to table.

As the evening wore on Garnier grew more and more morose; eventually he refused to say another word. When his mother remarked that he wasn't very sociable he answered that he had a headache. Finally the party broke up. The next morning he lay in bed until after eight. He had planned to get up early and begin weeding the field, but when the time came he merely turned over in his bed. As he finally got on his feet again he realized that he was tired in all his muscles. And yet he had done nothing to tire him yesterday.

While he hobbled about in his shirt and bare legs looking for old civilian clothes he muttered, "I'm done for. The war's broken me, that's what it is. No longer good for anything."

At last he approached the field, hoe under his arm. He wondered if it were really worth it after all and stood there some time staring about him. He had come to the conclusion that it wasn't, when for some reason he bent over, spat in his hands, and began hoeing. After a minute he stopped and took off his coat and went on again.

Feet wide part, he moved along slowly, back always bent over, a trail of uprooted weeds thrown out behind him; and only after what seemed an eternity did he reach the end of the first narrow length of field. And there were as many as a hundred more! And already there was a kink in his back! And the day was hotter than he thought! Ah, *nom de nom de Dieu!*

As he started back on a return strip a tornado of anger began to sweep through him. And the hoe was rusty, needed filing, wouldn't bite the earth. And he himself—suddenly he leaned back and hurled the hoe into the sky.

"There, I've had enough of all this!"

Quickly, like a man who has been insulted, he walked back to where his coat lay and took it up with a jerk and put it on. But as he pulled it close about his heavy shoulders he glanced round over neighboring fields to see if anyone had seen him. Finally he strolled back and seized the hoe handle canting out of the weeds. Well, he might come back to-morrow perhaps if he had nothing else to do, but now he was going to take the wheelbarrow and go over to the station and fetch his blankets and other truck.

When Garnier eventually reached the station he lingered there for some time talking to the station master and rolled still another cigarette and watched a train come in. Then he packed his things upon the wheelbarrow. Two men were having an animated conversation close by. Well-dressed boiled shirts, they were.

"Well, frankly I don't know where we're going to with all this. And the cost of living is a problem in itself. Think of these peasants having the cheek to sell their butter at seven francs a pound, and not satisfied at that!"

"It isn't all their fault," answered the other man. "It's simply a question of supply and demand. For instance, when I was a boy all those fields you see over there were covered with workers; now there's hardly one every mile. What's happened to them? Why, they've all flocked to the cities and to make nonessentials as likely as not. Well, sir, they've got to come back to the land. And they will. France has got it in her. Won't be the first time we've surprised the world. Meanwhile don't let's growl too much at the premium we have to offer them."

"Bah! These peasants are all rolling in wealth—all capitalists!"

"They haven't always been; and even so, is there any reason why a man who tills the soil shouldn't make as much money as the next man—as you and I, for instance?"

"Tut-tut, my dear sir! You're entirely off the track, if you don't mind my saying so. The question of supply and demand doesn't enter into it. This is the aftermath of war. Greed and self-interest running riot, that's the bottom of the trouble. And we're headed straight for ruin unless radical measures are taken. Everything these peasants produce must be taxed, or at the last resort requisitioned, confiscated."

"In order to feed the millions in the cities ever clamoring for higher wages and shorter hours?"

"Put it that way if you like."

Garnier, without listening to more, started back along the highway between the poplars. As he pushed the wheelbarrow along a heavy scowl spread over his features.

At last he came to a standstill, and folding his arms aggressively said to the empty fields, "Me, a capitalist!"

Then he added, "And they're going to confiscate my—oh, but just wait a minute! It isn't ended, this little affair."

As he threw open the outside door and rolled his wheelbarrow into the courtyard his mother happened to be selling some eggs to a lady he did not know. At once he came and supervised the proceedings.

"Five francs the dozen," sighed the lady.

"Yes, and they say next week it's going to be five-fifty."

"It's simply ruinous, all this."

Garnier suddenly threw his head back knowingly.

"Well, go up to Paris, my little lady, and try and buy a pair of boots and see how much it costs you!"

As soon as they were alone Garnier said to his mother, "See here, in future you sell eggs or anything else at the price you can get for them, and if anybody don't like it tell 'em to raise hens themselves, and if they're not satisfied then, why—well, tell 'em to come to me."

She chuckled.

"Suppose you're not here."

He glared at her angrily, then with a disgusted shrug of his shoulders went off and began to sharpen the hoe.

That evening they discussed prices together at length. When he had finished and there came a minute's silence she said, "So you're no longer mad."

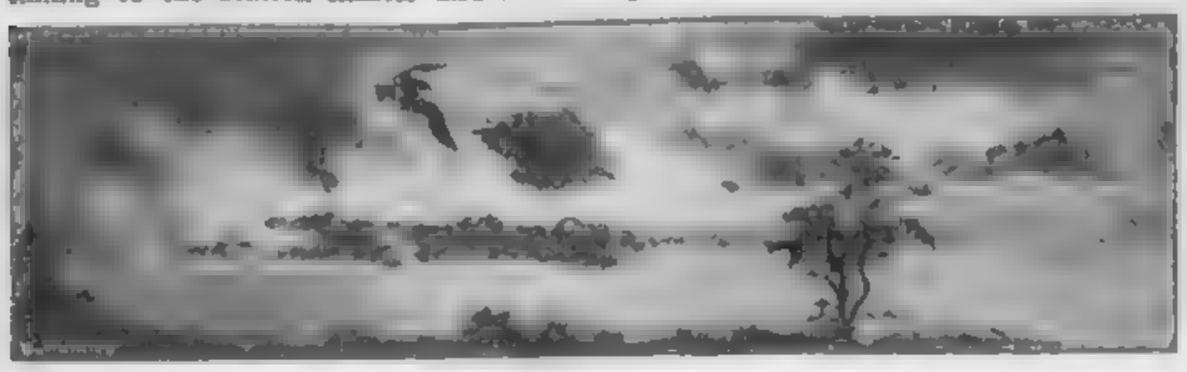
"Mad!"

"All yesterday and most of to-day."

"I wasn't mad. Though you don't expect me to get up and do a song and a dance, do you, when you tell me you've thrown away five thousand francs? Five thousand francs is some money! Yes, sir, some money! You can buy a pile of things with five thousand francs."

"If you're hungry, potatoes are better."

"Look here now, don't begin all that again. You've gone and done it now and



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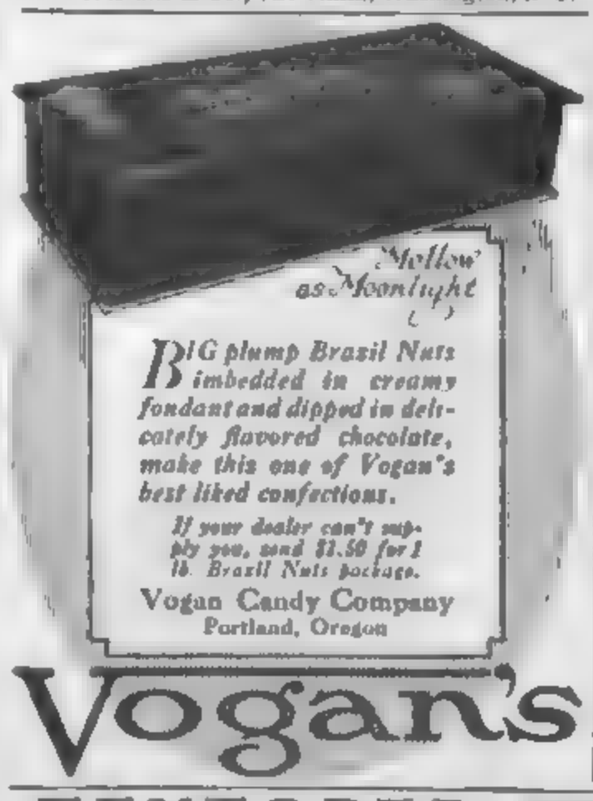
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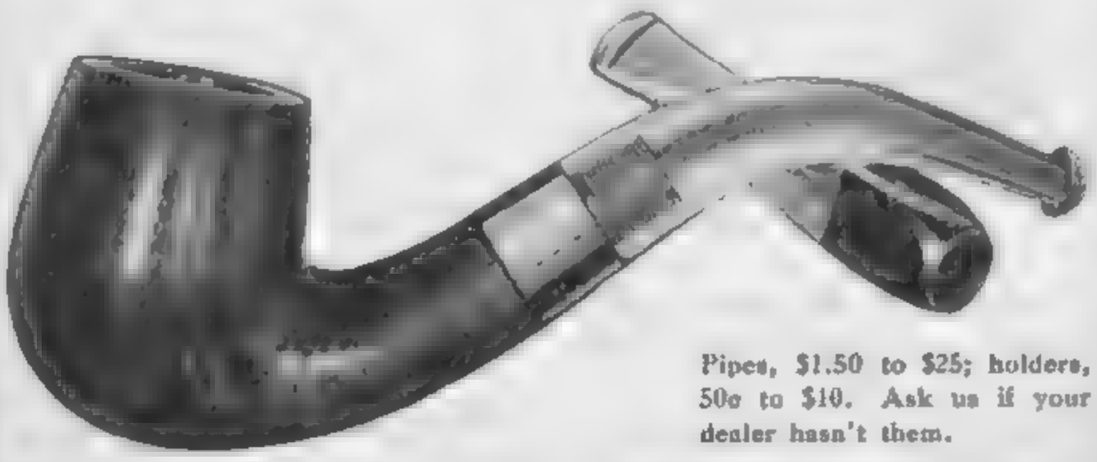

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you can't get out of it. And anyway I might talk my head off explaining things to you and you'd never understand, because you're a woman, and women can't understand such things."

Then he added in a matter-of-fact voice: "Besides it was your money and not mine and it's none of my business anyway."

"Yes, it is, Jules. There's only me and you left now, and all I have is yours—everything. All I ask is a room—or just a bed when you get married."

"Married!"

"Why not?"

"Not for me, never! Who's there for me to marry round here?"

"There's the Duperat girl."

"What, that old broomstick?"

"You used to be fond of her once, I thought."

He gave an impatient gesture and rose to get a candle from the mantelpiece.

"And she's got money."

"What do I care if she's got money or not?"

"Well, then, there's Pauline Roget."

He did not take the trouble to answer her, but lit a match nonchalantly and held it over the candle.

"She's gay and pretty," continued the old woman, "and she's an active little thing."

"So's a jack rabbit," he answered, throwing the match into the coal hod.

The candle flickered beside the lamp on the table.

"Oh, and of course there's Leontine! She's grown these last few years so big and strong you'd hardly know her. But perhaps after all she's too young for you."

He took up the candlestick and nodded toward the doorway.

"Aren't you going to bed?"

Next morning he was off with the dawn into the fields. On the road up there he was overtaken by a young woman on a bicycle. It was Leontine, who jumped off at once, and they shook hands. He asked her where she was going. She said she was going to see if there was any asparagus yet.

"Oh, you won't find any yet! It's too early. You'd better come and help me hoe my field."

She burst out laughing.

"Oh, say, look here, I'm not your wife!"

He laughed and rang her bicycle bell.

She watched his hand on the bell a moment, then said, "What you laughing at?"

"Perhaps because you're laughing."

"I'm not laughing."

"Aren't you, though?"

So they both laughed again. Then she said she was glad to see him back, anyway. Then they talked about his jaw. When she finally left him he watched her until she rode out of sight round a corner, one arm forward toward the handle bar, the other holding the basket on her hip. It was true, she had grown. She was almost as big as he was.

Garnier returned again to the field, remained there until dark. When he eventually put on his coat to go home he was surprised at himself. He stood for some time inert and stared at the field. Nearly half of it was weeded.

"It's funny!" he muttered. "Went better than I thought."

As he came down into the village in the gloaming, hoe over his shoulder, he tried to remember the advertisements he had seen in Paris of motor plows.

He wished he had kept one, or at least read one carefully. At that moment he saw the vague form of a woman on a bicycle turn up a side street. It was too dark to see who she was.

"Might have been her again, though," he muttered.

Some of the Digard fields down there in the plain bordered her father's fields. Put together, they would make a wide stretch for anyone who had sense enough to buy a motor plow.

When he entered the courtyard there was a light in the kitchen and his mother's form moving about. He smelled onions and fried potatoes. The smell drew him at once into the kitchen.

His mother turned from the stove and pointed to the table.

"There's a post card for you."

He took up the card and held it under the lamp. It was a printed notice:

"You are invited to attend a lecture by the Comrade Jean Costrex, Sunday, May 11, in the Electric Cinema. Subject: That the only wars intellectually fertile are social wars.

"Bring this invitation, in case of police interference."

Garnier let the card drop on the table and turned to his mother.

"Have you fed the cow?" he asked.

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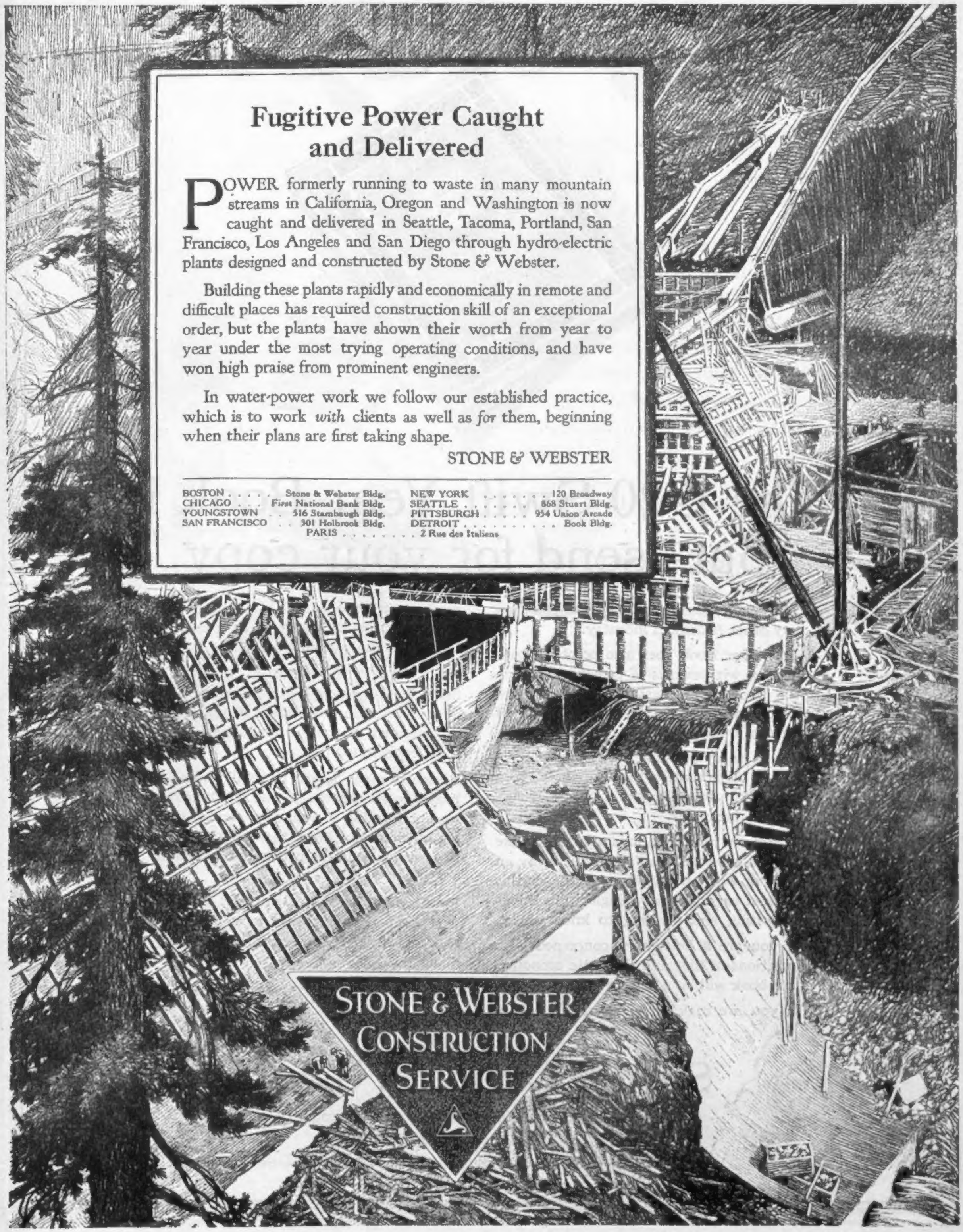
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